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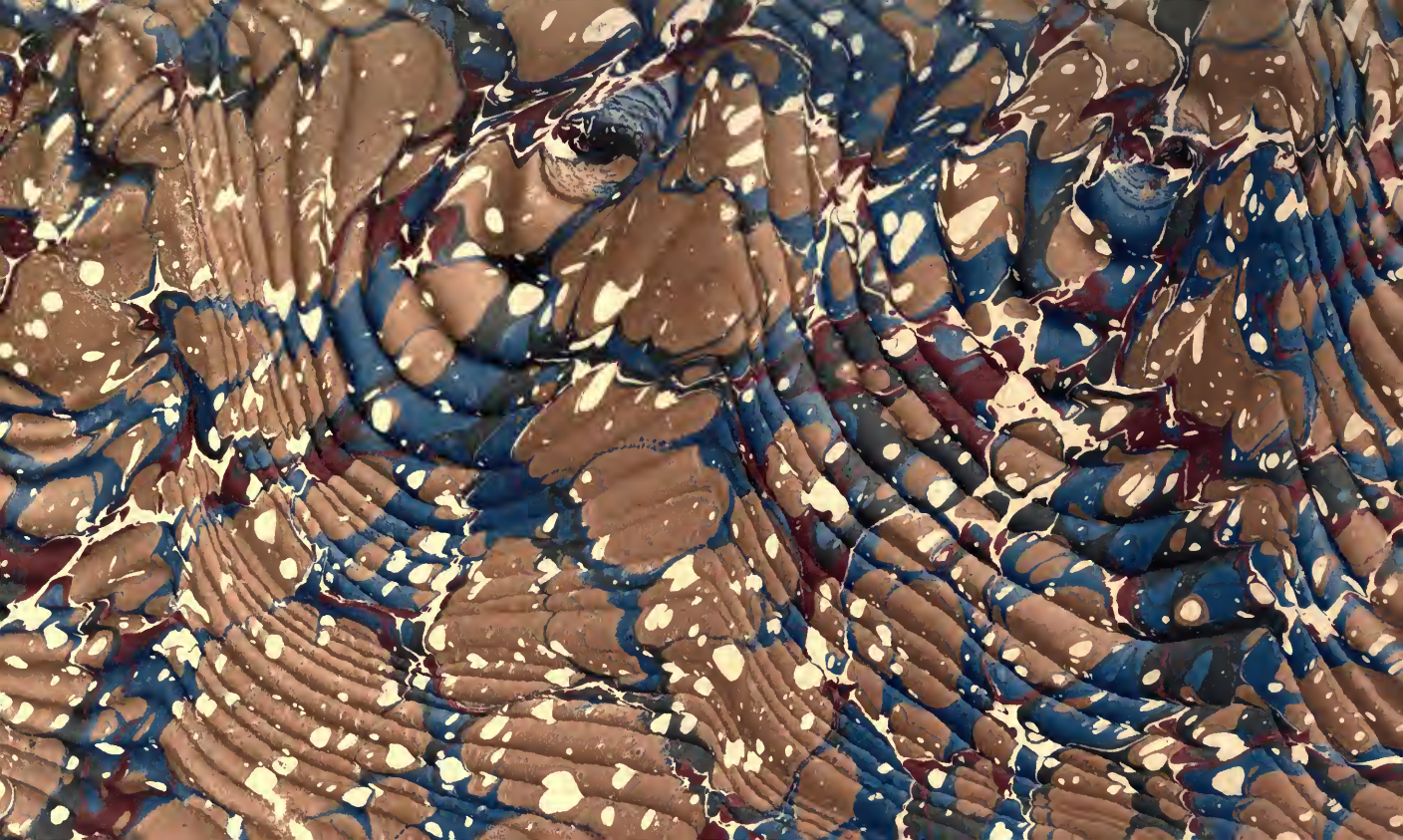

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THE

# WORKS

OF

# Alexander Pope, Esq.

## *IN VERSE AND PROSE.*

CONTAINING

THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF

DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:

ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

By JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,

WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND

CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

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# LETTERS

FROM

# *MR. POPE*

TO

# MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

# LETTERS

FROM

# *MR. POPE*

TO

# MARTHA AND TERESA BLOUNT

## LETTER I.

### TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, May 25, 1712

AT laſt I do myſelf the honour to ſend you the Rape of the Lock; which has been ſo long coming out, that the lady's charms might have been half decayed, while the poet was celebrating them, and the printer publiſhing them. But yourſelf and your fair ſiſter muſt needs have been ſurfeited already with this trifle; and therefore you have no hopes of entertainment but from the reſt of this book *, wherein (they tell me) are ſome things that may be dangerous to be looked upon: however, I think you may venture, though you ſhould bluſh for it, ſince bluſhing becomes you the beſt of any lady in England, and

* The Rape of the Lock, enlarged into five Cantos, and enriched with the machinery of the Sylphs. C.

and then the moſt dangerous thing to be looked upon is yourſelf. Indeed, Madam, not to flatter you, our virtue will be ſooner overthrown by one glance of yours, than by all the wicked poets can write in an age, as has been too dearly experienced by the wickedeſt of them all, that is to ſay, by, Madam,

Your moſt obedient, etc.

---

## LETTER II.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, Bath, Sept. 4.*

I THANK you for many things, and particularly for your Letters. That which gave me an account of my mother's tolerable health, told me no more than three others told me; yet it ſatisfied me much more, as being from you. To think that a perſon whom we wiſh ſo much our friend as to take a concern in all that concerns us, ſhould be cordially affected with things, is a greater and more tender pleaſure than any of the ſame cares or teſtimonies from others. I left Lord Cobham's, as I told you, not without a wiſh that yourſelf

* As the greater part of theſe Letters are without dates, it has been found impoſſible to place them in the exact order of writing. Some arrangement, however, has been attempted, in caſes where the contents pointed at the connections of time, place, or ſubject. From the mention of Preſton in this Letter, it appears to have been written ſome years after the rebellion of 1715. C.

yourſelf and Mrs. Howard had ſeen it with me. I paſſed by the door of my Lord Deloraine's, which is a neat ſtone-houſe, with a view to the Downs, but low ſituated. I can't help telling you one circumſtance, that, as I travelled all alone, made me contemplative. I was drawn by a horſe now employed by Lord C. in rolling the gardens, which was the ſame in former days on which the Earl of Derwentwater rid at Preſton. It made me reflect, that man himſelf is as blind and unknowing of his fate, as the beaſt he beſtrides: equally proud and prancing in his glory, and equally ignorant whither or to what he is running. I lay one night at Rouſham, which is the prettieſt place for water-falls, jetts, ponds incloſed with beautiful ſcenes of green and hanging wood, that ever I ſaw. I lay next at Mr. Howe's, in Glouceſterſhire; a fine thing of another kind, where Nature has done every thing, and luckily, for the maſter has ten children. But it might be made very grand, merely by taking away part of what is there already.

I called at Sir William Codrington's*, deſigning but for half a day, and it not being a mile out of the way; but found it impoſſible (without more violence than ought ever to be offered to good nature) to get from thence till juſt now. My reception there will furniſh matter for a letter to Mr. Bethel. It was perfectly in his

* A beautiful ſeat at Durhams, eight miles from Bath, on the Oxford road.

his ſpirit: all his ſiſters, in the firſt place, inſiſted I ſhould take phyſic, preparatory to the waters, and truly I made uſe of the time, place, and perſons, to that end. My Lady Cox, the firſt night I lay there, mixed my electuary, Lady Codrington pounded ſulphur, Mrs. Bridges Bethel ordered broth. Lady Cox marched firſt up-ſtairs with the phyſic in a gallipot; Lady Codrington next, with the vial of oyle; Mrs. Bridget third, with pills; the fourth ſiſter, with ſpoons and tea-cups. It would have rejoiced the ghoſt of Dr. Woodward * to have beheld this proceſſion; and I ſhould be inclined to think it might bring Mr. Bethel this way two hundred miles about, if I would promiſe but to do the ſame thing on my return home †. By this means I have an opportunity of aſtoniſhing Dr. Arbuthnot, to ſee me begin the waters without any phyſic, and to ſet him and Mr. Gay in an uproar about me, and my wilfulneſs: I may even hope to be as famous as yourſelf. I was much pleaſed with what happened on Mr. B.'s ſiſters all taking phyſic ſome days together (which I was told there, and gives a perfect character of the great taſte of the family to it). A country wench in the houſe thanked God heartily, that ſhe was not born a gentlewoman, and declared ſhe would not be one for the world. Their houſe is pretty enough, the ſituation romantic,

* Dr. Woodward died April 25, 1728. C.

† It is a ſtrange proof of Pope's gallantry, as well as of the *delicacy* of the age, that he ſhould entertain his miſtreſs with a circumſtantial account of his taking phyſic.

romantic, covered with woody hills tumbling upon one another confuſedly, and the garden makes a valley betwixt them, with ſome mounts and water-falls.

I have experienced the fate of many promiſes, and many friends. Before I came hither, it was matter of contention who ſhould carry me the journey! and at laſt, when it came to the point, I travelled every ſtep of the way all alone. However, it was ſome comfort to me, that I really amuſed myſelf, and found not the length of the journey: it is a ſatisfaction to find that power in oneſelf, which one would not always owe to other helps and contingencies. I think I never paſſed a pleaſanter, abating a few thoughts, with which I will not trouble you or any other friend; and which ſit too near me to be totally baniſhed by any company, amuſement, or diſtance whatever.

When you ſay Mrs. Howard is well, I fear you don't (ſpeak) of the pain in her face, but in general. I can't but think that Bath might give her blood a new turn, of which the Doctors here, I believe, will not deſpair. But I have yet ſeen none of them, nor any other creature. The firſt thing I have done is to ſit down to write this. My next ſhall tell you who is here, etc. and what I find in the place. I am ever

Yours, etc.

*Wedneſday.* Lord Peterborow is juſt arrived. I have writ you two letters before this.

## LETTER III.

### TO THE SAME.

October 30.

You muſt needs know, deareſt Madam, how kindly, how very kindly I take your letter. I am ſure there is ſcarce an hour in which I am not thinking of you, and of every thing relating to you; and therefore every leaſt notice given me of you, is to me the moſt important news in the world. I am truly concerned for your head-ach, and for your finding the town diſagreeable: but I hope both of theſe uneaſineſſes will be tranſitory, and that you'll ſoon (even the very next day after your complaint) find both yourſelf and the town mighty well again. I do ſincerely, and from my ſoul, wiſh you every pleaſure and contentment the world can give; and do aſſure you at the ſame time, the greateſt I can receive will always be in hearing of yours, and in finding, by your communicating it to me, that you know how much I partake of it. This will ſatisfy my conſcience better, than if I continued to trouble you daily; though there is really no day of my life that I don't long to ſee you.

As to my health, I'm in a very odd courſe for the pain in my ſide: I mean a courſe of brickbats and tiles, which they apply to me piping hot, morning and night;

night; and ſure it is very ſatisfactory to one who loves architecture at his heart, to be built round in his very bed. My body may properly at this time be called a human ſtructure. My mother too is fallen ill of her rheumatiſm, but was not the worſe, but better, for your ſtay the other night. You left her in high humour with you. Pray give hers and my faithful ſervices to your mother and ſiſter.

Shall I congratulate or condole with you on my Lady Kildare's account? I heartily wiſh her very happy with any able Divine, whenever you have no mind to her company. I thank you for your kind admonition to conſult the Doctor, and faithfully promiſe to take care of myſelf at your deſire, whenever you'll take the leaſt care of yourſelf at mine. You may be confident the maſter builder will come to ſurvey your houſe the firſt day he is able: if he does not ſoon recover, I'll ſend to another, whom I believe I can find at Kenſington.

Pray, have you heard farther of Bertie? I have not. I writ yeſterday to Cleveland-court, to deliver you what letters came from the Lottery-office. God give you good fortune (the beſt thing he can give in this world to thoſe who can be happy). You know I have no palate to taſte it, and therefore am in no concern or haſte to hear whether I gain or loſe *. But I won't

* Pope's practice was diametrically oppoſite to his profeſſion here. He endeavoured to accumulate wealth by riſking his money on all kinds of ſecurities; and it is well known he triumphed over his

won't releaſe you from your engagement of ſending me word of the tickets, becauſe every word of yours is unfeignedly a great ſatisfaction to

Yours, etc.

If I am not able to come ſoon to London, I will epiſtolize your ſiſter ſpeedily.

---

## LETTER IV.

### TO THE SAME.

Briſtol, Monday.

I AM glad I ſent you my laſt Letter on Saturday, without expecting yours, which did not come till the day after the poſt, by paſſing firſt through Mr. Allen's hands at Bath. I thank you for it, and muſt now give you ſome account of this place. I riſe at ſeven, drink at the well at eight, breakfaſt at nine, dine at two, go to bed at ten, or ſooner. I find the water very cold on my ſtomach, and have no comfort but in the aſſes' milk I drink conſtantly with it, according to Dr. Mead's order. The three days I was at Mr. Allen's, I went for two or three hours to Bath

---

his poor rivals, by a proud oſtentation of his wealth. See the ſtate of his affairs, by Mr. George Arbuthnot, in this volume. C.

Bath two days, but ſaw no public place, nor any perſons, but the four or five I writ you word of. It grieved me to miſs twice of Lady Cox in that time. I had a line from Mr. Slingſby Bethel, to acquaint me his brother was well; and I will write to him from hence, as ſoon as I can give him a phyſical account of myſelf.

I hardly knew what I undertook when I ſaid I would give you ſome account of this place. Nothing can do it but a picture, it is ſo unlike any ſcene you ever ſaw. But I'll begin at leaſt, and reſerve the reſt to my next Letter. From Bath you go along the river, or its ſide, the road lying generally in ſight of it: on each bank are ſteep riſing hills clothed with wood at top, and ſloping toward the ſtream in green meadows, intermixed with white houſes, mills, and bridges; this for ſeven or eight miles: then you come in ſight of Briſtol (the river winding at the bottom of ſteeper banks to the town), where you ſee twenty odd pyramids ſmoking over the town (which are glaſs-houſes), and a vaſt extent of houſes red and white. You come firſt to Old Wells, and over a bridge built on both ſides like London bridge, and as much crowded with a ſtrange mixture of ſeamen, women, children, loaded horſes, aſſes, and ſledges with goods, dragging along all together, without poſts to ſeparate them. From thence you come to a key along the old wall, with houſes on both ſides, and, in the middle of the ſtreet, as far as you can ſee, hundreds of ſhips, their

their maſts as thick as they can ſtand by one another, which is the oddeſt and moſt ſurpriſing ſight imaginable. This ſtreet is fuller of them than the Thames from London Bridge to Deptford, and at certain times only the water riſes to carry them out; ſo that, at other times, a long ſtreet, full of ſhips in the middle, and houſes on both ſides, looks like a dream. Paſſing ſtill along by the river, you come to a rocky way on one ſide, overlooking green hills on the other: on that rocky way riſe ſeveral white houſes, and over them red rocks, and, as you go further, more rocks above rocks, mixed with green buſhes, and of different-coloured ſtone. This, at a mile's end, terminates in the houſe of the Hot Well, whereabouts lie ſeveral pretty lodging-houſes open to the river, with walks of trees. When you have ſeen the hills ſeem to ſhut upon you, and to ſtop any further way, you go into the houſe, and looking out at the back door, a vaſt rock of an hundred feet high, of red, white, green, blue, and yellowiſh marbles, all blotched and variegated, ſtrikes you quite in the face; and turning on the left, there opens the river at a vaſt depth below, winding in and out, and accompanied on both ſides with a continued range of rocks up to the clouds, of an hundred colours, one behind another, and ſo to the end of the proſpect, quite to the ſea. But the Sea nor the Severn you do not ſee: the rocks and river fill the eye, and terminate the view, much like the broken ſcenes behind one another in a playhouſe.

playhouſe. From the room where I write, I ſee the tide riſing, and filling all the bottom between theſe ſcenes of rocks; on the ſides of which, on one hand, are buildings, ſome white, ſome red, every where up and down like the ſteepeſt ſide of Richmond to the Thames, mixed with trees and ſhrubs, but much wilder; and huge, ſhaggy marbles, ſome in points, ſome in caverns, hanging all over and under them in a thouſand ſhapes. I have no more room, but to give Lady Gerard my hearty ſervices, and to wiſh you would ſee, next ſummer or ſpring, what I am ſure would charm you, and fright moſt other ladies. I expect Mr. Allen here in four or five days. I am always deſiring to hear of you. Adieu. Remember me to Mr. Lyttleton, Lord Cornbury, Mr. Cleland.

---

## LETTER V.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, Saturday the 24th.

I HAVE juſt received yours, for which I moſt kindly thank and love you. You will have this a poſt the ſooner, by Mr. Allen's meſſenger coming hither. I have had a kind letter from the Judge *, with very friendly mention of you, and concern that he could not

* Forteſcue. See vol. vi. p. 299.

not ſee you. As he expects a particular account of myſelf, I incloſe it, to ſave the trouble of writing it over again to you, who I know deſire as much or more to know it: and I proceed in my deſcription.

Upon the top of thoſe high rocks by the Hot Well, which I have deſcribed to you, there runs on one ſide a large down of fine turf, for about three miles. It looks too frightful to approach the brink, and look down upon the river; but in many parts of this down, the vallies deſcend gently, and you ſee all along the windings of the ſtream, and the opening of the rocks, which turn and cloſe in upon you from ſpace to ſpace, for ſeveral miles on toward the ſea. There is firſt near Briſtol a little village upon this down, called Clifton, where are very pretty lodging-houſes, overlooking all the woody hills; and ſteep cliffs and very green valleys within half a mile of the Wells; where in the ſummer it muſt be delicious walking and riding, for the plain extends one way many miles: particularly, there is a tower that ſtands cloſe at the edge of the higheſt rock, and ſees the ſtream turn quite round it; and all the banks one way are wooded, in a gentle ſlope for near a mile high, quite green; the other bank, all inacceſſible rock, of an hundred colours and odd ſhapes, ſome hundred feet perpendicular.

I am told that one may ride ten miles further on an even turf, on a ridge that on one ſide views the river Severn, and the banks ſteeper and ſteeper quite to the

open ſea; and, on the other ſide, a vaſt woody vale, as far as the eye can ſtretch; and all before you, the oppoſite coaſt of Wales beyond the Severn again. But this I have not been able to ſee; nor would one but in better weather, when one may dine, or lie there, or croſs a narrow part of the ſtream to the neareſt point in Wales, where Mr. Allen * and Mr. Hook laſt ſummer lay ſome nights in the cleaneſt and beſt cottage in the world, with excellent proviſions, under a hill on the margin of the Severn. Let him deſcribe it to you; and pray tell him we are much in fear for his health, not having had a line ſince he left us.

The city of Briſtol itſelf is very unpleaſant, and no civilized company in it: only the collector of the cuſtoms would have brought me acquainted with merchants, of whom I hear no great character. The ſtreets are as crowded as London; but the beſt image I can give you of it is, 'tis as if Wapping and Southwark were ten times as big, or all their people ran into London. Nothing is fine in it but the Square, which is larger than Groſvenor-ſquare, and well builded, with a very fine braſs ſtatue in the middle, of King William on horſeback; and the Key, which is full of ſhips, and goes round half the Square. The College Green is pretty, and (like the Square) ſet with trees, with a very fine old croſs of Gothic curious

* Theſe Letters muſt have been written late in Pope's life, as he was not acquainted with Allen, I believe, prior to the year 1733.

curious work in the middle, but ſpoiled with the folly of new gilding it, that takes away all the venerable antiquity. There is a cathedral, very neat, and nineteen pariſh churches.

Once more my ſervices to Lady Gerard. I write ſcarce to any body, therefore pray tell any body you judge deſerves it, that I inquire of, and remember myſelf to, them. I ſhall be at Bath ſoon; and if Dr. Mead approves of what I aſked him of the Bath water mixed, I'll not return to Briſtol; otherwiſe I fear I muſt: for indeed my complaint ſeems only intermitted, while I take larger quantities than I uſed of water, and no wine; and it muſt require time to know, whether I might not juſt as well do ſo at home? Not but that I am ſatisfied the water at the Well is very different from what it is any where elſe; for it is full as warm as new milk from the cow; but there is no living at the Wells without more conveniencies in the winter. Adieu. I write ſo much that I have no room to tell you what my heart holds of eſteem and affection. Pray write to me every Thurſday's poſt, and I ſhall anſwer on Saturday; for it comes and goes out the ſame day, and I can anſwer no ſooner what you write on Tueſday.

## LETTER VI.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, June 22.

I PROMISED you an account of Sherborne before I had ſeen it, or knew what I undertook. I imagined it to be one of thoſe fine old ſeats of which there are numbers ſcattered over England. But this is ſo peculiar, and its ſituation of ſo uncommon a kind, that it merits a more particular deſcription.

The houſe is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Rawleigh, conſiſts of four ſtories, with four ſix-angled towers at the ends. Theſe have ſince been joined to four wings, with a regular ſtone baluſtrade at the top, and four towers more that finiſh the building. The windows and gates are of a yellow ſtone throughout; and one of the flat ſides toward the garden has the wings of a newer architecture, with beautiful Italian window-frames, done by the firſt Earl of Briſtol, which, if they were joined in the middle by a portico covering the old building, would be a noble front. The deſign of ſuch an one I have been amuſing myſelf with drawing; but it is a queſtion whether my Lord Digby will not be better amuſed than to execute it. The fineſt room is a ſaloon fifty feet long, and a parlour hung with very excellent tapeſtry of Rubens, which was a

preſent from the King of Spain to the Earl of Briſtol, in his embaſſy there.

This ſtands in a park, finely crowned with very high woods on all the tops of the hills, which form a great amphitheatre ſloping down to the houſe. On the garden ſides the woods approach cloſe, ſo that it appears there with a thick line and depth of groves on each hand, and ſo it ſhews from moſt parts of the park. The gardens are ſo irregular, that it is very hard to give an exact idea of them, but by a plan. Their beauty ariſes from this irregularity; for not only the ſeveral parts of the garden itſelf make the better contraſt by theſe ſudden riſes, falls, and turns of ground; but the views about it are let in, and hang over the walls in very different figures and aſpects. You come firſt out of the houſe into a green walk of ſtandard limes, with a hedge behind them, that makes a colonnade; hence into a little triangular wilderneſs, from whoſe centre you ſee the town of Sherborne, in a valley interſperſed with trees. From the corner of this you iſſue at once upon a high green terrace, the whole breadth of the garden, which has five more green terraces hanging under each other, without hedges, only a few pyramid yews and large round honeyſuckles between them. The honeyſuckles hereabouts are the largeſt and fineſt I ever ſaw. You'll be pleaſed when I tell you the quarters of the above-mentioned little wilderneſs are filled with theſe, and with cherry-trees of the beſt kinds, all within reach

reach of the hand. At the ends of theſe terraces run two long walks, under the ſide walls of the garden, which communicate with the other terraces that front theſe, oppoſite. Between the valley is laid level, and divided into two irregular groves of horſe-cheſnuts, and a bowling-green in the middle of about one hundred and eighty feet. This is bounded behind with a canal, that runs quite acroſs the groves, and alſo along one ſide, in the form of a T. Behind this is a ſemicircular *berceau*, and a thicket of mixed trees, that completes the crown of the amphitheatre, which is of equal extent with the bowling-green. Beyond that runs a natural river through green banks of turf, over which riſes another row of terraces, the firſt ſupported by a ſlope wall planted with vines; ſo is alſo the wall that bounds the channel of the river. A ſecond and third appeared above this; but they are to be turned into a line of wilderneſs, with wild winding walks, for the convenience of paſſing from one ſide to the other in ſhade, the heads of whoſe trees will lie below the uppermoſt terrace of all, which completes the garden, and overlooks both that and the country. Even above the wall of this the natural ground riſes, and is crowned with ſeveral venerable ruins of an old caſtle, with arches and broken views, of which I muſt ſay more hereafter.

When you are at the left corner of the canal, and the cheſnut groves in the bottom, you turn of a ſudden, under very old trees, into the deepeſt ſhade.

The walk winds you up a hill of venerable wood, over-arched by Nature, and of a vaſt height, into a circular grove, on one ſide of which is a cloſe high arbour, on the other a ſudden open ſeat, that overlooks the meadows and river with a large diſtant proſpect. Another walk under this hill winds by the river ſide, quite covered with high trees on both banks, overhung with ivy; where falls a natural caſcade, with never-ceaſing murmurs. On the oppoſite hanging of the bank (which is a ſteep of fifty feet) is placed, with a very fine fancy, a ruſtic ſeat of ſtone, flagged and rough, with two urns in the ſame rude taſte upon pedeſtals, on each ſide; from whence you loſe your eyes upon the glimmering of the waters under the wood, and your ears in the conſtant daſhing of the waves. In view of this is a bridge, that croſſes this ſtream, built in the ſame ruinous taſte: the wall of the garden hanging over it is humoured ſo as to appear the ruin of another arch or two above the bridge. Hence you mount the hill, over the Hermit's ſeat (as they call it) deſcribed before, and ſo to the higheſt terrace again.

On the left, full behind theſe old trees, which makes this whole part inexpreſſibly awful and ſolemn, runs a little, old, low wall, beſide a trench, covered with elder-trees and ivys; which being croſſed by another bridge, brings you to the ruins, to complete the ſolemnity of the ſcene. You firſt ſee an old tower penetrated by a large arch, and others above it,

it, through which the whole country appears in proſpect, even when you are at the top of the other ruins; for they ſtand very high, and the ground ſlopes down on all ſides. Theſe venerable broken walls, ſome arches almoſt entire of thirty or forty feet deep, ſome open like porticoes with fragments of pillars, ſome circular or incloſed on three ſides, but expoſed at top, with ſteps, which time has made of disjointed ſtones, to climb to the higheſt points of the ruin. Theſe, I ſay, might have a prodigious beauty, mixed with greens and parterres from part to part; and the whole heap ſtanding as it does on a round hill, kept ſmooth in green turf, which makes a bold baſement to ſhow it. The open courts from building to building might be thrown into circles or octagons of graſs or flowers; and even in the gaping rooms you have fine trees grown, that might be made a natural tapeſtry to the walls, and arch you over-head, where time has uncovered them to the ſky. Little paths of earth or ſand might be made up the half-tumbled walls, to guide from one view to another on the higher parts; and ſeats placed here and there to enjoy thoſe views, which are more romantic than imagination can form them. I could very much wiſh this were done, as well as a little temple built on a neighbouring round hill, that is ſeen from all points of the garden, and is extremely pretty. It would finiſh ſome walks, and particularly be a fine termination to the river, and be ſeen from the entrance into that deep ſcene I have deſcribed by the caſcade, where

it would appear as in the clouds, between the tops of ſome very lofty trees that form an arch before it, with a great ſlope downward to the end of the ſaid river.

What ſhould induce my Lord Digby the rather to cultivate theſe ruins, and do honour to them, is, that they do no ſmall honour to his family; that caſtle, which was very ancient, being demoliſhed in the civil wars, after it was nobly defended by one of his anceſtors in the cauſe of the King. I would ſet up at the entrance of them an obeliſk, with an inſcription of the fact; which would be a monument erected to the very ruins; as the adorning and beautifying them in the manner I have been imagining, would not be unlike the Egyptian finery, of beſtowing ornaments and curioſity on dead bodies. The preſent maſter of this place (and I verily believe I can engage the ſame for the next ſucceſſors) needs not to fear the record*, or ſhun the remembrance of the actions of his forefathers. He will not diſgrace them, as moſt modern progeny do, by an unworthy degeneracy of principle or of practice. When I have been deſcribing his agreeable ſeat, I cannot make the reflection I have often

* This is an alluſion to the Sherborne Curſe, which may be ſeen in Peck's Deſiderata, vol. ii. b. xiv. No. 6. p. 5. Oſmond, who from a Norman knight became a biſhop, gave Sherborne Caſtle, with other lands, to the church of Saliſbury, and laid a curſe on all who ſhould alienate or diminiſh his donation. In Peck may be found the inſtances in which it has been verified. C.

Mr. Crewe has moſt poetically introduced this circumſtance in his "Lewesdon Hill."

often done upon contemplating the beautiful villas of other noblemen, raiſed upon the ſpoils of plundered nations, or aggrandized by the wealth of the public. I cannot aſk myſelf the queſtion, "What elſe has this man to be liked? What elſe has he cultivated or improved? What good, or what deſirable thing appears of him, without theſe walls?" I dare ſay his goodneſs and benevolence extend as far as his territories; that his peaſants live almoſt as happy and contented as himſelf; and that not one of his children wiſhes to ſee this ſeat his own.

I have not looked much about ſince I was here. All I can tell you of my own knowledge is, that, going to ſee the cathedral * in the town hard by, I took notice, as the fineſt things, of a noble monument, and a beautiful altar-piece of architecture; but if I had not inquired in particular, he nor his had never told me, that both the one and the other was erected by himſelf. The next pretty thing that catched my eye, was a neat chapel for the uſe of the towns-people (who are too numerous for the cathedral). My Lord modeſtly told me he was glad I liked it, becauſe it was of his own architecture.

I hope

* Sherborne was formerly the ſee of a biſhop. The biſhops of Sherborne were ſo named till the year 1041, when they were intitled biſhops of Saliſbury, to which the ſee was removed. When Henry VIII. erected the ſee of Briſtol, Sherborne was attached to it. The noble monument mentioned by Pope is that of John Digby, Earl of Briſtol, who died in 1698. It is ſaid to have coſt 1500l. C.

I hope this long letter will be ſome entertainment to you. I was pleaſed not a little in writing it; but don't let any lady from hence imagine that my head is ſo full of any gardens as to forget hers. The greateſt proof I could give her to the contrary is, that I have ſpent many hours here in ſtudying for hers, and in drawing new plans for her. I ſhall ſoon come home, and have nothing to ſay when we meet, having here told you all that has pleaſed me: but Wilton is in my way, and I depend upon that for new matter. Believe me ever yours, with a ſincerity as old-faſhioned, and as different from modern ſincerity, as this houſe, this family, and theſe ruins, are from the Court, and all its neighbourhood. Dear Madam, adieu.

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## LETTER VII.

### TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM, Aug. 7, 1716.

I HAVE ſo much eſteem for you, and ſo much of the other thing, that, were I a handſome fellow, I ſhould do you a vaſt deal of good: but as it is, all I am good for, is to write a civil letter, or to make a fine ſpeech. The truth is, that conſidering how often and how openly I have declared love to you, I am aſtoniſhed (and a little affronted) that you have

not forbid my correſpondence, and directly ſaid, *See my face no more.* It is not enough, Madam, for your reputation, that you have your hands pure from the ſtain of ſuch ink as might be ſhed to gratify a male correſpondent: alas! while your heart conſents to encourage him in this lewd liberty of writing, you are not (indeed you are not) what you would ſo fain have me think you,—a prude! I am vain enough to conclude (like moſt young fellows), that a fine lady's ſilence is conſent, and ſo I write on.

But, in order to be as innocent as poſſible in this epiſtle, I'll tell you news. You have aſked me news a thouſand times, at the firſt word you ſpoke to me; which ſome would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: and truly 'tis not a ſign two lovers are together, when they can be ſo impertinent as to inquire what the world does *. All I mean by this is, that either you or I cannot be in love with the other: I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that ſtupid and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's excellencies and charms.

But to my news.—My Lord Burlington's and my journey to the north is put off till September. Mr. Gay has had a fall from his horſe, and broken his fine ſnuff-box. Your humble ſervant has loſt his blue cloak. Mr. Edmund Curll has been exerciſed in a blanket, and whipped at Weſtminſter ſchool by the boys, whereof

* See Letters to Ladies, in Vol. VII. Letter XII. and Notes. C.

whereof the common prints have given ſome account *. If you have ſeen a late advertiſement, you will know that I have not told a lie (which we both abominate), but equivocated pretty genteelly: you may be confident it was not done without leave from my ſpiritual director. My next news is a trifle. I will wait upon you at Whiteknight's in a fortnight or three weeks, unleſs you ſend me word to the contrary; which I beg you to do if I ſhall not find you there. Would to God you could go to Grinſted or the Bath, I would attend you to either.

As I always am impertinent in my queſtions concerning you, to every body that has ſeen or heard from you, ſo I have lately received much gladneſs, in the belief that you might do ſo, from the late entertainments of the Lord Cadogan in your neighbourhood. I heartily wiſh many times you led the ſame courſe of life which I here partly enjoy and partly regret; for I am not a day without what they call elegant company. I have not dined but at great entertainments theſe ten days, in pleaſant villas about the Thames, whoſe banks are now more populous than London, through the neighbourhood of Hampton-Court——

[*A part of this Letter torn off.*]

——Upon

* This circumſtance fixes the date of the year which we have given to this Letter. Curll's well-earned whipping took place in the beginning of Auguſt 1716, as appears by a humorous Letter, copied by Mr. Nichols in "Atterbury's Correſpondence," from the St. James's Chronicle, and dated Aug. 3.

C

——Upon the whole, I am melancholy, which, to ſay truth, is (*all one*) gets by pleaſures themſelves. Yet as I believe melancholy (*hurts*) me as little as any one, ſo I ſincerely wiſh much (*rather to*) be ſo myſelf, than that thoſe I value ſhould partake (*of it*). In particular, your eaſe and happineſs would be a great part (*of my*) ſtudy, were I your guardian angel: as I am, a poor * * * *, it is one of my moſt earneſt wiſhes. Believe me, dear Madam,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant, etc.

Pray tell Miſs Patty, that, though ſhe will not write to me, I hear ſhe writes for me, which I ought to take as kindly: this I was informed of by Mr. Caryll.

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## LETTER VIII.

Tueſday the ——.

I HOPE this will find you both ſettled in peace and joy at Bath; that your court is numerous enough to keep a court and town lady in ſpirits, and yet not ſo importunate as to deprive you of reſt. Your health, nevertheleſs, is my chief concern; which to ladies or gentlewomen, young, or advancing into wiſdom (but never above pleaſures), is a moſt comfortable and neceſſary thing, with or without admirers, even from Lady W——y, to her great granddaughter born laſt week.

I ſaw Dr. Arbuthnot, who was very cheerful. I paſſed a whole day with him at Hampſtead; he is at the Long Room half the morning, and has parties at cards every night. Mrs. Lepell, and Mrs. Saggioni the ſinger, and his ſon and his two daughters, are all with him. He told me he had given the beſt directions he could to yourſelf, and to Lady Suffolk ſeparately; that ſhe ought to bleed, and you not; that it is his opinion the waters will not be of ſervice to you, and that there can be no ill conſequence if they ſhould heat you; it could only bring out the raſh * at worſt, which he ſays might be the means to free your blood from it a long time.

I hope by this time the pink-coloured ribband in your hat is pulled off, and the pink-coloured gown put on. I will not joke upon that, though I did upon the ribband, becauſe, when people begin to ſin, there may be hopes of amendment; but when the whole woman is become red as ſcarlet, there's no good to be done.

Lady Suffolk has a ſtrange power over me. She would not ſtir a day's journey either eaſt or weſt for me, though ſhe had dying or languiſhing friends on each quarter, who wanted and wiſhed to ſee her. But I am following her chariot-wheels three days through rocks and waters, and ſhall be at her feet

* As the mention of this diſorder occurs in Dean Swift's Letter to Miſs Blount, it ſeems to fix the date of this Letter in 1727, or 1728. C.

feet on Sunday night. I ſuppoſe ſhe'll be at cards, and receive me as coldly as if I were archdeacon of the place. I hope I ſhall be better with you, who will doubtleſs have been at maſs (whither Mr. Naſh at my requeſt ſhall carry you conſtantly when I come), and in a meek and chriſtian-like way. I have no more to ſay to either of you, but that which we are all obliged to ſay even to our enemies: The Lord have mercy on you! and have you in his *keeping*. Adieu.

I intended you this by the laſt poſt, but it was too late; ſo that you'll hardly receive it ſooner than we ſhall come. I was willing juſt to have told Lady Suffolk before, that one of my chief motives was to ſee her in a place of liberty and health, and to advertiſe you, Madam, not to be diſcouraged if the waters did heat you, but to loſe no time in them.

## LETTER IX.

### TO M. AND T. BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES, Sept. 17.

I AM in the caſe which many a man is in with your ſex, not knowing where to have you: ſo I direct this with great reſpect to the moſt diſcreet of ſervitors, whom I dare hardly call George *, even within the folds of this Letter. I hope, if you are in London, that you find company; if you are in the country, that you don't want it. I heartily wiſh you luck at cards; not only as it is ſaid to be a token of luck in better things †, but as it doth really and effectually ſave money, and ſometimes get it. I alſo wiſh you good huſbands, and think Mr. Caryll, who has the intereſt of our Catholic religion at heart, ought, if poſſible, to ſtrengthen it, by allying to ſome of the ſupports thereof two ſuch lovely branches as yourſelves. Pray tell him ſo from me, and let me adviſe you in your ear. 'Tis full as well to marry in the country as in the town, provided you can bring your huſbands up with you afterwards, and make them ſtay as long as you will. Theſe two conſiderations every wiſe virgin ſhould have in her head, not forgetting the third,

* Perhaps George Arbuthnot, the Solicitor, who was much in the confidence of Pope and M. Blount. C.

† Modern believers in luck are of a different opinion. C.

third, which is,—a ſeparate allowance. O Pin-money! dear, deſirable Pin-money! in theſe are included all the bleſſings of woman! In thee are compriſed fine clothes, fine lodgings, fine operas, fine maſquerades, fine fellows. Foh! ſays Mrs. Tereſa, at this laſt article——and ſo I hold my tongue.

Are you really of opinion you are an inconvenient part at preſent of my friend's family? Do ye fancy the beſt man in England is ſo very good, as not to be fond of ye? Why, St. Auſtin himſelf would have kiſſed ye—St. Jerome would have ſhaved againſt your coming—St. Peter would have dried his eyes at the ſight of you—and St. Thomas would have been for touching and trying you. If you fancy yourſelves troubleſome at Grinſtead*, you are too humble indeed; you need not talk of wanting to be humbled. Every place will be proud of you; except Gotham, and the wiſe men of Gotham. May the Devil take every one that thinks you ſhould be humbled. For me, I ſincerely wiſh to ſee you exalted, when it ſhall pleaſe heaven, above the cherubims; but firſt, upon earth, above ſix horſes in a handſome coach.

After all, if it be wholeſome for you both to be humbled, Ladies, let me try to do it. I'll freely tell you two or three of your faults.

Firſt, if you are handſome, you know it. This people have unluckily given you to underſtand, by praiſing you every day of your lives. The world has

* Weſt Grinſtead in Suſſex: Mr. Caryl's reſidence was here. C.

has abundance of thoſe indiſcreet perſons who admire you; and the miſchief of it is, you can go no where but you meet with them.

Secondly, you are the greateſt ſelf-lovers alive. For ever ſince you were children, it was preached to you, that you ſhould know yourſelves. You have complied with this idle advice, and, upon examining, find a great many qualities, which thoſe who poſſeſs cannot but like themſelves the better for: and 'tis your misfortune to have them all!

Thirdly, it is inſupportable impudence and lying in you, to pretend, as you do, to have no paſſion or tendency to love and good-nature. For can any thing be ſo prepoſterous, as to ſay you care for nobody, at the ſame time that you oblige and pleaſe every body?

For theſe, and all other your grievous offences, the Lord afford you his mercy, as I do heartily abſolve you. *In nomine*, etc.

Mr. Gay was your ſervant yeſterday: I believe to-day he may be Mrs. Lepell's *.

* There is a poſtſcript to this indecent piece of flattery, which is too groſs to be tranſcribed. It has already been alluded to in a note on Letter XIII. vol. vii. p. 200. Pope has ſhewed us the example of printing Letters that are rather characteriſtic than honourable. C.

## LETTER X.

December 27.

I AM ſorry you are ſo engaged and diſſipated, as you ſay. If your friends would but do as moſt other people's, invite you once to dinner, and then not care if you were hanged, it would be better. But to be all day, firſt dreſſing one's body, then dragging it abroad, then ſtuffing the guts, then waſhing them with tea, then wagging one's tongue, and ſo to bed; it is the life of an animal, that may, for all that I know, have reaſon in it (as the country girl ſaid a fiddle had a tune in it), but wanted ſomebody to fetch it out: and ladies indeed ſo ſeldom learn to play this way, or ſhew what's in them at all, till they meet with ſome clever fellow, to wind them well up, and fret their fiddleſtrings. But as next to action is contemplation, ſo women unmarried betake themſelves wiſely to thinking; as I doubt not you do ſometimes, when, after the fatigues of the day, you get to bed, and then how muſt every conſiderate woman be ſtruck, when ſhe hears the watchman every hour telling how *time is paſt!* If you think I write a little extravagantly, you are miſtaken; for this is philoſophy: I am juſt come from hearing Dr. Cheyne; and beſides I have the head-ach, which heats my brain, and he aſſures me I might be inſpired, if it had but one turn

more. I muſt juſt ſay a word or two in the uſual form, to let you know I have been once at Bath, and dined with Mrs. Arbuthnot, who ſends you many ſervices. I will not fail to ſpeak of what you deſire to Lady Peterborow. Mrs. Arbuthnot tells me ſhe is very great with Mrs. Nugent, and ſo am I (to be) with Mrs. P. but I have not ſeen her, and ſhe has no coach, and can't get at me. I thank God for all his benefits. Pray tell me of any thing that pleaſes you, or any thing that vexes you: and give Lady Gerard my humble ſervice; and take care of your health, and finiſh the picture when you go into the city, or to Judge Forteſcue's, and don't mind Mr. Price *.

You tell me very few of my friends in town remember to aſk about me. You ſhall ſee how I remember them, and how I aſk about them. Pray tell my Lady Suffolk, in the firſt place, that I think of her every night conſtantly, as the greateſt comforter I have, under her edder-down quilt: I wiſh Mr. Berkley lay as eaſy, who, I hear (and am ſorry for it), has had the gout. Pray aſk the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, (if you can contrive to aſk her without ſeeing her,) what ſhe means by forgetting you are as good a dancer as ſome ſhe invites? and aſk my Lady Marchmont to carry you to ſee how well her Lord performs. Pray tell Mr. Lyttelton to tell a friend of his, that of all the

* Grandfather of the preſent Uvedale Price, Eſq. See Letter to Mrs. Price at Spa, in this Collection, communicated by Mr. Price.

the princes in Europe, I admire the King of Pruſſia, becauſe he never tells any body any thing he intends to do. Pray tell Mrs. Price how kindly I take her remembrance of me, and deſire her to tell my Lord Cornbury * ſo. And thoſe who love writing letters, and thoſe who can write a-bed, ſhould write, for the ſame reaſon that thoſe who hate writing letters, and thoſe that can't lye or ſit ſtill, ſhould not write: and tell Mr. Nugent that I will ſit for my picture for him, as I once did for his lady; and that I believe it will be a very excellent picture, becauſe I am very much altered for the better. Pray aſſure Mr. Cleland that I am reading Don Quixote; and aſſure Lady Fanny that I have writ no verſes this year at Bath. I wiſh Lord Cheſterfield knew that a very ſcandalous paper is handed about in his name upon Lady Thanet, which I am glad of, becauſe he gave copies of an incorrect libel of mine againſt pride and covetouſneſs.

Among the reſt of my friends, I wiſh you had told me, what is become of Moratt? Is it not for him that your ſiſter has cry'd out her eyes?

* Lord Cornbury was grandſon of the great Lord Clarendon, and of courſe nearly related to Mary, conſort of William III. and ſiſter to Queen Anne. He was, notwithſtanding, a Nonjuror, and for that reaſon was, no doubt, more reſpected by Pope; but he was a moſt amiable man, and well merited the elegant compliment paid him in verſe,

"Diſdain, whatever Cornbury diſdains."

## LETTER XI.*

DEAR LADIES,

THE minute I find there's no hope of you, I fly to the wood. It is as fit for me to leave the world, as for you to ſtay in it; and to prefer a wood to any acquaintance or company, as for you to prefer any couſin, even the graveſt relation you have, to a wood. Perhaps you may think your viſit as melancholy as my retirement: if you have not as much time to think as I ſhall have, you will have more to pray, which ſome think as melancholy. What I ſhall gather from thence I know not, except nuts, which I believe Gay and I ſhall oftener crack, than jokes. But you ſhall hear more of our life there, when we have experienced it longer.

I ſend this Letter to anſwer a few friendly queſtions you have made. My mother is, and has been, in as good health as I have known her theſe many years. She is mighty well acquainted with all Lord Harcourt's family,—children, and all. I ſhall not leave her ſeven days together, whatever excurſions I make. I have felt my arm more within theſe three days than I did when I left you. I have gone a good way in Homer every day I was at Stanton-Harcourt. I'll ſhortly ſend

* This was written, it appears, from Lord Harcourt's; probably (as Homer is mentioned) about the year 1718.

ſend you a particular deſcription of that place. It was no ſmall grief to me that the fine nectarines there were not ripe enough by a fortnight to ſend you. Should any thing keep you longer in town than a week, or bring you back in three, I could accommodate you with very good ones upon the leaſt hint. I have not forgot the ſtrong beer. I writ to Mr. Caryl ſome poſts ago, and told him he ought to treat you like the huſbandman in the Scripture,—give you as much as thoſe who came earlieſt, ſince you had borne the ſweat and labour of the whole ſummer for his ſake. I write very dully. I muſt ſend a better Letter next; but I ſnatch a quarter of an hour for this, juſt while our horſes bait before our journey. 'Twas time for me to get away a-while, for all Oxford was coming upon me, with Duke Hamilton at the head of them. I had done a whole book of Homer before any creature knew I was here.

I once more thank you both for your Letters. Pray continue to oblige me as often as ever you can. Thoſe I ſend ſhall come free to London; but mayn't I as well ſend ſometimes directly to Grinſtead with franks? Yours, if given by George to Jervas's, can't fail of being ſent right. Mr. Gay is much yours, I always ſo.

God bleſs you, or I muſt be an ill Chriſtian.



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## LETTER XII.

DEAR LADIES, Oakley Bower, Oct. 8.

NOTHING but your having bid me write to you often, would make me do it again without an apology. I don't know where you are, or whether you have received my Letters; but conclude this can't be diſagreeable to you, unleſs you have altered your minds,—a thing which in women I take to be impoſſible. It will ſerve, if for nothing elſe, to give my ſervices to Mr. Caryl, ſuppoſing you with him; if not, keep them yourſelves: for ſervices (you know) are of that nature, that, like certain other common things, they will fit every body.

I am with Lord Bathurſt, at my bower *; in whoſe groves we had yeſterday a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy; and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it ſome months: it does not ceaſe to be agreeable to me ſo late in the ſeaſon; the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleaſant. I look upon it, as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I ſhould preſerve a reſpect for in her decay; and as we ſhould look upon a friend, with remembrance how he pleaſed us once, though now declined from his gay and flouriſhing condition.

I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a hunting upon the Downs, eat heartily, talk

* Pope's ſeat at Cirenceſter is ſtill ſhewn.

talk tender ſentiments with Lord B. or draw plans for houſes and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works, all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination. At night we play at Commerce, and play pretty high: I do more, I bett too; for I am really rich, and muſt throw away my money if no deſerving friend will uſe it. I like this courſe of life ſo well, that I am reſolved to ſtay here till I hear of ſomebody's being in town that is worth coming after.

Since you are ſo ſilent in the country, I can't expect a word from you when you get to London. The firſt week muſt needs be wholly employed in making new gowns, the ſecond in ſhewing them, the third in ſeeing other people's, and fourth, fifth, and ſo on, in balls, plays, aſſemblies, operas, etc. How can a poor tranſlator and hare-hunter hope for a minute's memory? Yet he comforts himſelf, to reflect that he ſhall be remembered when people have forgot what colours you wore, and when thoſe at whom you dreſs ſhall be duſt! This is the pride of a Poet: let me ſee if you dare own what is the pride of a woman; perhaps one article of it may be, to deſpiſe thoſe who think themſelves of ſome value, and to ſhew your friends you can live without thinking of them at all. Do keep your own ſecrets, that ſuch fellows as I may laugh at ye in the valley of Jehoſaphat, where cunning will be the fooliſheſt thing in nature. But I forget myſelf. I am talking as to

women things that walk in the country, when poſſibly by this time you are got to London, and are goddeſſes. For how ſhould ye be leſs when you are in your heaven? If ſo, moſt adorable deities! moſt celeſtial beauties! hear the often-repeated invocation of a poet expecting immortality! So may no complaints of unhappy mortals ever more diſturb your eternal diverſions! Maintain your dignity, bleſſed ſaints! and ſcorn to reveal yourſelves to fools (though it be but fair play, for they reveal themſelves to every body). Goddeſſes muſt be all-ſufficient; they can neither want a friend, nor a correſpondent. How arrogant a wretch am I then, who reſolve to be one of theſe (if not both) to you, as long as I have a day to live!

## LETTER XIII.

### TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MOST DIVINE!

'Tis ſome proof of my ſincerity towards you, that I write when I am prepared by drinking to ſpeak truth; and ſure a Letter after twelve at night muſt abound with that noble ingredient. That heart muſt have abundance of flames, which is at once warmed by wine and you: wine awakens and refreſhes the lurking paſſions of the mind, as varniſh does

the colours that are ſunk in a picture, and brings them out in all their natural glowings. My good qualities have been ſo frozen and locked up in a dull conſtitution at all my former ſober hours, that it is very aſtoniſhing to me, now I am drunk, to find ſo much virtue in me. In theſe overflowings of my heart I pay you my thanks for thoſe two obliging Letters you favoured me with of the 18th and 24th inſtant. That which begins with "My charming Mr. Pope!" was a delight to me beyond all expreſſion: you have at laſt entirely gained the conqueſt over your fair ſiſter *: 'tis true you are not handſome, for you are a woman, and think you are not: but this good-humour and tenderneſs for me has a charm that cannot be reſiſted. That face muſt needs be irreſiſtible, which was adorned with ſmiles even when it could not ſee the Coronation. I do ſuppoſe you will not ſhew this epiſtle out of vanity, as I doubt not your ſiſter does all I write to her. Indeed, to correſpond with Mr. Pope, may make any one proud who lives under a dejection of heart in the country. Every one values Mr. Pope, but every one for a different reaſon; one for his adherence to the Catholic Faith; another for his neglect of Popiſh ſuperſtition; one for his grave behaviour, another for his whimſicalneſs; Mr. Titcomb, for his pretty atheiſtical jeſts; Mr. Caryl,

* In Gay's Poem, intitled "Pope's Welcome from Greece," the Miſs Blounts are thus diſtinguiſhed:

"The fair-hair'd Martha, and Tereſa brown." C.

Caryl, for his moral and Chriſtian ſentences; Mrs. Tereſa, for his reflections on Mrs. Patty; and Mrs. Patty, for his reflections on Mrs. Tereſa. It was but the other day I heard of Mrs. Fermor's being actually and directly married. I wonder how the couple at —— look, ſtare, and ſimper, ſince that grand ſecret came out, which they ſo well concealed before. They concealed it as well as the barber does his utenſils, when he goes to trim upon a Sunday, and his towels hang out all the way. You know your Doctor * is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unwieldy and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Dr. Shadwell lately told a lady, he wondered ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer, ſhe wondered at it too, both becauſe Dr. Radcliffe was dead, and becauſe Dr. Shadwell was alive †. I am

Your moſt faithful admirer,
friend, ſervant, any thing, etc.

I ſend you Gay's Poem on the Princeſs ‡. She is very fat. God help her huſband!

* Dr. Radcliffe died in 1714, which may be the date of this Letter, and of Pope's transferring his affections from Tereſa to Martha Blount, as hinted above. C.

† This joke we have had before; or perhaps this is the original, and that the copy. See vol. vii. Letters to ſeveral Ladies, p. 204. C.

‡ Afterwards Queen Caroline. See a note on Artemiſia, vol. ii. p. 310. C.

## LETTER XIV.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Bath, Oct. 6th.

IF I may ever be allowed to tell you the thoughts I have ſo often of you in your abſence, it is at this time, when I neglect the company of a great number of ladies, to write this Letter. From the window where I am ſeated I command the proſpect of twenty or thirty, in one of the fineſt promenades in the world, every moment that I take my eye off from the paper. If variety of diverſions and new objects be capable of driving our friends out of our minds, I have the beſt excuſe imaginable for forgetting you: for I have ſlid, I can't tell how, into all the amuſements of this place: my whole day is ſhared by the pump-aſſemblies, the walks, the chocolate-houſes, raffling ſhops, plays, medleys, etc. We have no ladies who have the face, though ſome of them may have the impudence, to expect a lampoon. The prettieſt is one I had the luck to travel with, who has found out ſo far as to tell me, that whatever pretences I make to gaiety, my heart is not at Bath. Mrs. Gage came hither the other day, and did me a double honour, in ſpeaking to me, and aſking publicly, when I ſaw you laſt? I endeavour (like all awkward fellows) to become agreeable by imitation; and obſerving who are moſt in favour with the fair, I ſometimes copy the civil air

of

of Gaſcoin, ſometimes the impudent one of Naſh, and ſometimes, for vanity, the ſilly one of a neighbour of yours, who has loſt to the gameſters here that money, of which the ladies only deſerve to rob a man of his age. This miſtaken youth is ſo ignorant as to imagine himſelf as agreeable in the eyes of the ſex to-day, as he was yeſterday, when he was worth three or four hundred pounds more. Alas! he knows not, that juſt as much is left of a miſtreſs's heart, as is emptied from one's own pocket! My chief acquaintance of my own ſex are the aforeſaid Mr. Gaſcoin and Mr. Naſh, of the other Dame Lindſey and Jenny Man. I am ſo much a rake as to be aſhamed of being ſeen with Dr. Parnelle. I aſk people abroad, who that Parſon is? We expect better company here next week; and then a certain Earl * ſhall know what ladies drink his health every day ſince his diſgrace, that you may be in the public pamphlets, as well as your humble ſervant. They ſay here are cabals held, under pretence of drinking waters; and this ſcandal, like others, refreſhes me, and elevates my ſpirits. I think no man deſerves a monument that could not be wrapped in a winding-ſheet of papers writ againſt him. If women could digeſt ſcandal as well as I, there are two that might be the happieſt creatures in the univerſe. I have in one week run through whatever they call diverting here; and I ſhould be aſhamed to paſs two juſt in the ſame

* Lord Oxford, probably; which marks the time when the Letter was written.

ſame track. I will therefore take but a trip to Long-leat, which is twelve miles hence, to viſit my Lord Lanſdowne, and return to London *. I muſt tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought ſo much of yourſelf and your fair ſiſter as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtant from you. At Binfield I look upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, and here as Divinities, Angels, Goddeſſes, or what you will. In like manner, I never knew at what a rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. Tereſa and you will but fall ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Serioufly, I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes: you have robbed me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand fine qualities in them, by ſhewing me ſo many in a ſuperior degree in yourſelves. There are but two things in the world which can make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of; I mean, ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you not to reſent any frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover, by my common conduct towards you both, that this is true; and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things in me for that diſpoſition. Expect nothing from

* What follows, we have ſeen already in Vol. VII. Letter viii. but incorrectly. C.

from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall be always thought by you, what I always am,

Your faithful, obliged humble ſervant.

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## LETTER XV.

### TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM, Twitenham, Dec. 11, 1720.

I SEND you this Chriſtmas preſent, which I hope you'll like, though it is not ſo properly brawn as I wiſh, for want of horn. I can't be poſitive that it will be any recommendation to your goûte, to ſay it has the pure country taſte. I can't tell but you may prefer even town brawn to country brawn.

I found our houſe exactly like Noah's ark, in every thing, except that there is no propagation of the ſpecies in it. As to the waters, we ride ſafe above them as yet. The proſpect is prodigiouſly fine. It is juſt like an arm of the ſea; and the flood over my graſs-plot, embraced between the two walls whoſe tops are only ſeen, looks like an open bay to the terrace. The oppoſite meadow, where you ſo often walked, is covered with ſails; and, not to flatter you, I believe the flowers in it next ſpring will be rather attributed to the production of the waters, than of

your footſteps, which will be very unpoetical after all. We ſee a new river behind Kingſton, which was never beheld before; and that our own houſe may not be void of wonders, we pump up gudgeons, through the pipe in the kitchen, with our water. Having finiſhed my deſcription, I conclude,

Your, etc.

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## LETTER XVI.

### TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, Friday.

I HAVE long been ſenſible of your foreknowledge of the will of Heaven, which (as I have often told you) I can attribute to nothing but a ſecret correſpondence with your fellow-beauties, the angels of light. In very deed my rambling aſſociates have deſerted me. Jervas has ladies to paint, and Duke Diſney muſt viſit a Biſhop, in hopes of his converſion. The Duke is too ſedate for me, notwithſtanding he has ſo much mercury in him. Only Dr. Arbuthnot and I travel ſoberly and philoſophically to Oxford, etc. inquiring into natural cauſes, and being ſometimes wiſe, ſometimes in the ſpleen. It is very hard, this world is a thing, which every unfortunate thinking creature muſt neceſſarily either laugh at, or be angry at: and if we laugh

laugh at it, people will ſay we are proud; if we are angry at it, they'll ſay we are ill-humoured. I beg your pardon for my ſpleen, to which you ſhewed ſo much indulgence, and deſire yourſelf and your fair ſiſter to accept of theſe fans * as a part of my penalty. I deſired Mr. Jervas to chuſe two of the beſt he had; but if theſe do not chance to hit your fancy, you'll oblige me by taking your own choice out of twenty, when you go to London. What little diſcompoſure they may receive by rumpling, will be recovered if you keep them laid up ſmooth (as modeſt women do their petticoats).

I can't tell to whom I am obliged for two bottles of the white elder wine, which were given to our boy, unknown to me. But it looks like the good-natured trick of a kind, hearty, motherly gentlewoman; and therefore I believe I owe it to Mrs. Blount, whom I entreat to think me her moſt faithful ſervant. Mr. Blount may eſteem me ſo too, if he knows I cannot heartily wiſh him married. What to wiſh for Mrs. Tereſa and you I know not, but that I wiſh as ſincerely as I do for myſelf, and that I am in love with you both, as I am with myſelf, and find myſelf moſt ſo with all three when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

I am, Madam, etc.

* Theſe were the Fans on which the Verſes were written, "To a Lady, with a preſent of a Fan," &c.

"Come, gentle air," &c.

## LETTER XVII.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1735.

I FOUND my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more, when he went into France, which was, to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which (to his knowledge) neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke*, nor she, had any design to do. He next told me, he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law, that gave him as much torment of mind, as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression: that he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations †, but (since the person who had

* Bolingbroke, when Atterbury wished to proclaim the Pretender, considered the idea as madness. See Life of Pope, Note.

† Lord Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson ‡, a celebrated singer, of whom Dr. Burney has given a very interesting account

‡ See Vol. VIII. p. 254. Note.

had married them was dead) to re-marry her in the church at Briſtol, before witneſſes. The warmth with which he ſpoke on theſe ſubjects, made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his preſent ſtate as a heaven to what was paſt. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake, and called for help moſt hours of the night, ſometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into his garden in a chair: he fainted away twice there. He fell, about twelve, into a violent pang, which made his limbs all ſhake, and his teeth chatter; and for ſome time he lay cold as death. His wound was dreſſed (which is done conſtantly four times a day), and he grew gay, and ſat at dinner with ten people. After this he was again in

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account in vol. iv. of his Hiſtory of Muſic. The marriage was long kept ſecret, and, we learn from this Letter, divulged only about this time. His Lordſhip did not ſurvive this interview with his old correſpondent many weeks. He perſiſted in going to Liſbon, but died in the paſſage, Oct. 15. He was born about the year 1658, and was in his ſeventy-ſeventh year when he died. At the time of his connection with Mrs. Robinſon, he muſt have been conſiderably beyond his prime. She ſurvived him fifteen years, reſiding in an exalted ſtation, partly at Bevis-Mount, near Southampton (whence Mr. Pope's intereſting Letter is dated), and partly at Fulham, or perhaps at Peterborough-Houſe on Parſon's Green (Lyſons' Environs of London, vol. ii.). The only Life extant of Lord Peterborough is that by Dr. Birch, which accompanies the Earl's portrait in Houbraken's Heads. He had written his own Memoirs, which his Lady deſtroyed, from a regard to his reputation. Tradition ſays, that in theſe Memoirs he confeſſed his having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty years of age. Such Memoirs may be ſpared. C.

in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as ſoon as the pang was over, was carried again into the garden to the workmen, talked again of his hiſtory, and declaimed with great ſpirit againſt the meanneſs of the preſent great men and miniſters, and the decay of public ſpirit and honour. It is impoſſible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obſtinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concerted no meaſures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will ſet ſail, but no place fixed on to reſide at, nor has determined what place to land at, or provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the ſea-ſhore. I pity the poor woman who is to ſhare in all he ſuffers, and who can in no one thing perſuade him to ſpare himſelf. I think he muſt be loſt in this attempt, and attempt it he will.

He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleaſes. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he ſays little. When his pains come, he deſires them to walk out, but invites them to ſtay and dine or ſup, etc. Sir Wilfred Lawſon and his Lady, Mrs. Mordaunt and Colonel Mordaunt, are here: to-morrow come Mr. Poyntz, etc. for two days only, and they all go away together. He ſays he will go at the month's end, if he is alive.

I believe I ſhall get home on Wedneſday night. I hope Lady Suffolk will not go ſooner for Stowe, and, if not, I'll go with her willingly. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I ſee here: yet he takes my viſit ſo kindly, that I ſhould have loſt one great pleaſure, had I not come. I have nothing more to ſay, as I have nothing in my mind but this preſent object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them *.

I am ever yours, etc.

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## LETTER XVIII.

### TO THE SAME.

Stowe, July 4.

THE poſt after I writ to you, I received, with great pleaſure, one from you; and it increaſed that pleaſure to hope you would be in a little time in the country, which you love ſo well, and when the weather is ſo good. I hope it will not be your fate, though it commonly proves that of others, to be deſerted by *all* your friends at court. I direct to your own houſe, ſuppoſing this will be ſent after you, and having

* A few other particulars of Lord Peterborough's death are given in a Letter to Swift, in Vol. IX. C.

having no ſurer way. For the ſame reaſon, I have directed a haunch of veniſon to be ſent Mrs. Dryden, in caſe you are out of town. It will arrive next Monday early at Lord Cobham's in Hanover-ſquare; but if you are in town, and would have it otherwiſe diſpoſed of, you may prevent it, by ſending thither over night a new direction to the porter. I will ſend you another from Hagley, if you appoint beforehand where it ſhall be left. Your next direction is to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, at Hagley near Stowerbridge, Worceſterſhire, where I hope to be on the tenth, or ſooner, if Mr. Lyttleton come. Mr. Grenville was here, and told me he expected him in two or three days; ſo I think we may travel on the eighth or ninth. Though I never ſaw this place in half the beauty and perfection it now has, I want to leave it, to haſten my return towards you; or otherwiſe I could paſs three months in agreeable rambles and ſlow journies. I dread that to Worceſter and back; for every one tells me it is perpetual rock, and the worſt of rugged roads: which really not only hurt me at preſent, but leave conſequences very uneaſy to me. The Duke of Argyle was here yeſterday, and aſſures me what Mr. Lyttleton talks of as one day's journey muſt be two, or an intolerable fatigue. He is the happieſt man he ever was in his life. This garden is beyond all deſcription in the new part of it: I am every hour in it, but dinner and night, and every hour envying myſelf the delight of it, becauſe not partaken by you, who

would *ſee* it better, and conſequently enjoy it more. Lady Cobham and Mrs. Speed, who (except two days) have been the ſole inhabitants, wiſh you were here, as much at leaſt as they wiſhed for their gowns, which are not yet all recovered, and therefore I fear yours is not. You might be more at your own diſpoſal than uſually; for every one takes a different way, and wanders about, till we meet at noon. All the mornings we breakfaſt and diſpute; after dinner, and at night, muſic and harmony; in the garden, fiſhing; no politics and no cards, nor much reading. This agrees exactly with me; for the want of cards ſends us early to bed. I have no complaints, but that I wiſh for you and cannot have you. I will ſay no more—but that I think *of* and *for* you, as I ever did and ever ſhall, preſent or abſent. I can really forget every thing beſides.

I don't ſee that any thing can be done as to Mr. Ruſſel, except having the leaſe carried to Mr. Arbuthnot, and the alterations added. He will correct the draft; and if it be ready for ſigning, ſo much the better: for elſe I fear the lawyers will be all out of town before ſhe returns.

I deſire you will write a poſt-letter to my man John *, at what time you would have the pine-apples to ſend Lady Gerard, and whither he is to ſend them in town? I have had none yet; but I bade him ſend you the *very firſt* that ripened,—I mean, for *yourſelf*. But

* John Searle, of whom in his will.

But if you are out of town, pray tell him to whom he ſhall ſend it? I have alſo ordered him, as ſoon as *ſeveral of them* ripen, to inquire of you where and when you would have any, which I need not ſay are wholly at your ſervice *.

The poſt comes in croſsly here, and after I have written for the moſt part: but I keep this to the laſt, in caſe I have any letter to-night, that I may add to it, as I ſincerely ſhall, my thanks, whenever you oblige me by writing, but ſtill more by thinking me, and all I ſay, ſincere; as you *ſafely* may, and *always* may.—

Wedneſday, 12 o'clock.

Adieu. I am going to the Elyſian fields, where I ſhall meet your idea.

The poſt is come in without any letters which I need anſwer; which is a pleaſure to me, except with regard to yours. I did not expect another from you, but as you ſaid in your firſt that you might ſend one; and I thank you for the intention. I hope the more, that you are out of town for it, and ſhall rejoice the more when I have one. Pray take care of yourſelf. Mr. Bethel is got well home.

Adieu, once more. I am going to dream of you.

Nine at night.

* Theſe little anxieties ſhew the aſcendancy Martha Blount acquired over Mr. Pope, and which ſhe preſerved to the laſt. Whatever the nature of their attachment, they were mutually entangled beyond all power of ſeparation. Mr. Duncombe, in a Letter to Archbiſhop Herring, ſays, "Mr. Pope, I hear, has left the bulk of his fortune to Mrs. Blount; a Lady, to whom, it is thought, he either was, or at leaſt ought to have been, married." C.

## LETTER XIX.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, Stowe, Saturday.

I THINK you will not complain again that I don't write often enough; but as to long letters, it is hard to ſay much, when one has nothing to tell you but what you ſhould believe of courſe, and upon long experience. All is repetition of one great truth, which is leſſened, when it really is ſo, by too frequent profeſſions. And then the other things are of places and perſons that little or not at all affect you, or intereſt you. You have often rebuked me for talking too much of myſelf and my own motions; and it is ſurely more trifling and abſurd to write them, than to talk them; conſidering too that the clerks of the poſt-office read theſe letters. But I am not at all aſhamed, that they and all the world know how much I eſteem you, or ſee that I am one who continue to live with men out of favour at court, with the ſame regard as if they were in power. Mrs. Blount's friend, and Lord Cobham's friend, and Mr. Lyttleton's friend, does not envy them, nor their maſter's beſt friends; and has more honour, and leſs impertinent curioſity, than to open any of their letters, did they fall in his way. Nor does he think they have any ſecrets more worth inquiry than what they will find in this letter. So I go on to tell you, that I am extremely well, as well

as

as ever I expect to be in every thing, or desire to be, except my constitution be mended, or you made happier. Yet I think we have both of us the ingredients about us to make us happy. Your natural moderation is greater than mine; yet I have no sort of ambition nor vanity, that costs me an uneasy moment. Your temper is much more cheerful; and that temper joined with innocence, and a consciousness of not the least inclination to hurt, or disposition to envy another, is a lasting security of that calm state of mind, which nothing can take from you, not sickness nor age itself. But the *skill* of your *conduct* would be, to avoid and fly as far as possible from all occasions of ruffling it; or such vexations, which, though they cannot destroy it, can and will cloud it, and render you the more liable to be uneasy for being more *tender*, and *less inclined* to make or see others uneasy. *That way* they will get your very temper into their power, and you will grow, in appearance, the worse woman, for being really at your heart the better. *Unkindnesses* and *ungrateful returns* are therefore the things you should get out of the way of, and, by so doing, you will preserve *all* your good-will for them, which though they don't merit, yet you would preserve; and avoid *seeing* what they cannot but wish you did not *see*, though they cannot helping shewing *. It is certain, both

* This is excellent advice. The great lesson of human happiness is the art of forgiveness; but there is no reason to induce us to think that M. Blount was an adept. The *they* and *them* allude to Mr. and Mrs. Allen. C.

both they and you would be eaſier, were you quite removed from them. However, while you ſtay with them, I am glad you can find any circumſtance of ſatisfaction, and particularly that you like ſo well the ſituation of the houſe, fields, etc.; but do not be like the ſwallow, and, becauſe it is pleaſant in the ſummer, lie ſtill and be frozen to death in the winter; for you will certainly find it no winter habitation, and would do well to provide a better againſt that ſeaſon.

I wonder you have not heard from Mr. Fortescue. I wrote to him juſt after, and mentioned the ſame thing, and to me he has yet returned no anſwer, at leaſt John has ſent me no letter. I think he is more to be depended on than a direct courtier, though a judge. I was diſappointed in not finding you gone with Mr. Schutz. As a German, I think it poſſible he may be dull enough not to care for you: but be that as it will, as a courtier, if his duty to Madam V—— comes in the way, he muſt prefer it to any other requeſt whatſoever. I had directed the veniſon beforehand, juſt as you wiſhed I ſee, and that was a pleaſure to me. I had ſent alſo two lines to Mrs. Dr——, to tell her it came by your order, in caſe you had been out of town. As to the pine-apple, I wiſh I had had it myſelf, or that you had ſent it to any better friend, — Mrs. Price, or any honeſt body.

Mr. Lyttleton is juſt arrived, and I ſet forward on Monday. On Tueſday I hope to get to his houſe;

and, if able, to get to General Dormer's in ten days (including journey and all).

I thank you for what you told Lord Cornbury. He writ to me very warmly, and talks of finding me wherever I am. I have given him the beſt account I can of my return to General Dormer's, about the 20th, I believe. I wiſh you would go with Mrs. Grevill to Aſtrop (it is but fifteen miles off), and ſtay with Lady Cobham till Lady Gerard returned from Lancaſhire, and called you. She and Mrs. Speed wiſh extremely for any honeſt company at preſent, and you would be quite eaſy. But this I know is a dream; and almoſt every thing I wiſh, in relation to you, is ſo always! Adieu. I hope you take Spaw waters, though you mention it not. God keep you! and let me hear from you*.

* This Letter is directed to M. Blount, at her mother's houſe in Welbeck-ſtreet; but, from the mention of "Aſtrop, but fifteen miles off," I ſuſpect ſhe was ſomewhere on a viſit with Mr. Allen's family, and that the following Letter is connected with this. C.

## LETTER XX.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

WRITING is become very painful to me, if I would write a letter of any length. In bed, or ſitting, it hurts my breaſt; and in the afternoon I can do nothing, ſtill leſs by candle-light. I would elſe tell you every thing that paſſed between Mr. Allen and me. He propoſed to have ſtayed only to dinner; but recollecting the next day was Good Friday, he ſaid he would take a bed here, and faſt with me. The next morning I deſired him to come into my room before I roſe, and opened myſelf very freely upon the ſubject, requiring the ſame unreſerve on his part. I told him what I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me before you came, and both hers and his after. He did pretty much what you expected; utterly denied any unkindneſs or coolneſs, and proteſted his utmoſt deſire, and anſwered for hers, to have pleaſed you; laid it all upon the *mutual diſſatisfaction* between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered toward him by any *miſrepreſentation* you might make; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you ſaw things in a miſtaken light. I very ſtrongly told him you never made any ſuch; nor, if he conſidered, was it poſſible, ſince all that had paſſed I ſaw with my own eyes, and heard

heard with my own ears. I told him I did not impute the unkindneſs ſhewn me, in behaving ſo coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen; and fairly told him I ſuſpected it to have proceeded from ſome jealouſy ſhe had of ſome deſigns we had upon his houſe at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from ſeveral hands. But he denied this utterly too. I preſſed then, that ſhe muſt have had ſome very unjuſt or bad thing ſuggeſted to her againſt you; but he aſſured me it all reſted upon a *mutual miſunderſtanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days, and which he ſpoke to his wife about, but found he could not make her at all eaſy in; and that he never in his whole life was ſo ſorry at any diſappointment. I ſaid much more, being opener than I intended at firſt; but finding him own nothing, but ſtick to this, I turned to make ſlighter of it, and told him he ſhould not ſee my behaviour altered to Mrs. Allen ſo much as hers had been to me (which he declared he did not ſee); and that I could anſwer for it, Mrs. Blount was never likely to take any notice of the whole, ſo far from miſrepreſenting any particular.

There were ſome other particulars, which I may recollect, or tell when we meet. I thought his behaviour a little ſhy; but in mine, I did my very beſt to ſhew I was quite unconcerned what it was. He parted, inviting himſelf to come again at his return in a fortnight. He has been very ill, and looks ſo. I don't intend

intend to ſee them in town. But God knows whether I can ſee any body there; for Cheſelden is going to Bath next Monday, with whom at Chelſea I thought to lodge, and ſo get to you in a morning.

My own condition is much at one; and, to ſave writing to you the particulars, which I know you deſire to be apprized of, I incloſe my letter to the Doctor.

I aſſure you I don't think half ſo much what will become of me, as of you; and when I grow worſt, I find the anxiety for you doubled. Would to God you would quicken your haſte to ſettle *, by reflecting what a pleaſure it would be to me juſt to ſee it, and to ſee you at eaſe; and then I could contentedly leave you to the providence of God in this life, and reſign myſelf to it in the other! I have little to ſay to you when we meet, but I love you upon unalterable principles, which makes me feel my heart the ſame to you as if I ſaw you every hour. Adieu.

Eaſter day.

Pray give my ſervices to Lady Gerard; and pray get me ſome anſwer to Dr. King, or elſe it will coſt me a letter of excuſe to have delayed it ſo long.

I do

* Pope breathes a ſimilar wiſh in a Letter in Vol. VIII. "I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for yourſelf, whether before or after I leave you," &c. He had much trouble in adjuſting Miſs Blount's affairs, and ſeldom had the ſatisfaction to pleaſe her. C.

I do not underſtand by your note, nor by Mrs. Arbuthnot's, whether you think of coming hither to-morrow, or when. Mr. Murray's depends on his recovery, which is uncertain; and Lord Bolingbroke, the end of the week.

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## LETTER XXI.

### TO THE SAME*.

So ſtrange a diſappointment as I met with, the extreme ſenſibility which I know is in your nature, of ſuch monſtrous treatment, and the bitter reflection that I was wholly the unhappy cauſe of it, did really ſo diſtract me, while with you, that I could neither ſpeak, nor move, nor act, nor think. I was like a man ſtunned or ſtabbed, where he expected an embrace: and I was dejected to death, ſeeing I could do or ſay nothing to comfort, but every thing rather to hurt you. But for God's ſake know that I underſtood it was goodneſs and generoſity you ſhewed me, under the appearance of anger itſelf. When you bid me firſt go to Lord B.'s from them, and then haſten thither, I was ſenſible it was in reſentment of their conduct to me, and to remove me from ſuch treatment, though you ſtayed alone, to ſuffer it yourſelf.

* Pope introduced his favourite to the Allens, full of the idea that they would be mutually delighted with each other. Their *bickerings* ended in unforgiving animoſity; and Pope, ſays Johnſon, "ſuffered his laſt will to be polluted by female reſentment."

ſelf. But I depended you would not have been a *day* longer in the houſe after I left you laſt; and of all I have endured, nothing gave me ſo much pain of heart, as to find by your letters you were ſtill under their roof. I dread their provoking you to any expreſſion unworthy of you. Even *laughter* would be taking too much notice; but I more dread your ſpirits, and falling under ſuch a dejection as renders you incapable of reſolving on the means of getting out of all this. You frighten yourſelf more than, were you in any other houſe, you would be ſenſible you need do. If you would go directly to London, you may, without the leaſt danger, go in a coach and ſix of King's horſes (with a ſervant on horſeback as far as Marlborough, writing to John to meet you there), for 6 or 7l., as ſafe, no doubt, as in any nobleman or gentleman's coach. If you would ſtay a few days at Lady Cox's, you might, as many do, be carried in a chair to Lincomb, and be all day among people who either love you, or have civility and humanity. Or if you cared to paſs that time at Holt, where Lady Cox and Lady Bp. are; and as ſoon as the Ducheſs of Qu (*eenſbury*) comes, you may depend upon it, if you write, ſhe will ſend her coach for you thither. Lady Archibald (I cannot doubt) would lend you her coach to go, if they have not ſent back their horſes, which I don't ſuppoſe from your letter. Another eaſy way of going to Ameſbury is to Sandy Lane, in a morning, to which place the Ducheſs can eaſily ſend, and you'll be there before night. Or

laſtly, Mr. Arbuthnot and I will come in a very good coach from hence any day you name, take you up at Lincomb, or Lady Cox's, by nine in the morning, and carry you and your maid ſafe, either to London, or Ameſbury. He has a friend who lives by Saliſbury, with whom he and I would gladly paſs a day or two, Sir Edward Deboovery; and then carry you on to London from Ameſbury, which is within ſix miles of him.

All I beg is, that you will not ſtay a moment at the only place in England (I am ſatisfied) where you can be ſo uſed; and where, for your ſake and for my own too, I never will ſet foot more *. However well

* This unhappy quarrel with the Allen family is thus explained by Mr. Ruſſhead: "About a year before Mr. Pope's death, this Lady (Martha Blount), at the deſire of Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, paid a viſit to the latter at Prior Park, where ſhe behaved herſelf in ſo arrogant and unbecoming a manner, that it occaſioned an irreconcilable breach between her and ſome part of Mr. Allen's family. As Mr. Pope's extreme friendſhip and affection for Mrs. Blount made him conſult her in all his concerns, ſo, when he was about making his laſt will, he adviſed with her on the occaſion; and ſhe declared to him, ſhe would not accept the large proviſion made by it for herſelf, unleſs he returned back, by way of legacy, all that he had received of Mr. Allen, on any account: and Mr. Pope, with the greateſt reluctance, complied with the infirmity of ſuch a vindictive ſpirit." Mr. Ruſſhead adds, "It is certain that Mr. Pope, in this, as in the caſe of Lord Bolingbroke, deſerved pity inſtead of blame. For though he had the ſtrongeſt friendſhip and affection for Mrs. Blount, yet it was of a kind the moſt innocent and pure, notwithſtanding what malignant or mirthful people might ſuggeſt to the contrary, either in jeſt or earneſt.

well I might wiſh the man, the woman is a minx, and an impertinent one, and he will do what ſhe would have him. I don't wonder they don't ſpeak a word of me; (*but*) ſome words I have ſpoken to him. I ſhall not write till (*I*) get home, if then; but ſhow my reſentment without leſſening myſelf. For God's ſake do the ſame. Leave them without a word, and ſend for your things.

But

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But no excuſe can be made for Mrs. Blount's abuſe of the influence ſhe had over him; or for the indifference and neglect ſhe ſhewed to him throughout his whole laſt illneſs." Dr. Warton, in a Note, Vol. II. p 336, attributes Mrs. Blount's behaviour in Mr. Allen's family, to that Gentleman's having refuſed to lend his coach to carry her to a maſs-houſe at Bath during his mayoralty. The ſame account is given by Dr. Johnſon, and confirmed by a Note which Sir John Hawkins contributed to the "Lives of the Poets." If Dr. Warton's account be correct, the diſpute muſt have taken place in 1742, as Mr. Allen was Mayor in that year; but from the Letters now before the reader, it is evident that the quarrel lay between Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Allen. With reſpect to the will, Mr. Ruffhead's account may not be quite correct. Pope, it is true, ſo far complied with the pleaſure of his enraged miſtreſs, as to "return back, by way of legacy, what he had received of Mr. Allen;" but he alſo left him his library of printed books,—a legacy with which Mrs. Blount does not appear to have interfered. I am inclined alſo to think, that, although Mr. Pope kept his word "in never ſetting foot more" in Mr. Allen's houſe, he kept up a friendly intercourſe to his death, as appears by his laſt Letter to Mr. Allen, and his laſt Letter to Mr. Warburton, in Vol. IX. of this edition, both of which were written a very ſhort time before his death, and after the date of his will. Theſe circumſtances, however, rather tend to explain than to juſtify his conduct, and certainly afford no favourable opinion of that connection with Mrs. Blount which Ruffhead thinks ſo "innocent and pure." C.

But I hope you have, I am ſure you have, ſurely you muſt have done this already. In any other houſe you will breathe, and recover yourſelf. The Bethels are good. The ladies are well-bred, and you will be in a ſtate both of body and mind not to intimidate your poor ſoul to death, but conſult on the eaſieſt means either to ſtay or go. All I inſiſt upon is, that you do not directly go to London, without a ſervant who may come back to give an account how you got that part of the way, and that John may be with you the reſt, unleſs (which I think beſt, if you don't except to it) you write to him to come quite to you. I have drawn up an order, which you may fill up as you like for either purpoſe, and date and fix the day and place.

Pray make me eaſy, with the news that you have left their houſe. I fully hoped it when I writ to you laſt poſt (for your letter I did not receive till night, by the poſtmaſter's great care, who, inſtead of letting it be at the poſt-houſe where we ordered our letters to be left, had found out our lodgings, and ſent them while we were abroad thither). I hope you had a little box, with ſome wine; and Lord Cheſt (*erfield*) did as he promiſed me, as to franks. Sir John Swinburn and his Lady, and Mr. Southwell, aſked much of you. I have not been at the Long Room or Wells, and ſeen no company more; ſo I cannot ſay any thing about the veniſon; but I doubt not they had it, or will have the other. I think it beſt ſtill to

incloſe to Mr. Edwyn. I ſhould not wonder if liſteners at doors ſhould open letters. W. is a ſneaking parſon *, and I told him he flattered.

## LETTER XXII.

### TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

As the weather proves very bluſtering and uncertain, we would by no means give you all the trouble or the ceremony of taking leave of us. But my mother will wait upon you in a chariot ſoon after dinner (if you are not otherwiſe engaged). I am engaged to be with Mr. Craggs till five or ſix; after which I ſhall be very glad to paſs the evening with you, if you have nothing to do. But if you prefer coming hither, the ſame chariot may carry you back. I beg you to do juſt what is moſt convenient to yourſelves; for ceremony is to no purpoſe, I think, either with thoſe that are friends, or with thoſe that are not. We are very much your humble ſervants.

* Can this be Warburton? Warburton, whom he conſtituted his perpetual editor, and in whoſe hands he left his fame? C.

## LETTER XXIII.

### TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.

DEAR LADIES, Thurſday.

You have here all the fruit Mr. Dancaſtle's garden affords, that I could find in any degree of ripeneſs. They were on the trees at eleven o'clock this morning, and I hope will be with you before night. Pray return, ſealed up, by the bearer, every ſingle bit of paper that wraps them up; for they are the only copies of this part of Homer *. If the fruit is not ſo good as I wiſh, let the gallantry of this wrapping paper make up for it. I am

Yours.

* This Letter is not otherwiſe worthy of publication, than as a curious example of that affected careleſſneſs which Pope diſplayed on ſome occaſions. It is well known, that his Homer was written on ſcraps of paper, backs of letters, etc. and here he ſends the *only copies* he had, as wrappers to fruit, and to be carefully returned; although he muſt have known that nothing was more likely than their being deſtroyed in the carriage. C.

## LETTER XXIV.

### TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

I AM here ſtudying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in ſpite of all the learned. The Epiſtle of Eloiſa grows warm, and begins to have ſome breathings of the heart in it, which may make poſterity think I was in love. I can ſcarce find in my heart to leave out the concluſion I once intended for it *.

I am to paſs three or four days in high luxury, with ſome company, at my Lord Burlington's. We are to walk, ride, ramble, dine, drink, and lie together. His gardens are delightful, his muſic raviſhing; yet I ſhall now and then caſt a thought on Charles-ſtreet.

May you have all poſſible ſucceſs both in your devotions this week, and your maſquerade the next. Whether you repent or ſin, may you do all you wiſh; and when you think of me, either laugh at me, or pray for me, which you pleaſe.

* In Vol. II. p. 56-7, Mr. Bowles has a conjecture on the nature of Pope's "perſonal feelings," when he wrote the Epiſtle of Sappho, and his Eloiſa. Perhaps the hint in this Letter may afford a farther illuſtration. C.

## LETTER XXV.

### TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.

IF my memory had not deceived me, this was the volume of Clarendon which you commanded. It is accompanied with a book which I think a very pretty one, and I believe you have never read. I can't expreſs the deſire I have of being happy with you a few days (or nights, if you would give me leave) at Maple-Durham; where, I dare ſay, you reliſh the delights of ſolitude and ſhades, much better than I can be able to do till I ſee you. For, in very deed, Ladies, I love you both, very ſincerely and paſſionately, though not ſo romantically (perhaps) as ſuch as you may expect, who have been uſed to receive more complimental letters and high flights from your own ſex, than ever I am like to reach to. In earneſt, I know no two things I would change you for, this hot weather, except two good melons.

I have hitherto been detained here by a Doctor of Divinity, whom I am labouring to convert from the Proteſtant Religion; and in two days I muſt be at Hampton-Court, and (for all I know) at London. Upon my return, Mr. Harcourt has promiſed me to be here; after which, I will try if you will admit me. I am without any more nonſenſe than I was born to;

that is to say, without any ceremony, I am (I say) before the Lord, Ladies,

Your most faithful,

insignificant, humble servant.

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## LETTER XXVI.

### TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM, Friday, 3d of June.

I DARE not pretend to instruct a Lady when to take any thing kindly. Their own hearts are always the best directors. But if I might, I would tell you, that if ever I could have any merit with you, it is in writing to you at a time when I am studying to forget every creature I ever loved or esteemed; when I am concerned for nothing in the world, but the life of one or two who are to be impeached, and the health of a Lady that has been sick; when I am to be entertained only with that jade whom every body thinks I love as a mistress, but whom in reality I hate as a wife,—my Muse. Pity me, Madam, who am to lie in of a poetical child for at least two months. As soon as I am up again, I'll wait upon you; but in the mean time I beg to hear if you are quite recovered from your ague,—the only thing I desire to hear from any one in my present state of oblivion.

Not

Not that I am ſo vain as to expect a favour from your hands, which I never yet received; I do not ſay, never merited to receive; for I know both how little, and how much I deſerve at your hands, though it is impoſſible you ſhould. But if you will ſend thoſe books of mine, which you are weary of, by one of your ſervants, he may at the ſame time inform me of your health. He may add to my ſatisfaction, by acquainting me of that of Mr. Blount, Mrs. Blount, and your fair ſiſter. This Letter may very poſſibly be the only thing that hinders you from a total forgetfulneſs of me. I would to God I could as eaſily forget Maple-Durham is within ten miles of me. I am juſt in the condition of the poor people in purgatory: Heaven is in ſight, and the pain of loſs the greateſt I endure. I hope to be happy in a little time, and live in that hope.

Your's and Mrs. Tereſa's
moſt obedient, faithful ſervant.

I deſire Mr. Blount not to ſend for his firſt volume of Homer to London. I ſhall have one for him on a better paper than ordinary, by Thurſday next.

## LETTER XXVII.

### TO THE SAME.

London, Tueſday.

I AM very glad I did not defer ſeeing Mr. Bethel. I found him laſt night ſo bad, and panting for breath, that I can ſcarce imagine he ever will recover. Yet this morning he is quite another man, and ſo much mended, that it is ſcarce conceivable he is the ſame perſon. So it ſeems it is with him, but much worſe in town than on the road. It was impoſſible to get him to Twitnam: he ſtays but one day more, and ſets out on Thurſday morning. I wiſh to God you could borrow Lady A——'s chariot to-morrow,' juſt to look at him in the morning, and return to her to dinner. He lodges next door to Lord Shelburne's. He does not expect this; but I think it would be a ſatisfaction to your own mind, and perhaps we ſhall never ſee him more. God's will muſt be obeyed; but I am exceſſively wounded by it. Adieu.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### TO TERESA BLOUNT*.

MADAM,

I WONDER you ſhould imagine I thought you had done any thing amiſs; when the Letter I ſent you laſt ſo fully explained my meaning. I think that ſhews you it is unreaſonable I ſhould trouble you ſo frequently; and I can't think you ſo much a woman, as to expect I ſhould continue to act unreaſonably, only becauſe I have done ſo too long already.

I will wait upon you before noon; and am very truly and honeſtly what I profeſs myſelf, Madam,

Your moſt faithful friend,
and ſincere humble ſervant.

* This, and the two following Letters, appear to be part of the correſpondence which took place when Pope and Tereſa had exaſperated each other by neglect, either intended or accidental. If we allow, with Mr. Ruffhead, that his affection for theſe Ladies was "innocent and pure," ſurely it was at the ſame time prepoſterous and abſurd. He treated them, we have ſeen, with the language of love and of licentiouſneſs. Did they accept the one, without reſenting the other? Some intrigues are myſterious, only until they are explained: Pope's and Swift's captivations are myſterious after all the light that can be thrown upon them. C.

## LETTER XXIX.

### TO THE SAME.

Chiſwick, 4 o'Clock, Tueſday,
DEAR MADAM, Dec. 31.

'TIS really a great concern to me, that you miſtook me ſo much this morning. I have ſincerely an extreme eſteem for you; and, as you know I am diſtracted in one reſpect, for God's ſake don't judge and try me by the methods of unreaſonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himſelf not diſhoneſt, I meant no diſreſpect to you. I have been ever ſince ſo troubled at it, that I could not help writing the minute I got home. Believe me, much more than I am my own,

Yours.

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## LETTER XXX.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I SEND you your book, and have not forgot to give commiſſion about the lavender. I find I ſhall ſtay a little longer than I intended, my mother being ſo much mended by change of air, both as to her cough

cough and her ſpirits, that ſhe will meet me at Oxford, where ſhe will ſee the place, and return with me.

I could be glad to know certainly, whether you will have the coach I bought, or not? that I may either diſpoſe of it, or keep it accordingly. If your objection be to the ſtanding, or care of it, this ſummer, you ſhall not be troubled with any thought of it till winter. Upon this, and all other ſuch occaſions, I can ſay but juſt this,—Either you would have me your friend, or you would not. If you would, why do you refuſe any ſervice I can do you? If you would not, why do you ever receive any?

I have nothing to add, but to wiſh you all happineſs, and to aſſure you

I am, etc.

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## LETTER XXXI.

### TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

THIS is purely to give you the ſatisfaction of knowing, that I have not been unmindful of your affairs, and that I ſhall omit no occaſion of doing what you order me. I find, from thoſe whoſe judgment I myſelf moſt depend upon, that it is thought the South Sea will rather fall than riſe, toward the

ſitting

ſitting of the parliament; and upon this belief I have myſelf kept a thouſand five hundred pounds lying by me, to buy at ſuch a juncture. The general opinion is, that the parliament will tax the funds; and if ſo, one may certainly make advantages of money then in one's hands, which will more than anſwer its lying dead theſe two months.

However, I have given orders to buy 500l. for myſelf, as ſoon as South Sea falls to 103, which you ſhall have if you have a mind to it. It will amount to near ſix per cent.: and my broker tells me he thinks it will fall to that.

But if you order me to do otherwiſe, with part or all of the ſum I have of yours, I will obey you. Hitherto I have only acted in your affair as I have done in my own.

I hope you had the Grand Cyrus by the Reading coach, above a week ago. I am in London almoſt conſtantly, and every hour in company; have renewed all my idle and evil haunts; am not very well; ſit up very late, etc. I have lately been told, my perſon is in ſome danger; and (in any ſuch caſe) the ſum of 1121 l. will be left for you in Mr. Gay's hands. I have made that matter ſecure againſt accidents.

Gay is well at court, and more in the way of being ſerved than ever. However, not to truſt too much to hopes, he will have a play acted in four or five weeks, which we have driven a bargain for.

I long

I long to ſee you both: and love you ſo very well, that I wiſh I were the handſomeſt fellow in England, for your ſakes. I dined yeſterday with Jacky Campbell, at the Duke of Argyle's. Gay dines daily with the Maids of Honour. Adieu. I am melancholy,—and drunk *.

Tueſday night.

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## LETTER XXXII.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Sunday.

THIS is juſt to let you know, that being again in the city yeſterday, I was obliged to ſtay ſo late, that I could not go home: ſo that, if you have any thing to ſay to me, here I am; and here ſhall ſtay, till the matter of your annuities is decided, on purpoſe to do as you commiſſion me. I expected ſome anſwer to my laſt.

Your other buſineſs is at laſt brought about. I have borrowed money upon ours and Mr. Eckerſal's † orders, and bought 500l. ſtock S. Sea at 180. It

* See Note, Vol. VI. p. 39.

† The Eckerſhals probably mentioned in Gay's Poems, vol. ii. p. 404.

"Lo! Tooker, *Eckerſhall*, Sykes, Rawlinſon." C.

It is ſince riſen to 184. I wiſh us all good luck in it, and am very glad to have done what you ſeemed ſo deſirous of.

I am, etc.

My faithful ſervices to your mother and ſiſter.

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## LETTER XXXIII.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM,

I FIND, upon coming to town, that Mrs. Robinſon's* tickets are not given out till to-morrow. I hope this notice will arrive in time, before you are engaged otherwiſe.

If you'll give this bearer your Exchequer orders for 500 l. I'll get them regiſtered, and the intereſt received; this being a proper time to ſend them to the Exchequer.

I heartily wiſh you all the amuſements and pleaſures I muſt be (for a time at leaſt) deprived of. I beg you to think me not the worſt of your friends, who, after ſo many miſtakes, and ſo many misfortunes, am reſolved to continue unalterably, Madam,

Yours.

* Mrs. Anaſtaſia Robinſon, the celebrated ſinger, afterward Lady Peterborough. C.

## LETTER XXXIV.

### TO TERESA BLOUNT.

MADAM, Feb. 21.

I AM too much out of order to trouble you with a long letter. But I deſire to know what is your meaning, to reſent my complying with your requeſt, and endeavouring to ſerve you in the way you propoſed, as if I had done you ſome great injury? You told me, if ſuch a thing was the ſecret of my heart, you ſhould entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended ſo much generoſity, as to offer your ſervice in my behalf. The minute after, you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned, it was all but an amuſement, occaſioned by my loſs of another lady.

You expreſs yourſelf deſirous of increaſing your preſent income upon life. I propoſed the only method I then could find, and you encouraged me to proceed in it. When it was done, you received it as if it were an affront; ſince, when I find the very thing in the very manner you wiſhed, and mention it to you, you don't think it worth an anſwer.

If your meaning be, that the very things you aſk, and wiſh, become odious to you, when it is I that comply with them, or bring them about; pray own

it, and deceive me no longer with any thought, but that you hate me. My friendſhip is too warm and ſincere to be trifled with: therefore, if you have any meaning, tell it me, or you muſt allow me to take away that which perhaps you don't care to keep.

Your humble ſervant.

I ſhall ſpeedily obey you, in ſending the papers you ordered; which, when I do, be pleaſed to ſign the incloſed receipt, and return it by the bearer of them.

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## LETTER XXXV.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

YOUR letter gives me a concern, which none, but one who (in ſpite of all accidents) is ſtill a friend, can feel. I am pleaſed, however, that any thing I ſaid explains my paſt actions or words in a better ſenſe than you took them. I know in my heart (a very uncorrupt witneſs), that I was conſtantly the thing I profeſſed myſelf to be, to you; that was, ſomething better, I will venture to ſay, than moſt people were capable to be, to you, or any body elſe.

As for forgiveneſs, I am approaching, I hope, to that time and condition, in which every body ought

to

to give it, and to aſk it of all the world. I ſincerely do ſo with regard to you; and beg pardon alſo for that very fault of which I taxed others, my vanity, which made me ſo reſenting.

We are too apt to reſent things too highly, till we come to know, by ſome great misfortune or other, how much we are born to endure: and as for me, you need not ſuſpect of reſentment a ſoul which can feel nothing but grief.

I deſire extremely to ſee you both again: yet I believe I ſhall ſee you no more; and I ſincerely hope, as well as think, both of you will be glad of it. I therefore wiſh you may each of you find all you deſired I could be, in ſome one whom you may like better to ſee. In the mean time, I bear teſtimony of both of you to each other, that I have certainly known you truly and tenderly each other's friend, and wiſh you a long enjoyment of each other's love and affectionate offices. I am piqued at your brother*, as much as I have ſpirits left to be piqued at any one: and I promiſe you I will prove it, by doing every thing I can in your ſervice.

I am ſincerely.

* It is much to be regretted, that theſe Letters have no dates, although they are ſtill uſeful, as illuſtrating Mr. Pope's private hiſtory. Edward Blount, Eſq. the brother of Martha and Tereſa, died in 1726. Before that period, therefore, Mr. Pope had all the troubles which the Poet has enumerated, *iræ, inimicitiæ, &c.* We cannot, indeed, peruſe theſe *pouting* Letters without adding,—*Inſunt in* AMORE *hæc omnia.* C.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### TO THE MISSES BLOUNT.

LADIES, Thurſday morn.

PRAY think me ſenſible of your civility and good meaning, in aſking me to come to you.

You will pleaſe to conſider, that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwiſe to me with reſpect to one of you.

I ſcarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally afflicts me to the ſoul: either I make her uneaſy, or I ſee her unkind.

If ſhe has any tenderneſs, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If ſhe has none, the daily ſight of ſo undeſerved a coldneſs muſt wound me to death.

It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjuſt thing to the other.

My continuing to ſee you will, by turns, teaze all of us. My ſtaying away can at worſt be of ill conſequence only to myſelf.

And if one of us is to be ſacrificed, I believe we are all three agreed who ſhall be the perſon *.

* This Letter is affecting. It breathes the language of a wounded ſpirit. The periods are divided by a ſolemnity of pauſe unuſual to our Author. It was followed, however, by a reconciliation with one, at leaſt, of the ſiſters. C.

## LETTER XXXVII.

### TO TERESA BLOUNT.

I TAKE it kindly whenever you command any thing of me: I ſhall not want the horſes all day, being to have our party with Mrs. Lepell. I wiſh to God I were as fit to keep you company as thoſe who love you far leſs. Nothing could be ſo bitter to a tender mind, as to diſpleaſe moſt, where he would (and ought in gratitude) to pleaſe beſt. I am faithfully yours: unhappy enough to want a great deal of indulgence; but ſenſible I deſerve it leſs and leſs from my diſagreeable carriage. I am truly grateful to you for pardoning it ſo often, not able to know when I can overcome it, and only able to wiſh you could bear me better.

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WE cannot read theſe Letters without feeling the contraſt between affectation and the language of real paſſion; but, after all, there is ſomething very myſteriuos in them. Could he have profeſſed love to both of the ſiſters at the ſame time? It ſhould ſeem ſo, from ſome paſſages; and yet, in the 34th Letter, he ſpeaks as having a *particular* paſſion *for one*. I have given ſome reaſons why we ſhould think this was Tereſa. Finding her *intractable*, he *dallied* with his paſſion between *both*, and at laſt fixed it unalterably on Martha, whom he found moſt forgiving and complying.

# LETTERS

FROM

# *MR. POPE*

TO

# MRS. NEWSHAM,
# MR. AND MRS. KNIGHT,

AND

# MRS. NUGENT*.

* The Reader will ſoon diſcover that theſe female names may be comprized in one. C.

# LETTERS

FROM

# *MR. POPE*

TO

## MRS. NEWSHAM, MR. AND MRS. KNIGHT, AND MRS. NUGENT.

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### LETTER I.

TO MRS. NEWSHAM*,

AT CHADSHUNT, WARWICKSHIRE.

MADAM, Twit'nam, Dec. 21.

HAVING been long and closely confined at home in attending a most dangerous illness of my mother, (whose life was wholly despaired of, and, through several relapses since, very precarious,) I never heard till last week what I sincerely condole with you upon. I cannot help breaking through the ceremony of the world, and writing as if I had the title of a relation to you. I thank God I am of that frame, that I can and do

* Mrs. Newsham was the wife of —— Newsham Esq. of Chadshunt in Warwickshire, and was afterwards married to John Knight, Esq. Pope corresponded with both families. C.

do feel very ſenſibly for my friends in ſuch circumſtances. I cannot expreſs how much; nor will words leſſen whatever you feel. I will leave this ſubject. When you care to hear more from me, I ſhall wiſh to write to you; and am, indeed, with all the good wiſhes of a friend, ſincerely.

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## LETTER II.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

I HOPE you are ſo good a relation as to think it a reaſonable impediment to my writing to you, (which I purpoſed as ſoon as you got into Warwickſhire,) that my mother was very ill. She is now ſo much better, that I begin to look with more cheerfulneſs on the coming part of my life: contrary to moſt ſons, I think, of all friends, a friend of one's family is the beſt; they are generally the ſureſt, for merit ſeldom gets the better of blood. The world of late has been ſo bad, that it has ſeemed unwilling to attribute much merit to thoſe who love us naturally, as kindred (and above all, parents) do: The true reaſon of which I fear is, that we are too ready to depreciate the kindneſſes we receive, to excuſe our own careleſs, if not ungrateful, returns to them. But though our relations *be obliged* to be kind to us, are we therefore *not obliged* to be grateful to them? For my part I am ſo unfaſhionable

unfaſhionable as to think my Mother the beſt friend I have, for ſhe is certainly the moſt partial one. Therefore as ſhe thinks the beſt of me, ſhe muſt be the kindeſt to me. And I am morally certain ſhe does that without any difficulty, or art, which it would coſt the devil and all of pains for any body elſe to do.

In this domeſtic way of thinking, you will not take me too much for a complimental perſon, if I, ſeriouſly and heartily, wiſh to know from you that Mr. Newſham is in a better ſtate of health. I am truly ſorry that you can't paſs the winter here, eſpecially when it is occaſioned by ſuch an obſtacle: but I know from myſelf (who am like on the ſame account to ſee very little of the town this winter), that there is more true ſatisfaction in doing right, and in acting tenderly, than in all the vain, empty things, which the lovers of the town (the Corniſhes of the world) can call pleaſures. They hate the very thoughts of paradiſe, becauſe it is deſcribed as a garden: and have no opinion of heaven, but as they fancy it like an Opera.

I would not ſay this before Mr. Elliot *, who has bought (at my inſtigation) the marble for the Statue †, upon

* Edward Elliot, of Port Elliot, Eſq. who married Harriet, ſiſter of Mr. Secretary Craggs. C.

† Mrs. Newſham was alſo ſiſter to Mr. Secretary Craggs, and it is his monument which is the ſubject of this and ſome of the following letters. It was executed by Guelphi, whom Lord Burlington invited into the kingdom, and for whom he performed many works in London and at Chiſwick. He was alſo ſome time employed in repairing the antiques at Lord Pomfret's at Eaſton-Neſton, now at Oxford.

upon which the Italian is now at work. I will not forget thoſe cautions about the forehead, hair, etc. which we obſerved when we met on that occaſion. You know that I have enough of yours in my hands, to anſwer the Statuary's demands for the future. I have made the Latin Inſcription as full, and yet as ſhort, as I poſſibly could. It vexes me to reflect how little I muſt ſay, and how far ſhort all I can ſay is, of what I believe, and feel, on that ſubject; like true lovers' expreſſions, that vex the heart from whence they come, to find how cold and faint they muſt ſeem to others, in compariſon of what inſpires them inwardly in themſelves: The heart glows, while the tongue faulters.

I ſhall try my intereſt with Mr. Nicols, in behalf of the young gentleman, who is ſo much a part of you. I had once an intereſt with him: and (becauſe he is a good man) I will believe I have it ſtill, for the ſame cauſe that I have ſome with you: One whom he loved and reſpected, happened to love me, though now removed from us for ever! That will be a reaſon with grateful and reflecting minds, to devolve benevolencies, and continue good wiſhes, from generation to generation.

I am, etc.

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Oxford. Lord Orford thinks his tomb of Mr. Craggs in Weſtminſter Abbey is graceful and ſimple, but that it ſhows Guelphi was a very indifferent ſculptor. We are ſorry to add that it has ſuffered, in common with ſome of the fineſt ſpecimens of art in the Abbey, by the wantonneſs of certain viſitors. C.

## LETTER III.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Twitenham, July 9th.

You would have had a very free companion and correſpondent of me, and have inherited that open and unreſerved behaviour, which I both learned from your brother, and practiſed to him: But the day that you paſſed at Twitnam, you did a thing that took away all my liberty, and made me a much leſs eaſy acquaintance than I hoped to have been to you. Methinks this period looks like a love-letter, to tell a lady ſhe has taken away my liberty: But you'll underſtand it in a more ſerious ſenſe: and I aſſure you, I am, inſtead of your friend, ſo much your enemy for this, that I will live to be revenged of you. And in the mean time (like one that is very much intent upon revenge), I will ſay not a word more about it, but ſeem entirely to forget it.

The Italian ſculptor has not yet finiſhed his clay model. Indeed, it is a vaſt diſadvantage as to the likeneſs, not to be able to ſee the life. What would not you and I give that that were poſſible? But at laſt, by comparing the two other pictures and the print, (together with my own memory of the features of that friend who had often looked ſo kindly upon me,) he has

brought it to a greater degree of reſemblance than I could have thought. If you happened to come to town, I could wiſh you ſaw the model yet, before the marble be begun: for if you were not ſatisfied, I would have another ſculptor make a model in clay after the pictures, for a further chance of likeneſs: If the artiſt were a worſe carver than this man, yet it might be a help to improve his Statue in this reſpect (ſince all the reſt he cannot fail to perform excellently). I am really in pain to have you pleaſed, in a point that I am ſure is a tender one, ſince it is all you can do for the beſt of brothers, and I for the beſt of friends!

What can I write to you about? Of him, we think alike, and (I dare ſay) we ſhall think always. His very memory more engages my mind, than the preſent enjoyment of almoſt all that remains in the world to ſtrike my ſenſes. Theſe things appear but as a dream, and that as a reality. A friend gone, is like youth gone, never to be recalled, and leaves all that follows inſipid and ſpiritleſs.

I'll add no more upon this ſubject, though I know we ſhall never meet, or perhaps never write, without repetition of this kind. I heartily wiſh well to all that he would have wiſhed well to, had he been yet among us. The wound is eternal, but it is ſome caſe to us to give it air, by ſhewing it to one another, and pitying one another. I hope to hear from you at your leiſure, and be aſſured, as the only reaſonable motive you can

have

have for your favour to me, that you cannot correſpond with one more his admirer, his lover, and deplorer, than,

Madam, etc.

My humble ſervices to Mr. Newſham *. My Mother begs your acceptance of hers.

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## LETTER IV.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Twitenham, Aug. 8.

I SHOULD not tell you I have been ſo diſagreeably employed as in taking care of my own health, (which too much ſickneſs makes me value more than otherwiſe I would,) if I did not really believe you intend to have ſome concern about me, and that therefore I owe you ſome apology for writing no ſooner, to one who wiſhes me ſo well. I have no anſwer to make to one part of yours, but that your manner of doing things does not (nor did in the inſtance I mentioned) diſpleaſe me, it is ſo like your own brother's manners, and nothing like him can ever diſpleaſe me. But, you will yet more oblige me, if you will let me uſe you as I did him, and transfer a part of the favours you deſigned me, to the benefit of ſome objects I may recommend to you:

* As theſe letters have no dates, it is uncertain whether this was the huſband, or the ſon, of Pope's correſpondent. C.

you: whom one ſort of favours may make happier; though the other, of friendlineſs and good-will, I covet from you, and would not give a grain of as much as you allow me from myſelf. I have met with an object of extreme charity, to whom I will venture to give ſome of the money you have left in my hands: whoſe ſtory I will take another time to tell you, and only now ſay, that if your brother had lived, ſhe would not have wanted relief. I have paid but as far yet as 60l. to the Statuary: the model I begin to be ſatisfied with, and he is to proceed upon the Statue forthwith. You are very juſt to me in your thoughts of that affection that will prompt me in every thing relating to him. But I muſt alſo think you are very kind in them: In this age, Juſtice is Kindneſs. Yet I doubt not your mind is of a better ſort, as his was, and forward to judge favourably of ſuch, as on any account deſerve regard or belief. I ſhall uſe no ceremonial with you, on no occaſion, but take you for what you are pleaſed to profeſs yourſelf toward me: and only aſſure you I ſhall think, (if ever I found myſelf tempted to be too complaiſant, or in the leaſt degree inſincere to you,) that I am offending the remains of the ſincereſt man I ever knew in the world, and growing ungrateful to him after his death.

Believe me therefore, Madam, ſenſible of the obligation of being thought well of, and yet more ſenſible of that which occaſioned your good opinion, your tenderneſs for him, and your acquieſcence in his judgment, which

Engraved by W. Evans from a Drawing by Gardner.

# Mrs KNIGHT.

*A Bust from her Monument,*

*executed by Gaelphi at Gosfield.*

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which was ſo favourable (indeed ſo partial) to me. In a word, I eſteem you more for loving him, than for liking me; nay, I not only eſteem, but love you the more for that very reaſon: and I will be always, dear Madam,

Yours, etc.

Pray deſire Mr. Newſham to accept my ſervices. I hope the young gentleman is well.

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## LETTER V.

### TO JOHN KNIGHT, ESQ.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE this day received your ſecond letter with the note of 55 l. at Twitnam, and will next week go to town, where, as ſoon as the figure is ſet up, I will pay the ſtatuary. Your exceſs of punctuality has coſt

* Of Bellowes or Belhouſe, or Gosfield-hall, was born at Weymouth, educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and Gray's Inn; elected M. P. for St. Germain's in Cornwall, in 1710, 1713, and 1714, and for Sudbury in 1727. He was Juſtice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Eſſex. He married, as his ſecond wife, Mrs. Newſham, to whom the preceding Letters are addreſſed. His only ſon, John Knight, Eſq. dying in June 1727, he bequeathed by will all his eſtates to his wife, who became poſſeſſed of them upon his deceaſe, Oct. 2, 1733. Her third marriage will be noticed hereafter. C.

coſt you and me this alarm and trouble; for I might as well elſe have done it myſelf, and ſtayed till you came to town for the money.

I muſt now expreſs to you, with great truth, my concern for Mrs. Knight's danger; which I firſt heard of the day after I had ſent you my firſt letter. I hope in God her recovery is more and more confirmed: and I muſt tax you with a ſecond piece of forgetfulneſs, in not ſaying one word of it when you writ laſt thoſe three lines, with the note. Let me trouble you for one letter more, at your next leiſure, about her. If I get more health than indeed I yet have, and if ſhe recovers faſt enough to bear one additional infirmity, that of a philoſophical companion, half four and half ſick, I intend, in leſs than a fortnight, to make you and her a ſhort viſit. In which caſe I will firſt go to Lees (the Dūcheſs of Buckingham's), and ſend you an information when I am there, that you either may take notice of, or not, as it ſhall be moſt convenient to you at that time.

I went to Burlington-houſe two days ago, where the ſtatue is boxed up, ready for carriage, by Guelfi: he had ſent me two letters in one day about Bird * again; that he would not make the box for it, etc. Whereupon I bid him, if Mr. B. did not come for it ſoon, to take the care upon himſelf of erecting it. But I ſince underſtand Guelfi is fallen ſick: ſo Mr. Bird's

* Francis Bird, a ſtatuary, whoſe principal work is the monument of Buſby. C.

Bird's care will be the more neceſſary. I wiſh to God it were once well ſet up: it will make the fineſt figure, I think, in the place; and it is the leaſt part of honour due to the memory of a man who made the beſt in his ſtation; and would, queſtionleſs, have made yet a better, had God allowed, what all mortals who rightly knew his virtues, earneſtly deſired,—his longer ſtay among us.

I have nothing to add, but my ſincereſt wiſhes for the welfare of two of the neareſt parts of him, his friend and his ſiſter. I am truly, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, faithful ſervant.

Twitnam, Oct. 30, 1727.

My mother is Mrs. Knight's humble ſervant: ſo is Mrs. Patty Blount.

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## LETTER VI.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Nov. 8, 1729.

I HAVE ſeveral times had curſory informations, at your door in Dover-ſtreet, of your health, and your ſeveral motions. I hoped you had intended to have moved this way before the year was ſo far advanced; but I find you are yet in Warwickſhire.

I am deſirous (in the epidemical diſtemper that now afflicts us all, and, I am told, all over the nation) to know how Mrs. Knight and yourſelf have eſcaped it, or have you eſcaped it? I have lain-in theſe three weeks, and narrowly miſſed a fever. Mrs. Blount, hitherto, has been free from it, but is going next week to London, with open arms to receive that and all other town bleſſings. She very often commemorates Gosfield, and you and Mrs. Knight. Her love for the place ſhe baniſhed herſelf from in ſo few days, reſembles Eve's paſſion for Paradiſe, in Milton, when ſhe had got herſelf turned out of it. However, like Eve, who raves upon tying up the roſe-trees, and cultivating the arbours in the midſt of her grief, this Lady too talks much of ſeeing the lawn enlarged, and the flocks feeding in ſight of the parterre, and of adminiſtering graſs to the lambs, and crowning them with flowers, etc. In order whereto, ſhe had got two beauties in their kind ready to ſend thither at your firſt order. The ſeaſon, I have ſeveral times admoniſhed her, would be too cold for ſuch tender creatures to travel, unleſs ſhe made her friend give them her forthwith. So, in ſhort, whenever you will direct your ſervant in town, or her (who will be your ſervant in town in a few days), they ſhall be delivered, and ſent in what manner you appoint.

My mother ſtill remembers Mrs. Knight, though it is not to be told how much ſhe is decayed ſince you ſaw her. I thank God ſhe lives, and lives not in pain, though

though languid, and void of pleaſure. I wiſh for you both, and all my friends, a life extended no longer than the enjoyment of it, and the poſſeſſion of that underſtanding which will make us contented to part with the one, when we cannot preſerve the other.

I am, with ſincerity, and all good wiſhes to each of you, dear Sir and dear Madam,

Your, etc.

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## LETTER VII.

### TO THE SAME.

SIR, July 30, 1730.

I HAVE long intended to tell you and Mrs. Knight, that I live, and live very faithfully, a ſervant to you both. Accidents prevented my ſeeing you before you left London; and I had (after many inquiries, which would have ſeemed impertinent, had I not thought Mrs. Knight in extreme danger) the ſatisfaction of hearing ſhe was recovered enough to go a journey, almoſt the ſame day that ſhe went: for the very next I got to town, and found you had left it. Since that, your ſervant there told me ſhe continued well: I hope it, but ſhould be better ſatisfied to be aſcertained by yourſelf. I hope you both enjoy whatever is to be enjoyed in the country, and where two, well-gathered together, make a thouſand: for Mrs.

Knight's ſake, indeed, I wiſh a little quadrille in the midſt of you. I am ſtuck at Twitnam, as faſt as my own plants, ſcarce removeable at this ſeaſon. So is Mrs. Patty Blount; but not ſtuck with me, but removeable to all other gardens hereabouts. Women ſeldom are planted in the ſoil that would beſt agree with them: you ſee carnations fading and dirty in Cheapſide, which would bluſh and ſhine in the country. Mrs. Corniſh is juſt now going to ſome ſuch ſoft retreat, at Hampſtead, or Richmond, or Iſlington, having read the following Epigram;

> When other Fair-ones to the ſhades go down,
> Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, ſtay in town:
> Thoſe ghoſts of beauty wand'ring here reſide,
> And haunt the places where their honour died.

Mrs. Blount bids me aſſure you ſhe is faithfully your ſervant; and I have only to add, that my mother is much better this ſummer than ſhe ought to be, not having ſeen Mrs. Knight; and that I am ſick every other day as uſual, and this day for one; but truly and always, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and
moſt humble ſervant.

## LETTER VIII.

### TO THE SAME.

SIR, Stowe, Aug. 23, 1731.

THE place from which I write to you will be a proof alone, how incapable I am of forgetting you and your Gosfield: for if any thing under Paradiſe could ſet me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it. It is much more beautiful this year than when I ſaw it before, and much enlarged, and with variety: yet I ſhall not ſtay in it, by a fortnight, ſo long as I did (with pleaſure) with you. You muſt tell Mrs. Knight ſhe had been ſpoken of, and her health toaſted here; and that Lord Cobham ſends his ſervices, with a memorandum to perform her promiſe of ſeeing this place. If ſhe keeps it, I do not deſpair to live (partly by my own exemplary temperance, and partly by the aſſiſtance of mother Vincent) to meet you both here another ſeaſon. I ſhall yet think it a diminution to my happineſs, to miſs of half our companions and compotators of ſyllabub, not to have Mr. Newſham * and his dogs, and his præceptors, and his dearly-beloved couſin, and his mathematics, and his Greek, and his horſes. Without a compliment to all, or any of them, I never paſſed an eaſier and more agreeable month,

* Mrs. Knight's ſon, by her firſt huſband. C.

month, in ſpite of ſome ill health, and ſome melancholy, than that of July laſt. I hope you will long enjoy that tranquillity and that ſatisfaction, which you ſpread over all that is about you. I often wiſh Mr. Mallet * joy, in my own heart, of his having exchanged ſuch a whining, valetudinary, cloudy, journalier companion, as myſelf, for the good-humour, and ſerenity, and indulgence of your family. I am pretty ſure he will deſerve it all. Mrs. Patty languiſhes in town, and diets there on fools, in defect of friends. I am ſorry to forſake her at ſuch a time; and ſhe is more ſorry you live at ſuch a diſtance. Her ſiſter affirms, nobody of ſenſe can live ſix miles out of London; and indeed I know nothing that can ſet her right, but the free uſe of the cane you beſtowed upon me, and which I could wiſh to beſtow upon her. I can't ſay my rambles contribute much to my health; yet I take no corporeal medicaments, but wholly apply to remedies of the mind: if human philoſophy will not do, I muſt deſire Mrs. Elliot to pray for me. My next journey is to Southampton, to my Lord Peterborow; where alſo I have a Catholic friend, who will take care of my ſoul; and ſhall dine with a Jeſuit, thrice a week, worth all the prieſts in Eſſex, if you except Mr. Tripſack.

I deſire you all to accept of my faithful ſervices, and to know no man is more mindful of you, than, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

* He appears to have been tutor to young Newſham. C.

## LETTER IX.

### TO THE SAME.

SIR,

I HAD very long ago found a day liable to no accident of preventing me from ſeeing yourſelf and Mrs. Knight; but for a very tedious ſeries of wretched ill health, that almoſt renders every day of my life wearifome and vexatious. My mother too has relapſed twice or thrice; and it is ſo melancholy to her to be quite alone, that I have in a manner kept home entirely. Twice I endeavoured to find you, as I think, ſince we laſt met. I wiſh it now; and, if I am not downright ill, will wait on you both next week. Guelfi ſent me a letter this poſt, to whom I owed an arrear, thinking ſome things were wanting to be done, particularly to conceal better the joining of the urn. Pray ſend to him about it, and tell him (it will ſave me writing, and my head aches extremely), that, as ſoon as that is done, or if it be already done, I will pay him.

Be aſſured, dear Sir, of our hearty ſervices to yourſelf and your lady.

I am, etc.

I hope you have read the book of the Bathos, and the laſt volume of our Miſcellanies.

## LETTER X.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Twitnham, Nov. 24.

I HAD ſome view of ſeeing you in the country; but the weather proved ſo cold, that the Ducheſs of Bucks came back to town before I was ready to go to Lees. I am forced now to content myſelf with ſuch informations of Mrs. Knight's ſtate of health, as your people give me in Dover-ſtreet. If theſe be true, ſhe is pretty well; and I hope the cheerfulneſs you two can give one another, will make all that bad ſeaſons, ill air, and uncomfortable proſpects can do, ineffectual to moleſt or cloud you. Here the moſt unhappy gay people are reduced to mere children's play, and childiſh ſights, to divert them. They go every day to ſtare at a mock coronation * on the ſtage, which is to be ſucceeded by a more ridiculous one of the Harlequins (almoſt as ridiculous a farce as the real ſtate one of a coronation itſelf). After that, they hope for it again in a puppet-ſhow, which is to recommend itſelf by another qualification, of having the exact portraits of the moſt conſpicuous faces of our nobility in wax-work, ſo as to be known at ſight, without Punch's help, or the maſter's pointing to each

* The Coronation of George II. which nearly aſcertains the date of this Letter. C.

each with his wand as they paſs. So much for news! 'Tis what paſſes moſt material in this metropolis; till you, Sir, with your fellow-members, come to find us greater buſineſs after Chriſtmas.

At laſt I have ſeen the ſtatue up, and the ſtatuary down at the ſame time. The poor man has not been out of bed ſince. I ſent part of the money to him, and offered him more, which he refuſed, till he has been at the Abbey, to do ſome little matter more to the hair (as I underſtand) and feet. The inſcription on the urn is not done yet, though they (*promiſed*) it two months ago, and had the draught: but yeſterday they ſent to me again for it, which I can't conceive the meaning of, for I ſaw it ſcored on in the Abbey. I have ſent it over again to Mr. Bird this day, however.

I ſhall think it a favour to hear of you both, when your leiſure permits. Believe me a ſincere well-wiſher to you both, and (if you will allow me a higher title), dear Sir,

a faithful friend and affectionate ſervant.

My mother is well, and very much your's and Mrs. Knight's.

## LETTER XI.

### TO THE SAME.

Thurſday, 7 in the Morning.

THERE has ariſen ſuch a tempeſt to-night, and in the morning is ſo bluſtering, that I think it unreaſonable to tax Mrs. Knight's good-nature at ſuch a rate, as to expect her here to-day. If ſhe were one of thoſe fine ladies who *goes* no where but for her own ſake, and for her own dear amuſements, and viſits thoſe whom ſhe would hang in her paſſion, or beggar in her play; why then I ſhould not be ſorry to ſee her ſouſed and mortified one wet day in the country for it. But as ſhe intends to pleaſe me, and as I gratefully wiſh her to be pleaſed, I will not expect her if the weather does not perfectly change, ſo as you may be here before one o'clock: and pray name any day whatever elſe (after to-morrow, on which I am indiſpenſably engaged). Nevertheleſs, as for you, Sir, if you fear neither wind, nor thunder, nor ſtorm, according to your wonted alacrity, come on horſeback forthwith, and appoint your other day yourſelf in perſon. I am very truly Mrs. Knight's, and, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

## LETTER XII.

### TO MRS. KNIGHT.

MADAM,

I WAS unlucky not to be able to find you the only day I have been in town: and the ſeaſon now keeps me to the country, where all the buſineſs I have in the world is to be. I was, if I could have ſeen you, to have informed you of ſome curioſities (as I know you to like things of that nature) in ſhells, corals, and mineral ores, and congelations, which, I'm told, are very beautiful, and to be had at a very reaſonable rate. I heard of them by chance: they belong to one Mrs. Dering, who brought them from the Indies, and lives at Mrs. Le Grand's. If you care to ſee them, Mrs. Patty Blount * will wait upon you thither, and be glad of the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with you. I ſaid ſomething from you to her, which I have forgot, and was to ſay ſomething from her to you ſince, which I have alſo forgot; but you may take my word it was very civil, very reaſonable, and very well intended. I hope you will meet ſome way or other upon better terms than ſilly civilities (as you deſired, I know, to do): if you don't meet at your own houſes, let it be at mine. Pray acquaint me how ſoon

* Pope was generally anxious to introduce this lady among his friends. Tereſa is never mentioned in this way. C.

ſoon you can do me the favour you promiſed of a day! Aſſure Mr. Knight of my hearty ſervices, and believe me ſincerely, Madam,

Your, etc.

## LETTER XIII.

### TO THE SAME*.

MADAM, Southampton, Aug. 5, 1734.

IF I did not know you muſt take it for granted that I am always mindful of you, I ſhould have been earlier in telling you ſuch a piece of news. But the truth is, that all I ever think letters good for, is to convey to thoſe who love one another the news of their welfare, and the knowledge that they continue in each other's memory. The firſt of theſe I heard by inquiries in London, which have been tranſmitted to me; and the laſt, I think ſo well both of you and myſelf, as to think unneceſſary. I was very certain Mrs. Elliot's company would be an equivalent to you for all you could leave in town, and yours would be ſo to her. Indeed, I had a wiſh to make you a ſhort viſit by ſurprize, and ſee this with my own eyes; but the account given me at Stowe (where I had but one week to ſtay, and given me after I had been half-jumbled

* Mrs. Knight was now a ſecond time a widow. C.

jumbled to death, and juſt before I was to be jumbled again in the abominable ſtoney roads thereabouts) gave me a terror I could not overcome; eſpecially when, chancing to ſee a clergyman who lives by you, and whoſe name I have forgot, he told me the way was farther and worſe than ever my fears had imagined. I have been but in a poor ſtate of health, ever ſince I ſet out from home; and can ſcarce ſay I have found reſt till (where you would leaſt expect it) under my Lord Peterborow. This place is beautiful beyond imagination, and as eaſy as it is beautiful. I wiſh you and Mrs. Elliot ſaw it. Here is a very good Catholic lady in the houſe, and ſhe and I might pray together for you. One motive, which perhaps may one time or other draw you, is, that the Ducheſs of Montague is within ten miles of us, at Bewley, which, I'm told, is a fine ſituation on the ſea, and I ſhall ſee it to-morrow: Lord Peterborow carries me thither. I had the ſatisfaction to hear this week from Mrs. Patty Blount, that you were well. She is got into Surrey to another Papiſt lady, and ſtays ſome time with her. I deſign to ſteer towards London before the end of this month. We expect here Mr. and Mrs. Poyntz. What can I ſay to you? I wiſh you very happy. I wiſh Mr. Newſham all that you wiſh him to have, and to be. Where is he, and Mr. Mallet? When ſhall you return to town? I deſire you to be very kind to me, and very juſt to me; that is, to let me know you continue well, now, when I can no other way be ſure

of

of it, than by a line hither; and to believe me ſincerely ever, with all eſteem, Madam,

Your, etc.

I think I need not ſend Mrs. E. my ſervices, for they will do her no good; but deſire her prayers, which may do me ſome.

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## LETTER XIV.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, Sept. 1, 1734.

IDLE as I am, no opportunity can offer that puts me in mind of you, but I comply with that mind, which is always yours. It therefore muſt tell you, by this gentleman, how much I think of you; and that, if the body belonging to this mind were worth one farthing, it would follow it, and go to ſee you. But thoſe wretched infirmities, which ſet it forward toward the bleſſings of another life, keep it back from doing what it likes in this. I am next week going from Southampton to London, where I ſhall impatiently expect you. I fancy you'll be as impatient to be in London, eſpecially if Mrs. Elliot be not with you. I had the moſt entertaining letter imaginable from Mr. Mallet, from Wales. I ſent it to our friend Patty; and

and ſhe (if ſhe is not ſtupid) will keep it, to ſhew to you when we all meet. God ſend it, and the ſooner the better. Believe me, without more words, yours. Firſt, the Poſt told you ſo, when I had no other meſſenger, then Harte* had a line to tell you ſo, and now Mr. Newſham.

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## LETTER XV.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Southampton, Aug. 29, 1735.

I MUST keep my old cuſtom of giving my friends now and then, once or twice a year, my teſtimony in writing that I love and eſteem them, and that they have a place in my memory when I have been longeſt abſent from them. I have never any thing elſe to ſay, and it is all that friendſhip and good-will can, or ought to ſay: the reſt is only matter of curioſity, which a newſpaper can better gratify. I deſire no more, Madam, from you, than to tell me juſt the thing that moſt concerns me, and therefore is not impertinent to aſk, that you are well, and in a peaceful or happy ſtate of mind or body. I hope Mrs. Elliot

* Rev. Walter Harte. He had the Living of Gosfield. C.

Elliot is with you, to contribute to yours, and increaſe her own happineſs. It will not diſpleaſe you to hear, that you are remembered at this diſtance, and in a place where you are not much acquainted: but when you know that I am here, and that Mr. Poyntz is here, you will eaſily expect it ſhould be ſo; and not wonder that your health and Mr. Newſham's are drank at Lord Peterborow's table. I am taking my leave (a melancholy office) of a friend I have long had a true regard for, and one of the moſt obliging turn, and the fineſt talents to make others eaſy and pleaſed, of any that I ever knew. There will not be many finer gentlemen left in the world, unleſs Mr. Newſham, and ſome other of the ſecond generation, be very much bent upon it to rival him.

Pray let Mr. Harte know I am always his ſincere well-wiſher. I wiſh I were a day or two with you, to ſee how happy he is, beſides making myſelf ſo. But Fate keeps me far from you: at Stowe will be my next ſtage, where, if I can be ſoon enough, I would meet my Lady Suffolk, who is to ſtay there but a few days. Mrs. Blount is yet with her, and not leſs your *ſincere* ſervant (I can tell you, though perhaps ſhe may not), than the fineſt lady in Chriſtendom: nay, I take her to be as ſincere as Lady S. herſelf, though ſhe is now no courtier. I deſire you to think of me as you uſed to do, which I am ſenſible is as well as I deſerved, and I deſerve

juſt

juſt the ſame now, for I am juſt the ſame, that is, faithfully, Madam,

Your moſt obliged (why not affectionate)
humble ſervant.

Mrs. Elliot will believe me ſincerely her ſervant, when I aſſure her ſo in all Chriſtian truth, not in worldly compliment.

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## LETTER XVI.

### TO THE SAME.

MADAM, Twitenham, Nov. 25, 1735.

You will not think my ſilence any evidence of my forgetting you, after what I have declared to you long ago. It is a pain to me to be writing things I cannot expreſs, to friends I cannot ſee; for both my zeal for them, and my concern not to be nearer them, puts me into an uneaſineſs not to be told. I was much diſappointed in not finding Mrs. Elliot: I was at her door the day before I left London, and the firſt day that I returned to it, which was the morning after ſhe went. If a deſire to be with you ſome days would tranſport me beyond ſuch neceſſary buſineſs as my relations and friends find for me, I aſſure you my own buſineſs would not hinder my complying with it.

I have not, for I cannot forget what you mention in relation to Mr. Harte: one of the livings I can have no poſſible view of, knowing nothing towards the Duke of Rutland. The other, of Lord Eſſex, I'll ſpeak to Lord Cornbury upon, who is but juſt returned from abroad. I've hopes of ſeeing him ſoon: but God knows, theſe are remote views.

To prove to you how little eſſential to friendſhip I hold letter-writing, after the experience of thirty years (for ſo long Mr. Curl tells you I kept a regular correſpondence), I have not yet written to Mr. Mallet, whom I love and eſteem greatly, nay whom I know to have as tender a heart, and that feels a friendly remembrance as long as any man. Pray ſend him the incloſed: 'tis all I can ſay, for (as I told you before) it makes me quite ſick to be put upon the pikes, to be ſaying ſuch things as can only be felt, not ſaid. When do you come to town? The raſcally *builders*, as you call them, do not deſerve that name; they pull down more than they build up, and will keep you out of your houſe for ever, if you don't come and drive them out. Mrs. Patty loves you, and hopes no woman of quality can love you better; for then ſhe would wiſh to be a woman of quality. I love you (modeſtly ſpeaking), and I love Mrs. Elliot (Chriſtianly ſpeaking); ſo pray love and forgive him who is truly and morally hers, and, dear Madam,

I Your, etc.

Engraved by Edgar ... from a Drawing by ... in the ...

MRS NUGENT.

*From a Picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller*

*in the Marquis of Buckinghams Collection at Goosfield*

Published by ... Strand, ... 1...

## LETTER XVII.

### TO MRS. NUGENT*.

MADAM, Sept. 6, 1736.

I TAKE your rebuke in Mrs. Blount's letter kindly; but indeed I know nothing ſo fruitleſs as letter-writing. It can amount only to this, to be certified that our friends live, and that we live mindful of them; the firſt of which one may generally know otherwiſe, and the latter no friend can or ought to doubt. I have often heard of you; and, without hearing particulars, am ſatisfied, that while you are alive, you are doing ſome good, and remembering thoſe of whom you have the ſame opinion. Indeed, I know but one circumſtance in which it is very pleaſing (if not very reaſonable) on both ſides, to demand, and to tell, all particulars of, and to one another: it is, when two people are in love. Now you ſee, Madam, that whenever I write to you often, it

* On the 23d March 1736, Mrs. Knight was married to Robert Nugent, Eſq. who, after filling ſeveral offices of ſtate, was, in 1767, advanced to the peerage of Ireland, by the titles of Baron Nugent of Carlanſtown, and Viſcount Clare, and afterwards was created Earl Nugent, with remainder, in default of iſſue male, to George Grenville-Nugent-Temple, now Marquis of Buckingham, who married his daughter Mary, now Marchioneſs of Buckingham. Earl Nugent died Oct. 13, 1788. C.

it will amount to a direct declaration, which I fear would immediately make you yourself put a stop to it. Therefore, not to be impertinent at my age, I'll be content with putting you in mind (though I think myself happy enough not to believe it necessary) that I wish to be your servant in any thing. But it would be downright impudence to imagine your regard for me extended to a desire of knowing a thousand things about a person so little significant to your real service or welfare.

I like better the Christian language, of saying *I pray* for yours here and hereafter; which is true, and which is, in reality, all we can do for one another, for the most part: and I think Mrs. Elliot will be on my side.

If we both join in these prayers, I hope more good may accrue to your soul, than I dare name, or than the Rev. Mr. Harte may allow of.

In the mean time, I will only pray that you may be delivered from all evil, and particularly, in the first place, from all evil workers, or workmen, who are as dirty and as noisy as devils, in your house. But you may wish me joy of workmen in my garden; which I think as delightful, as the others are dreadful. You may as much expect to see a new garden, when you come to Twitnam, as I to see a new house when I go to Gosfield. I hope they will drive you out to London, since I shall be kept hereabouts all the autumn. I guess Mr. Harte is in his element, among builders and

and bookcaſes: I wiſh him happy ſincerely in every thing.

I foreſee Mr. Newſham's return is approaching. I doubt not he will bring you back the completion of your happineſs; and if he does, I muſt ſay you will owe ſomething to Mr. Mallet, in not only reſtoring you a ſon as good as he carried him out (which few tutors do), but in a great degree making and building up, as well as ſtrengthening and improving, what is the greateſt work man or woman ought to be proud of, a worthy mind and ſound body. May the juſt occaſion of ſo much pride and pleaſure to you, ever continue! Nothing on earth better than this can be wiſhed you by

A. P.

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## LETTER XVIII.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR MADAM, Saturday, Oct. 30, 1736.

AFTER hoping to be able to dine with you this day, my very uneaſy indiſpoſition of cholic and head-ach rendered it impracticable: and it has continued in ſuch a manner all this day too, that I find I muſt never attempt to dine ſo late as a faſhionable hour. I really dread the conſequences of doing it at Marble-

Hill *; when you ſet out thence after twelve, it will be three before you can be there, and four before they'll dine. I can, therefore, upon ſerious conſideration, no more propoſe any enjoyment in waiting on you on Monday; but rather will meet you at Lady Suffolk's that day or the next, and go home in the mean time as I can, dreading a freſh cold. You ſee what an unable man you have to do with! Well may he call himſelf an humble, very humble ſervant.

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## LETTER XIX.

### TO THE SAME,

### FROM MARTHA BLOUNT AND MR. POPE.

December 10, 1736.

I RESOLVE to write to you once before you come to town, though you make ever ſo much haſte, as I think both by inclination and neceſſity you will; and though I have nothing to ſay to you but to Mrs. Elliot, and nothing to ſay to her but about horſes. Mr. Noell hears ſhe no longer hires horſes of the man ſhe employed laſt year, therefore begs me to deſire he may have her cuſtom again. I hope this petition will operate ſoon, as I hope her devotion this Chriſtmas will

* The ſeat of Lady Suffolk. C.

will bring her hither, and that you will not be able to ſtay behind her. Lady Suffolk and Mr. Berkley are well, and in town: the King is expected on Sunday. Though there is ſo little in this letter, you will take it not the leſs kindly, ſince it contains ſo great a truth as the aſſurance of being to you both a faithful and ever mindful ſervant,

M. BLOUNT.

I HAVE hindered Mrs. B. from making her letter longer, and now find I have as little to ſay myſelf. But about Chriſtmas time there is great plenty of good wiſhes ſent about the kingdom, and I ſhould be aſhamed if Gosfield had not mine. It is a place I have been very happy in, and abounds with plenty, peace, and cheerful countenances. I doubt not at this ſeaſon all people *round it* are happy; God forbid any one *in it* ſhould not! when it is conſidered that nothing has been done but by his ordination.

I am naturally led, from a Chriſtian ſentence, to think of Mrs. Elliot, for whoſe welfare of body and mind I ſincerely wiſh, not to ſay pray. I hope, as Mrs. B. does, that the motive ſhe mentions cannot fail to bring her to town, and then you cannot ſtay long, if at all, behind. Believe, among all thoſe who deſire this, none does it more than

Your, etc.

# MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

# MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

## LETTER I.

### DR. JONATHAN SWIFT TO MARTHA BLOUNT*.

DEAR PATTY, Dublin, Feb. 29, 1727-8.

I AM told you have a mind to receive a letter from me, which is a very undecent declaration in a young lady, and almoſt a confeſſion that you have a mind to write to me; for as to the fancy of looking on me as a man *ſans* conſequence, it is what I will never underſtand. I am told likewiſe you grow every day younger, and more a fool, which is directly contrary to me, who grow wiſer and older, and at this rate we ſhall never agree. I long to ſee you a London lady, where you are forced to wear whole clothes, and viſit in a chair, for which you muſt ſtarve next ſummer at Peterſham, with a mantua out at the ſides; and ſpunge once a week at our houſe, without ever inviting us in a whole ſeaſon to a cow-heel at home. I wiſh you would bring Mr. Pope over with you when you come, but we will leave Mr. Gay

* The direction is ſimply, "To Patty Blount."

Gay to his Beggars and his Operas till he is able to pay his club. How will you paſs this ſummer, for want of a ſquire to Ham-Common and Walpole's Lodge; for as to Richmond Lodge and Marble-hill, they are abandoned as much as Sir Spencer Compton: and Mr. Schabe's coach, that uſed to give you ſo many a ſet-down, is wheeled off to St. James's. You muſt be forced to get a horſe, and gallop with Mrs. Janſen and Miſs Bedier. Your greateſt happineſs is, that you are out of the chiding of Mrs. Howard and the Dean; but I ſuppoſe Mr. Pope is ſo juſt as to pay our arrears, and that you edify as much by him as by us, unleſs you are ſo happy that he now looks upon you as reprobate and a caſt-away, of which I think he hath given me ſome hints. However, I would adviſe you to paſs this ſummer at Kenſington, where you will be near the Court, and out of his juriſdiction; where you will be teazed with no lectures of gravity and morality, and where you will have no other trouble than to get into the mercer's books, and take up a hundred pounds of your principal for quadrille. Monſtrous, indeed, that a fine lady, in the prime of life and gaiety, muſt take up with an antiquated Dean, an old gentlewoman of fourſcore, and a ſickly poet. I will ſtand by my dear Patty againſt the world, if Tereſa beats you for your good, and I will buy her a fine whip for the purpoſe. Tell me, have you been confined to your lodging this winter for want of chair-hire? [Do you know that this unlucky Dr. Delany

Delany came laſt night to the Deanry, and being denied, without my knowledge, is gone to England this morning, and ſo I muſt ſend this by the poſt. I bought your Opera to-day for ſixpence, ſo ſmall printed, that it will ſpoil my eyes. I ordered you to ſend me your edition, but now you may keep it till you get an opportunity.] Patty, I will tell you a blunder: I am writing to Mr. Gay, and had almoſt finiſhed the letter; but by miſtake I took up this inſtead of it, and ſo the ſix lines in a hook are all to him, and therefore you muſt read them to him, for I will not be at the trouble to write them over again. My greateſt concern in the matter is, that I am afraid I continue in love with you, which is hard after near ſix months' abſence. I hope you have done with your raſh and other little diſorders, and that I ſhall ſee you a fine young, healthy, plump lady; and if Mr. Pope chides you, threaten him that you will turn heretic. Adieu, dear Patty, and believe me to be one of your trueſt friends and humbleſt ſervants; and that, ſince I can never live in England, my greateſt happineſs would be to have you and Mr. Pope condemned, during my life, to live in Ireland, he at the Deanery, and you, for reputation's ſake, juſt at next door, and I will give you eight dinners a-week, and a whole half dozen of pint bottles of good French wine at your lodgings, a thing you could never expect to arrive at, and every year a ſuit of fourteen-penny ſtuff, that ſhould not be worn out at the right ſide; and a chair coſts

coſts but ſixpence a jobb; and you ſhall have Catholicity as much as you pleaſe, and the Catholic Dean of St. Patrick's, as old again as I, for your Confeſſor. Adieu again, dear Patty.

## THE ANSWER*,

### TO DR. SWIFT.

SIR, May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleaſed with your letter: but I ſhould have thought myſelf much more obliged, had you been leſs ſincere, and not told me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclination, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you; and I miſtruſt you think even that as much as I deſerve. If ſo, you really are not deſerving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my conſtant good wiſhes and concern for your welfare; which merit ſome remembrance, without the help of another. I cannot ſay I have a great inclination to write to you; for I have no great vanity that way, at leaſt not enough to ſupport me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wiſh you.

I am ſorry to hear no good account of your health: mine has been, ſince Chriſtmas (at which time I had my

* We have but few ſpecimens of Miſs Blount's Letters. This is here reprinted as one of the moſt favourable: it was firſt publiſhed by Deane Swift, Eſq. in 1775. C.

my fever and rash) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within these three weeks I have been sick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the Mourning *, has enabled me to be very easy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown and a scoured white one have done my business very well; and they are now just fit for Petersham, where we talk of going in three weeks: and I am not without hopes I shall have the same squire that I had last year. I am very unwilling to change: and, moreover, I begin to fear I have no great prospect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I shall endeavour to behave myself well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at Court, I will tell you where the Royal Family design to pass their summer: two months at Richmond Lodge, the same time at Hampton-Court, and six weeks at Windsor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you saw her; for her whole affair with her husband is ended to her satisfaction †.

Dr.

* General mourning for the death of George I. C.

† This shameful intrigue is minutely detailed by Lord Orford, in his "Reminiscences;" and the event alluded to in this Letter is, that "during the summer a negociation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour, and the possession of his wife, for a pension of twelve hundred a year." C.

Dr. Arbuthnot I am very angry with: he neglects me for thofe he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminifhing: he is gone to the Bath. I wifh you were ordered there; for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himfelf. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is fo likely to do him good.

My illnefs has prevented my writing to you fooner. If I was a favourite at Court, I would foon convince you that I am, very fincerely,

Your faithful friend, and very humble fervant,

M. B.

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## LETTER II.

### DR. JONATHAN SWIFT TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

Twitenham Garret,
MADAM PATT, Thurfday Morn. at Nine.

YOU are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the inclofed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourfelf, and to fend a direct anfwer to your humble fervant by my humble fervant the bearer. Being at an end of all my fhoes and ftockings, I am not able

to

to wait on you to-day, after ſo rainy a night and ſo ſuſpicious a morning.

Mrs. Pope is *yours;* but I, with the greateſt reſpect, Madam,

Your moſt obedient and devoted ſervant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray do not give a copy of this Letter to Curl the bookſeller.

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## LETTER III.

### THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

DEAR MADAM, Ambreſbury, July 23, 1752.

As I am not the firſt, nor, I fear, the laſt perſon, who has occaſionally neglected their beſt friend for the ſake of a glut of racketting paſſengers, I ſhall be leſs aſhamed to own to you I might have anſwered yours ſooner; and I wiſh this unnatural delay would provoke you to come directly hither, to aſk why I am ſo tardy; whereas no anſwer is worth receiving unleſs it comes glibly, and I find mine does not occur currently, and, beſides, (*is*) very much clogged with but's.

Dear Mrs. Blunt * has formerly honoured little Peterſham, which fitted her as a glove; but now comes my But: but how can I accommodate her ſiſter? for my own apartment muſt remain empty abſolutely, though the King himſelf were to borrow our little habitation at Peterſham; and the number of reſiders are conſiderably increaſed ſince Mrs. Blunt was laſt there under the care of Kaites and Price Lambert.

I wiſh you and I were ſitting *tête a tête*, for that would be every way beſt of all; and I think, ſuppoſing I could not prevail on you to continue with me, I could in talk, better than by writing, mumble over that I have no mind to make a compliment to a Lady I have never been acquainted with; and yet am very ſorry to diſſent from any propoſal made to me by an acquaintance I really love and honour ſincerely, and very ſincerely invited to do herſelf good in our Nut-ſhell, which ſhe herſelf is ſtill heartily welcome to. Though ſhe inquires after all our healths, without ſaying one word of her own, which we all wiſh good, with all our hearts; we are extremely well, and much obliged to dear Mrs. Blunt for her kind remembrance. I am really and truly, very faithfully and affectionately,

Your, etc. etc.

CATHERINE, QUEENSBERRY and DOVER.

* So ſpelt by her Grace, and by other Correſpondents. C.

I have

I have no gilt paper at hand: pray excuſe this unadorned Letter. Pray let the bearer know when you intend being at Peterſham, becauſe he will write to the family there to get your bed well aired.

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## LETTER IV.

### LADY TEMPLE TO THE SAME.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. Blunt, if I have no ſooner performed my promiſe of writing to you: but I need not beg pardon, ſince you will eaſily excuſe it; for I fear my Letters will have nothing in them entertaining, and I can't flatter myſelf that I have any ſhare in your friendſhip, ſince happy Mrs. Moore is my rival. With this melancholy reflection, I had once reſolved never to write; but when I conſidered, that perhaps you would ſometimes make me happy by your Letters, I was no longer in ſuſpenſe what to do, but reſolved to write till your ſilence forbids me. I don't hear much news yet; the town is going into mourning for ſix months for the Prince's ſiſter, in cloth and Norwich ſtuff. I ſuppoſe you hear that pretty Mrs. Foreſthur (qu. *Forreſter*) is the new Maid of Honour, and that my Lord Dorſet is married to Jenny Roach, a common woman he has kept. They ſay ſhe is ugly,

but has a great deal of wit. We have a new play-houſe a-building, and a new Actor, which people like mightily. I wiſh any thing could bring you to town. Dear Madam,

Your very humble ſervant,

C. TEMPLE.

My very humble ſervice to Mrs. Blount. If you do me the favour to write, direct for me at Mama's, in Golden Square, London.

*November* 7th, 1704.

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## LETTER V.

### MR. POPE TO MRS. PRICE, AT SPAW.*

PRAY, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury†, I am not worſe than he left me, though I have endured ſome uneaſineſs ſince, beſides that which his indiſpoſition, when I parted, gave me. I am amply rewarded by his very kind Letter, and the good news it brought me of his amendment. I have had a correſpondence with my Lord Clarendon, who has in the moſt obliging manner imputed his journey to Spa to the encouragement I gave him to travel, and to the experience that he was abler to do ſo than he imagined

* Communicated by Uvedale Price, Eſq.

† See a character of this Nobleman, Vol. iv. p. 156.

gined himſelf. I earneſtly wiſh his return, but not till he can bring himſelf whole to us, who want honeſt and able men too much to part from him: I hope, therefore, to ſee him this Seſſions in full health and ſpirit. Madam, as to yourſelf, it would be ſome compliment in me to put any Lady in the ſame line with him; but as I know he likes your company, and as I know you deſerve he ſhould, I make no apology either to you or to him. *Sint tales animæ concordes!* (as you very well underſtand) is the beſt wiſh I can form for you both: and I leave it to his Lordſhip to tranſlate, if you pretend you cannot. Sure I am you have already tranſlated it into your life and manners, if not into your language. I deſired Mrs. Blount to write this ſentence to you, and with it her ſervice to Lord Cornbury, but ſhe would not truſt herſelf with ſo much Latin: I know ſome Ladies that would. If you don't come home, it imports you to be extremely the better for being abroad, for we ſhall be extremely the worſe for it: ſo pray mend as faſt as you can, the only way you can be mended. I am, Madam,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

## LETTER VI.

### MARTHA BLOUNT TO MRS. PRICE.

DEAR MADAM, Sept. 8, 174c.

CONSIDERING how long I have been without writing to you, you will think I have no fair pretence to take ill your not writing to me: but the caſe is very different. You could give me great pleaſure in telling me you had a good journey, that the waters did you good, etc. this is the chief: I could add, you do and can write agreeable Letters; you know I cannot: I can only repeat, what I have often told you, in a very dull but very ſincere way, that nobody has more regard for you, nor is more intereſted in all that concerns your health and happineſs, and wiſh you both with all my heart. I am told you don't come back this winter, which I grieve at, till you convince me 'tis for your advantage. I am alſo told Mrs. Pitt has left you much better in health, and that your liking and opinion of each other is juſt what I foretold. I hope my dear Miſs Greville is in good health; pray aſſure her of my affectionate ſervices. I have been ten days at Richmond, and confined ever ſince I came with a violent cold. I rejoice at Lord Cornbury's good health, and am his very faithful ſervant. The Princeſs lies in in the beginning of December. Lady Charlotte Edwine is gone to Briſtol, I fear far gone

gone in a conſumption. Mrs. Greville * was extremely kind and obliging to me, when I was laſt at the Grove: I think all that country exceſſively fine. Miſs Longs were there all the time: we played at quadrille; and every thing was ſo agreeable, that inſtead of ſtaying as I propoſed, a week, I ſtayed five.

I was juſt going to give you and Lord Cornbury an account of Mr. Pope; but he is come to ſee me, and will do it himſelf. I've alſo deſired him to ſay ſomething for me; for I can ſay ſo little for myſelf, that by all I can ſay, you'll not believe me half ſo much as I ſincerely am, my dear Mrs. Price,

Your moſt faithful and affectionate
humble ſervant,
M. BLOUNT.

I can't quite forgive your writing to all your acquaintance, ſome of which, I think, deſerved that favour leſs than I did, before you gave me that pleaſure.

They have given over talking of the Ducheſs of B. I don't hear her named now: I was ſenſible of the grief that affair gave you. Adieu. I hope your ſon is well.

* Mrs Greville was ſiſter to Mrs. Price, grand-mother to Uvedale Price, Eſq. and I believe ſhe was the

"Greville, whoſe eyes have power to make
A Pope of every ſwain."

They were daughters of Lord Arthur Somerſet, and of courſe intereſted in the divorce of the Ducheſs of Beaufort, who is mentioned in the latter poſtſcript, and who, after her divorce, was married to Col. Fitzroy, and had by him the preſent Ducheſs of Norfolk.

## LETTER VII.

### MR. GEORGE ARBUTHNOT* TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

MADAM,

I AM ſorry I had not an opportunity of waiting on you before you went out of town which the hurry I was in at the cloſe of the term prevented. Above and on the other ſide you receive a ſtate of Mr. Pope's affairs. As £2100 and upwards is to be raiſed on the ſecurities on which the money now is it is proper you and Mrs. Racket ſhould agree on what ſhould be called in or ſold and the remainder may be contrived for you to receive the intereſt of for your life. I believe there is but £.700 due on Mr. Bethell's bond and as you are willing to take that in part of your £.1000 there will remain but 14 or £.1500 to be raiſed and ſtill leſs if you ſtay till Wright and Bower's accounts are ſettled which ſhall be done with all expedition tho' there is not above £.1500 now to be raiſed If you and Mrs. Racket deſire it all the ſecurities may be called in and the produce veſted in ſuch other ſecurities as you and Mrs. Racket ſhall agree on but if you are both of opinion ſome of them ſhould be continued we need only call in what is ſufficient to raiſe

* Of the Court of Exchequer, only ſon of Dr. Arbuthnot, and one of Pope's Executors. According to the practice of Lawyers, he uſes very few points in this Letter. C.

raiſe the money now wanted as the executors are to act merely for your own and Mrs. Racket and her ſons intereſt it is proper I ſhould have your directions. I hope you enjoy perfect health in the country where I wiſh you all manner of diverſion and a pleaſant ſeaſon. I am Madam

Your moſt obedient ſervant

Caſtle-Yard
23 July 1745.

GEO. ARBUTHNOT.

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STATE OF MR. POPE'S AFFAIRS MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE.

Four bonds delivered by Mr. Pope to Mr. Murray 27 May 1744.

Allen Lord Bathurſt's bond dated 25 March 1738 for £.2000 of which paid off as appears by endorſement £.1000 and £.500.

Bond of William Pannett ſen. and William Pannett the younger citizen and grocer of London—12 Feb. 1714 for £.200 with intereſt at 4 *per cent.*

Bond of Slingſby Bethell Eſq. dated 27th March 1744 for £.1000.

Bond of Ralph Allen Eſq. dated 25 June 1743 for £.2000.

Theſe bonds are now in Mr. Murray's hands.

It appears by a letter of Mrs. Watts and a memorandum of Mr. Pope's that he had 31 ſhares in the Sun Fire Office purchaſed at £.101 1. 7*s*.

Mr. Pope likewiſe mentions in a memorandum of the effects that Wright and Bower the printers would

be indebted to him when their accounts were ſettled £.200 or £.300 but their accounts are not yet ſettled.

There was £.200 in Mr. Drummond's hands at Mr. Pope's death, but it has been all drawn out of his hands except £.44. 2*s*. 6*d*. to pay his debts and funeral expences.

I have now in my hands £.49. 16*s*. and a bill of exchange from Mr. Allen for £.50, which will be due in two or three days.

I believe all Mr. Pope's debts are paid excepting £.100 and intereſt to Mr. Warburton and Mr. and Mrs. Searle's wages which the money in my hands and Mr. Drummond's will probably diſcharge.

The legacies to be paid are—

£.1000 to Mrs. Blount.
300 to Mrs. Racket.
200 to her ſons Henry and Robert.
100 to John Searle and a year's wages to him and Mrs. Searle.
20 to the poor of Twickenham.

£.1620 and the year's wages to Searle and his wife.
150 to Mr. Allen or the Bath Hoſpital.

£.1770
300 and intereſt to be paid for the houſe Mrs. Blount now lives in.

So that there muſt be above £.2100 raiſed out of theſe four bonds and the Sun Fire-Office Shares.

## *LETTER VIII.

### MR. POPE TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

London, October——
MADAM, Between day and night.—

MRS. Whitworth (who as her Epitaph on Twitnam Highway aſſures us, had attained to as much perfection and purity as any ſince the Apoſtles) is now depoſited according to her own order between a fig-tree and a vine, there to be found at the laſt Reſurrection.

I am juſt come from ſeeing your Grace in much the like ſituation, between a honey-ſuckle and a roſe-buſh; where you are to continue as long as canvas can laſt: I ſuppoſe the painter by thoſe emblems intended to intimate, on the one hand, your Grace's ſweet diſpoſition to your friends; and, on the other, to ſhew you are near enough related to the thiſtle of Scotland to deſerve the ſame motto with regard to your enemies. *Nemo me impunè laceſſit.*

*Lord William will conſter this Latine if you ſend it to Thiſtleworth.*

The two foregoing periods, methinks, are ſo myſtical, learned, and perplext, that if you have any ſtateſmen or divines about you, they can't chuſe but be pleaſed with them. One divine you cannot be without

* The preceding Letters are now firſt publiſhed: this and the following are reprinted from the "Additions to Pope's Works," with the Notes, by the Editor of that collection.

out, as a good chriſtian; and a ſtateſman you have lately had, for I hear my Lord Selkirk has been with you. But (that I may not be unintelligible quite to the bottom of this page) I muſt tell your Grace in Engliſh, that I have made a painter beſtow the aforeſaid ornaments round about you (for upon you there needs none), and I am, upon the whole, pleaſed with my picture beyond expreſſion. I may now ſay of your picture, it is the thing in the world the likeſt you, except yourſelf; as a cautious perſon once ſaid of an elephant, it was the biggeſt in the world, except itſelf.

You ſee, Madam, it is not impoſſible for you to be compared to an elephant: and you muſt give me leave to ſhow you one may carry on the ſimile.

An elephant never bends his knees; and I am told your Grace ſays no prayers. An elephant has a moſt remarkable command of his ſnout, and ſo has your Grace when you imitate my Lady O——y. An elephant is a great lover of men, and ſo is your Grace for all I know, tho' from your partiality to myſelf, I ſhould rather think you lov'd little children.

I beg you not to be diſcouraged in this point. Remember the text which I'll preach upon, the firſt day I am a parſon. *Suffer little children to come to me*—And—*Deſpiſe not one of theſe little ones.*

No, Madam—deſpiſe great bears, ſuch as Gay; who now goes by the dreadful name of, *The Beaſt of Blois*, where Mr. Pulteney and he are ſettled, and where he ſhows tricks gratis, to all the beaſts of his own country

try (for ſtrangers do not yet underſtand the voice of the beaſt). I have heard from him but once, Lord Warwick twice, Mrs. Lepell thrice: if there be any that has heard from him four times, I ſuppoſe it is you.

I beg Mr. Blondel may know, Dr. Logg has received Ordination, and enters upon his function this winter at Mrs. Blount's. They have choſen this innocent man for their confeſſor; and I believe moſt Roman Catholick ladies, that have any ſins, will follow their example. This good prieſt will be of the order of Melchiſedeck, a prieſt for ever, and ſerve a family from generation to generation. He'll ſtand in a corner as quietly as a clock, and being wound up once a week, ſtrike up a loud alarum to ſin on a Sunday morning. Nay, if the Chriſtian Religion ſhould be aboliſh'd (as indeed there is great reaſon to expect it from the wiſdom of the Legiſlature), he might at worſt make an excellent bonefire, which is all that (upon a change of religion) can be deſired from a heretique. I do not hope your Grace ſhould be converted, but however I wiſh you would call at Mrs. B.'s out of curioſity. To meet people one likes, is thought by ſome the beſt reaſon for going to church, and I dare promiſe you'll like one another. They are extreamly your ſervants, or elſe I ſhould not think them my friends.

I ought to keep up the cuſtom, and aſk you to ſend me ſomething. Therefore pray, Madam, ſend me yourſelf,

yourſelf, that is, a letter; and pray make haſte to bring up yourſelf, that is all I value, to towne. I am, with the trueſt reſpect, the leaſt ceremony, and the moſt zeal, Madam,

Your Grace's moſt obedient, faithfull,
and moſt humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

Mr. Hamilton, I am your's.
There is a ſhort letter for you.

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## LETTER IX.

### MR. POPE TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE *.

MADAM, Twit'nam, Jan. 27, 1725.

I THINK myſelf obliged by your Grace's many condeſcenſions of goodneſs to me, in particular your informing me by a line of Dr. Ch—'s † ſtate of health. I am really impatient to hear further of him.

The

* The Duke married to his third wife Catherine, natural daughter of king James II. (by Catherine Sidley, daughter of Sir Charles Sidley, whom he created Countess of Dorchester, and who, upon his abdicating the throne, married the Earl of Portmore): He dignified her with the name of the lady Catherine Darnley, gave her the place of a Duke's daughter, and permitted her to bear his arms. She was, very young, left a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced by the King and both Houſes of Parliament, for the Earl's ill uſage of her.

† Chamberlen's.

The morning I left the town, I went with Mr. Jervas to Belluchi's *, but parting in haſte, I had not his opinion at large; only he aſſures me, he thinks the figures will not be too ſmall, conſidering that thoſe which are neareſt the eye, are, at leaſt, as large as the life. I can't but be of opinion, that my Lord Duke's and your Grace's, ought to be made portraits, and as like as poſſible; of which they have yet no reſemblance. There being no picture (as I believe) of the Duke in profile, it might be well, I fancy, if Belluchi copied the ſide-face from that buſto that ſtands in the ſalon.

I beg your Grace's pardon for the freedom with which I write to you: and I ought to aſk it, (now I think on't,) on another occaſion, in which I have uſed too much freedom: having a great eſteem for the famous Bononcini, not only from his great fame, but from a perſonal knowledge of his character; and this being increaſed by the ill-treatment he has met with here, I ventured, among other perſons of the firſt diſtinction, who ſubſcribed to me for his compoſures, newly engraved, to ſet down the name of your

* An Italian painter, who compoſed the Duke's monument, to which this alludes; whereon are repreſented the portraiture of his Grace, habited like a Roman general; and at his feet, that of her Grace weeping. On the top of the baſis of the column, is ſeen, in relievo, Time bearing away the four deceaſed Children of the Ducheſs, whoſe effigies are repreſented in profile-buſtos, ſupported by Cupids lamenting.

your Grace. When I did this, your Grace was at Bath, and I forgot ever ſince to tell you of it, 'till now, when the book's * coming out, put me in mind of it.

If you can excuſe this fault, I ſincerely think I ſhall not err this way again, 'till ſuch another great man as Bononcini ariſes, (for whenever that happens, I doubt not the Engliſh will uſe him as ſcurvily,) but that your Grace needs not apprehend, during our lives. I am, with the ſincereſt reſpect, Madam,

Your Grace's moſt obliged,
moſt obedient ſervant,
A. POPE.

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## LETTER X.

### MR. POPE TO LORD ——.

MY LORD,

I HAD (the beſt kind of honour) the pleaſure of both your letters. I never was more earneſt for any innocent thing than to enjoy the ſylvan bower this ſeaſon. One deſire only overcame it, that of having you a witneſs of the pleaſure I ſhould take in it. The moment I find myſelf diſappointed of that hope, I fly thither. Accordingly we lie there to-night.

I can't tell you in what a manner I am affected by every

* His Cantatas.

every thing you ſay to me. I begin to wiſh I deſired more things, to give you the pleaſure of gratifying me in 'em. The ladies I talk'd of have diſappointed me (that is, diſappointed you) in taking away my expectation of ſeeing them. I'll not ſay a word more for fear of writing like thoſe that mean nothing, that is, writing in all the terms of reſpect and gratitude: for the rogues (as Montaign ſays) have got all thoſe expreſſions in their poſſeſſion, and have left no honeſt man wherewithal to ſpeak his mind unſuſpectedly. I'd rather ſend you any thing elſe, as you'll ſee by the pains I have prevailed on Mr. Gay to take in the encloſed, who is as I am, with truth and eſteem, Your, etc.

A. POPE.

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## LETTER XI.

### TO HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, June 10th, 1711.

I WAS extremely concern'd to leave you ill when I parted from the town, and deſir'd Mr. Thorold to give me an account of the ſtate of your health by the next coach: he omitted to do it, and I have not been ſince at Mr. Englefyld's, till yeſterday, when I receiv'd the ill news that you continu'd ill, or much as I left you: I hope this is not true, and ſhall be very uneaſy in my fears for your health till I have a farther account from yourſelf, which I beg you not to

defer. I hope the air of this foreſt may perfectly recover you, and wiſh you would to that end try it ſooner than the end of the month; if you deſire Mr. Thorold, he will at a day's warning take a place for you. My father joins in this requeſt, and Mr. Engleſyld is overjoy'd with the hopes of ſeeing you at his houſe. When I have your company I cannot but be well, and hope from the knowledge of this, that you can't be very ill in mine. I beg you to believe no man can take a greater intereſt in your welfare, or be more heartily affected towards you than myſelf; who am, with all the eſteem and tenderneſs of a friend, dear Sir,

Your faithful humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

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## LETTER XII.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, January 25, 17[illegible]

IF my letter pleas'd you, yours overjoy'd me; and I expect impatiently your kind viſit: a little room and a little heart are both at your ſervice, and you may be ſecure of being eaſy in 'em at leaſt, tho' not happy. For you ſhall go juſt your own way, and keep your own hours, which is more than can be done often in places of greater entertainment—As to your

your letter of Critical Remarks on Dryden's Virgil, I can only ſay, moſt of what you obſerve are true enough, but of no great conſequence (in my opinion at leaſt). Line 250. " And ſanctify the ſhame"—ſeems to me very beautiful; and ſo does—" 'tis doubly to be " dead." Line 946. " And bandy'd words ſtill beat " about his ears."—This I have thought groſs as well as you. I agree with you that the 993d line, " And " clos'd her lids at laſt in endleſs night"—is contradictory to the ſenſe of Virgil; for ſo, as you ſay, Iris might have been ſpar'd. And in the main 'tis to be confeſs'd that the tranſlator has been freer with the character of Dido than his modeſt author wou'd allow. I am juſt taking horſe to ſee a friend five miles off, that I may have no little viſits abroad to interrupt my happineſs at home when you are here. So that I can but juſt aſſure you, how pleas'd I am in the expectation of it, and how ſincerely I ſhall ever be, dear Sir,

Your moſt oblig'd and affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

P. S. Pray bring a very conſiderable number of pint bottles with you; this might ſeem a ſtrange odd requeſt, if you had not told me you wou'd ſtay but as many days as you brought bottles; therefore you can't bring too many, tho' we are here no drunkards. 'Tis a fine thing to have a learned quotation for every occaſion, and Horace helps me to one now:

*——Non ego te meis*
*Immunem meditor tingere poculis,*
*Plena dives ut in domo.* Ode 12. l. 4.

And to another, Ep. 5. l. 1.

*Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non*
*Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa*
*Corruget nares——*

And once more, Sat. 2. l. 2.

*——bene erat, non piſcibus urbe petitis,*
*Sed pullo atque hædo; tum penſilis uva ſecundas*
*Et nux ornabat menſas, cum duplice ficu.*

*Nil mihi reſcribas, attamen ipſe veni.*

P. S. Mr. Lintot favoured me with a ſight of Mr. Dennis's piece of fine ſatire* before 'twas publiſhed; I deſire you to read it, and give me your opinion, in what manner ſuch a critick ought to be anſwered?

## LETTER XIII.

### TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR,

I SEND this only to let you know how much our whole family deſire to hear of your ſafe arrival in London, and the continuance of your health: you have without compliment obliged us all ſo much

* Remarks on the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

much by your friendly acceptance of ſo poor an entertainment here, that you could by nothing have obliged us more, but by ſtaying longer. But I take ſo ſhort a viſit only as an earneſt of a more kind one hereafter; as we juſt call upon a friend ſometimes only to tell him he ſhall ſee us again.—All you ſaw in this country charge me to aſſure you of their humble ſervice, and the ladies in particular, who look upon us as but plain country-fellows ſince they ſaw you, and heard more civil things in that fortnight, than they expect from the whole ſhire of us, in an age. The trophy you bore away from one of 'em, in your ſnuff-box, will doubtleſs preſerve her memory, and be a teſtimony of your admiration, for ever:

"As long as Mocha's happy tree ſhall grow,
"While berries crackle, or while mills ſhall go;
"While ſmoaking ſtreams from ſilver ſpouts ſhall glide,
"Or China's earth receive the fable tide;
"While coffee ſhall to Britiſh nymphs be dear;
"While fragrant ſteams the bended head ſhall chear;
"Or grateful bitters ſhall delight the taſte,
"So long her honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall laſt!"

Pray give my ſervice to all my few friends, and to Mr. Gay in particular. Farewell; that is, drink ſtrong coffee. *Ingere tibi calices amariores.* I am, with all ſincerity, dear Sir, Your moſt faithful friend, and humble ſervant,

July 15th, 1711. A. POPE.

## LETTER XIV.

[The following Letter to Pope's early Correſpondent, Cromwell, has been omitted in the editions of Pope's Works. It is here retained, as being curious, and illuſtrative of Cromwell's particularities, as well as on account of the contraſt it forms to the more laboured epiſtles. It appears to have been written in the thoughtleſs gaiety of the moment, and is therefore a more natural tranſcript of Pope's feelings. Certainly it is ſuch as no one need be aſhamed of; and it is in ſome degree intereſting, from the reaſons which have been mentioned. At the ſame time a very few indelicate paſſages, which youth might excuſe, have been expunged.]

MR. POPE TO HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

SIR, April 25, 1708.

THIS Letter greets you from the ſhades;
(Not thoſe which thin unbody'd ſhadows fill,
That glide along th' Elyſian glades,
Or ſkim the flow'ry meads of Aſphodill:)
But thoſe, in which a learned author ſaid,
Strong drink was drunk, and gambols play'd,
And two ſubſtantial meals a-day were made.
The buſineſs of it is t' expreſs,
From me and from my holineſs,
To you, and to your gentleneſs,
How much I wiſh you health and happineſs;

And

And much good news, and little ſpleen as may be;
A hearty ſtomach, and ſound lady;
And ev'ry day a double doſe of coffee,
To make you look as ſage as any Sophy.

For the reſt, I muſt be content in plain proſe to aſſure you, that I am very much obliged to you for the favour of your Letter, and in particular for the tranſlation of that one Latin verſe, which coſt you three in Engliſh,

"One ſhort, one long,
One ſmooth, one ſtrong,
One right, one wrong."

But if I may be allowed to object againſt any thing you write (which I muſt do, if it were only to be even with you for your ſeverity to me) it ſhou'd be that paſſage in yours, where you are pleas'd to call the whores of Drury-lane, the nymphs of Drury. I muſt own it was ſome time before I could frame to myſelf any plauſible excuſe for this expreſſion; but affection (which you know, Sir, excuſes all things) at laſt furniſhed me with one in your juſtification; which I have here ſent you, in verſe, that you may have at leaſt ſome rhyme to defend you, though you ſhould have no reaſon.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I made no queſtion but the news of Sappho's ſtaying behind me in the town, would ſurprize you. But ſhe

ſhe is ſince come into the country, and, to ſurprize you more, I will inform you, that the firſt perſon ſhe named, when I waited on her, was one Mr. Cromwell. What an aſcendant have you over all the ſex, who could gain the fair one's heart by appearing before her in a long, black, unpowdered perriwig; nay, without ſo much as the very extremities of clean linen in neck-cloth and cuffs! I gueſs that your friend Vertumnus, among all the forms he aſſum'd to win the good graces of Pomona, never took upon him that of a ſlovenly beau. Well, Sir, I leave you to your meditations on this occaſion, and to languiſh unactive (as you call it).

But I find I have exceeded my bounds, and begin to travel on the confines of impertinence. However, to make you amends, I ſhall deſire Mr. Wycherley to deliver you this letter, who will be ſure, in leſs than a quarter of an hour's converſation with you, to give you wit enough to atone for twice as much dulneſs as I have troubled you with. Therefore I ſhall only give my reſpects to ſome of our acquaintance, and conclude,

To Baker firſt my ſervice, pray;
To Tydcombe ſhe,
And Mr. Cheek;
Laſt to yourſelf my beſt reſpects I pay,
And ſo remain, for ever and for ay,

SIR,

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

# LETTERS

TO

# A LADY.

THE following Letters were publiſhed by Dodſley in 1769, who had the originals in his poſſeſſion. Who the Lady was to whom they were addreſſed, it is perhaps in vain now to inquire. It appears ſhe was inclined to Poetry, and was in habits of friendſhip with Mrs. Howard. She could not have been Lady M. Montagu, for ſhe is conſtantly called Mrs. ——, and at this time his acquaintance with Lady M. was on the decline. He alludes to this in the pleaſing Verſes on the Lady's Picture:

"Tho' ſprightly Sappho *force* our *love* and *praiſe*,
No after wonder my pleas'd ſoul ſurveys,
The mild Erinna, bluſhing in her bays."

It appears, from circumſtances, the Letters were written between the years 1722 and 1723.

# LETTERS

TO

# A LADY.

## LETTER I.

MADAM, Twitenham, Oct. 18.

WE are indebted to Heaven for all things, and, above all, for our ſenſe and genius (in whatever degree we have it); but to fancy yourſelf indebted to any thing elſe, moves my anger at your modeſty. The regard I muſt bear you, ſeriouſly proceeds from myſelf alone; and I will not ſuffer even one I like ſo much as Mrs. H. to have a ſhare in cauſing it. I challenge a kind of relation to you on the *ſoul*'s ſide, which I take to be better than either on a father's or mother's; and if you can overlook an ugly *body* (that ſtands much in the way of any friendſhip, when it is between different ſexes), I ſhall hope to find you a true and conſtant kinſwoman in Apollo. Not that I would place all my pretenſions upon that poetical foot, much leſs confine them to it; I am far more deſirous to be admitted as yours, on the more meritorious title of friendſhip. I have ever believed this as a ſacred maxim, that the moſt ingenious natures

were the moſt ſincere; and the moſt knowing and ſenſible minds made the beſt friends. Of all thoſe that I have thought it the felicity of my life to know, I have ever found the moſt diſtinguiſhed in capacity, the moſt diſtinguiſhed in morality; and thoſe the moſt to be depended on, whom one eſteemed ſo much as to deſire they ſhould be ſo. I beg you to make me no more compliments. I could make you a great many, but I know you neither need them, nor can like them: be ſo good as to think I do not. In one word, your writings are very good, and very entertaining; but not ſo good, nor ſo entertaining, as your life and converſation. One is but the effect and emanation of the other. It will always be a greater pleaſure to me to know you are well, than that you write well, though every time you tell me the one, I muſt know the other. I am willing to ſpare your modeſty; and therefore, as to your writing, may perhaps never ſay more (directly to yourſelf) than the few Verſes I ſend here; which (as a proof of my own modeſty too) I made ſo long ago as the day you ſate for your picture, and yet never till now durſt confeſs to you.

Tho' ſprightly Sappho force our love and praiſe,
A ſofter wonder my pleas'd ſoul ſurveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays.
So, when the Sun's broad beam yet ſtrikes the ſight,
All mild appears the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene, in virgin majeſty, ſhe ſhines;
And, unobſerved, the glaring ſun declines.

The

The brighteſt wit in the world, without the better qualities of the heart, muſt meet with this fate; and tends only to endear ſuch a character as I take yours to be. In the better diſcovery, and fuller conviction of which, I have a ſtrong opinion I ſhall grow more and more happy the longer I live your acquaintance, and (if you will indulge me in ſo much pleaſure)

Your faithful friend, and moſt obliged ſervant,

A. POPE.

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## LETTER II.

MADAM, Twitenham, Nov. 5.

THOUGH I am extremely obliged by your agreeable Letter, I will avoid all mention of the pleaſure you give me, that we may have no more words about compliments; which I have often obſerved people talk themſelves into, while they endeavour to talk themſelves out of. It is no more the diet of friendſhip and eſteem, than a few thin wafers and marmalade were of ſo hearty a ſtomach as Sancho's. In a word, I am very proud of my new relation, and like Parnaſſus much the better, ſince I found I had ſo good a neighbour there. Mrs. H——, who lives at Court, ſhall teach two country-folks ſincerity; and when I am ſo happy as to meet you, ſhe ſhall ſettle the proportions of that regard, or good-nature, which ſhe

can

can allow you to ſpare me, from a heart which is ſo much her own as yours is.

That Lady is the moſt truſty of friends, if the imitation of Shakeſpear be yours; for ſhe made me give my opinion of it with aſſurance it was none of Mrs. ——. I honeſtly liked and praiſed it, whoſe-ſoever it was; there is in it a ſenſible melancholy, and too true a picture of human life; ſo true an one, that I can ſcarce wiſh the Verſes yours at the expence of your thinking that way, ſo early. I rather wiſh you may love the town (which the author of thoſe lines cannot *immoderately* do) theſe many years. It is time enough to like, or affect to like, the country, when one is out of love with all but one's ſelf, and therefore ſtudies to become agreeable or eaſy to one's ſelf. Retiring into one's ſelf is generally the *pis-aller* of mankind. Would you have me deſcribe my ſolitude and grotto to you? what if, after a long and painted deſcription of them in verſe (which the writer I have juſt been ſpeaking of could better make, if I can gueſs by that line,

No noiſe but water, ever friend to thought)

what if it ended thus?

"What are the falling rills, the pendant ſhades,
The morning bowers, the ev'ning colonnades;
All but the ſcene of wand'ring thought inſpire,
To groves unheard in, to the paſſing wind!

Lo!

* Theſe beautiful Lines were addreſſed originally to Lady M. Montagu.

Lo! the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his ſoul away*.

If theſe lines want poetry, they do not want ſenſe. God Almighty long preſerve you from a feeling of them! The book you mention, Bruyere's Characters, will make any one know the world; and I believe at the ſame time deſpiſe it (which is a ſign it will make one know it thoroughly). It is certainly the proof of a maſter-hand, that can give ſuch ſtriking likeneſſes, in ſuch ſlight ſketches, and in ſo few ſtrokes on each ſubject. In anſwer to your queſtion about Shakeſpear, the book is about a quarter printed, and the nuumber of emendations very great. I have never indulged my own conjectures, but kept merely to ſuch amendments as are authoriſed by old editions, in the author's life-time: but I think it will be a year at leaſt before the whole work can be finiſhed. In reply to your very handſome (I wiſh it were a very true) compliment upon this head, I only deſire you to obſerve, by what natural, gentle degrees I have ſunk to the humble thing I now am: firſt from a pretending Poet to a Critic, then to a low Tranſlator, laſtly to a mere Publiſher. I am apprehenſive I ſhall

* Pope has artfully left out the lines that introduced the name of Wortley.

ſhall be nothing that's of any value long, except, Madam,

Your moſt obliged,
and moſt faithful humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

I long for your return to town; a place I am unfit for, but ſhall not be long out of, as ſoon as I know I may be permitted to wait on you there.

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## LETTER III.

MADAM, Thurſday Night.

IT was an agreeable ſurprize to me, to hear of your ſettlement in town. I lye at my Lord Peterborow's in Bolton-ſtreet, where any commands of yours will reach me to-morrow, only on Saturday evening I am pre-engaged. If Mrs. H—— be to be engaged (and if ſhe is by any creature, it is by you), I hope ſhe will join us. I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your moſt faithful friend,
and obliged ſervant,
A. POPE.

## LETTER IV.

MADAM,

I COULD not play the impertinent ſo far as to write to you, till I was encouraged to it by a piece of news Mrs. H—— tells me, which ought to be the moſt agreeable in the world to any author, That you are determined to write no more.—It is now the time then, not for me only, but for every body, to write without fear, or wit: and I ſhall give you the firſt example here. But for this aſſurance, it would be every way too dangerous to correſpond with a Lady, whoſe very firſt ſight and very firſt writings had ſuch an effect upon a man uſed to what they call fine ſights, and what they call fine writings. Yet he has been dull enough to ſleep quietly, after all he has ſeen, and all he has read; till yours broke in upon his ſtupidity and indolence, and totally deſtroyed it. But, God be thanked, you will write no more; ſo I am in no danger of increaſing my admiration of you one way; and as to the other, you will never (I have too much reaſon to fear) open theſe eyes again with one glimpſe of you.

I am told, you named lately in a letter a place called Twitenham with particular diſtinction. That you may not be miſ-conſtrued, and have your meaning

miſtaken for the future, I muſt acquaint you, Madam, that the name of the place where Mrs. H—— is, is not Twitenham, but Richmond; which your ignorance in the geography of theſe parts has made you confound together. You will unthinkingly do honour to a paltry hermitage (while you ſpeak of Twitenham) where lives a creature altogether unworthy your memory or notice, becauſe he really wiſhes he had never beheld you, nor yours. You have ſpoiled him for a ſolitaire, and a book, all the days of his life; and put him into ſuch a condition, that he thinks of nothing, and inquires of nothing but after a perſon who has nothing to ſay to him, and has left him for ever without hope of ever again regarding, or pleaſing, or entertaining him, much leſs of ſeeing him. He has been ſo mad with the idea of her, as to ſteal her picture, and paſſes whole days in ſitting before it, talking to himſelf, and (as ſome people imagine) making verſes: but it is no ſuch matter; for as long as he can get any of hers, he can never turn his head to his own, it is ſo much better entertained.

## LETTER V.

MADAM,

I AM touched with ſhame when I look on the date of your letter. I have anſwered it a hundred times in my own mind, which I aſſure you has few thoughts, either ſo frequent or ſo lively, as thoſe relating to you. I am ſenſibly obliged by you, in the comfort you endeavour to give me upon the loſs of a friend. It is like the ſhower we have had this morning, that juſt makes the drooping trees hold up their heads, but they remain checked and withered at the root: the benediction is but a ſhort relief, though it comes from Heaven itſelf. The loſs of a friend is the loſs of life; after that is gone from us, it is all but a gentler decay, and waſting and lingering a little longer. I was the other day forming a wiſh for a Lady's happineſs, upon her birth-day; and thinking of the greateſt climax of felicity I could raiſe, ſtep by ſtep, to end in this,—a Friend. I fancy I have ſucceeded in the gradation, and ſend you the whole copy to aſk your opinion, or (which is much the better reaſon) to deſire you to alter it to your own wiſh: for I believe you are a woman that can wiſh for yourſelf more reaſonably, than I can for you. Mrs. H—— made me promiſe her a copy; and to the end ſhe may value it, I beg it may be tranſcribed, and ſent her by you.

To a Lady, on her Birth-day,

1723.

Oh! be thou bleſt with all that Heaven can ſend:
Long life, long youth, long pleaſure—and a friend!
Not with thoſe toys the woman-world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire:
Let joy, or eaſe; let affluence, or content;
And the gay conſcience of a life well-ſpent,
Calm every thought, inſpirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face!
Let day improve on day, and year on year;
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear!
And ah! (ſince death muſt that dear frame deſtroy,)
Die by ſome ſudden extacy of joy:
In ſome ſoft dream may thy mild ſoul remove,
And be thy lateſt gaſp, a ſigh of love!

Pray, Madam, let me ſee this mended in your copy to Mrs. H——; and let it be an exact ſcheme of happineſs drawn, and I hope enjoyed, by yourſelf. To whom I aſſure you I wiſh it all, as much as you wiſh it her. I am always, with true reſpect, Madam,

Your moſt faithful friend,

and moſt humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

## LETTER VI.

MADAM, Twitenham, Aug. 29.

YOUR laſt letter tells me, that if I do not write in leſs than a month, you will fancy the length of yours frighted me. A conſciouſneſs that I had upon me of omitting too long to anſwer it, made me look (not without ſome fear and trembling) for the date of it, but there happened to be none; and I hope, either that you have forgot how long it is, or at leaſt that you cannot think it ſo long as I do, ſince I writ to you. Indeed a multitude of things (which ſingly ſeem trifles, and yet altogether make a vaſt deal of buſineſs, and wholly take up that time which we ought to value above all ſuch things) have from day to day made me wanting, as well to my own greateſt pleaſure in this, as to my own greateſt concerns in other points. If I ſeem to neglect any friend I have, I do more than ſeem to neglect myſelf, as I find daily by the increaſing ill conſtitution of my body and mind. I ſtill reſolve this courſe ſhall not, nay I ſee it cannot, be long; and I determine to retreat within myſelf to the only buſineſs I was born for, and which I am only good for (if I am entitled to uſe that phraſe for any thing). It is great folly to ſacrifice one's ſelf, one's time, one's quiet (the very life of life itſelf), to forms, complaiſances, and amuſements, which do not in-

wardly pleaſe me, and only pleaſe a ſort of people who regard me no farther than a mere inſtrument of their preſent idleneſs, or vanity. To ſay truth, the lives of thoſe we call great and happy, are divided between thoſe two ſtates; and in each of them, we poetical fiddlers make but part of their pleaſure, or of their equipage. And the miſery is, we, in our turns, are ſo vain (at leaſt I have been ſo) as to chooſe to pipe without being paid, and ſo ſilly to be pleaſed with piping to thoſe who underſtand muſic leſs than ourſelves. They have put me of late upon a taſk before I was aware, which I am *ſick* and *ſore* of: and yet engaged in honour to ſome perſons whom I muſt neither diſobey nor diſappoint (I mean two or three in the world only) to go on with it. They make me do as mean a thing as the greateſt man of them could do; ſeem to depend, and to ſolicit, when I do not want; and make a kind of court to thoſe above my rank, juſt as they do to thoſe above theirs, when we might much more wiſely and agreeably live of ourſelves, and to ourſelves. You will eaſily find I am talking of my tranſlating the Odyſſey by ſubſcription: which looks, it muſt needs look, to all the world as a deſign of mine both upon fame and money, when in truth I believe I ſhall get neither; for one I go about without any ſtomach, and the other I ſhall not go about at all.

This freedom of opening my mind upon my own ſituation will be a proof of truſt, and of an opinion

your

your goodneſs of nature has made me entertain, that you never profeſs any degree of good-will without being pretty warm in it. So I tell you my grievances; I hope in God you have none, wherewith to make me any return of this kind. I hope that was the only one which you communicated in your laſt, about Mrs. H——'s ſilence; for which ſhe wanted not reproaches from me; and has ſince, ſhe ſays, amply atoned for. I ſaw a few lines of yours to her, which are more obliging to me than I could have imagined: if you put *my welfare* into the ſmall number of things which you heartily wiſh (for a ſenſible perſon, of either ſex, will never wiſh for many), I ought to be a happier man than I ever yet deſerved to be.

Upon a review of your papers, I have repented of ſome of the trivial alterations I had thought of, which were very few. I would rather keep them till I have the ſatisfaction to meet you in the winter, which I muſt beg earneſtly to do; for hitherto methinks you are to me like a ſpirit of another world, a being I admire, but have no commerce with: I cannot tell but I am writing to a Fairy, who has left me ſome favours, which I ſecretly enjoy, and ſhall think it unlucky, if not fatal, to part with. So pray do not expect your Verſes till farther acquaintance.

## LETTER VII.

MADAM, Twitenham, Sept. 30, 1722.

NO confidence is ſo great, as that one receives from perſons one knows *may be* believed, and in things one is *willing* to believe. I have (at laſt) acquired this; by Mrs. H—— repeated aſſurances of a thing I am unfeignedly ſo deſirous of, as your allowing me to correſpond with you. In good earneſt, there is ſometimes in men as well as in women, a great deal of unaffected modeſty: and I was ſincere all along, when I told her perſonally, and told you by my ſilence, that I feared only to ſeem impertinent, while perhaps I ſeemed negligent, to you. To tell Mrs. —— any thing like what I really thought of her, would have looked ſo like the common traffic of compliment, that pays only to receive; and to have told it her in diſtant or baſhful terms, would have appeared ſo like coldneſs in my ſenſe of good qualities, (which I cannot find out in any one, without feeling, from my nature, at the ſame time a great warmth for them,) that I was quite at a loſs what to write, or in what ſtyle, to you. But I am reſolved, plainly to get over all objections, and faithfully to aſſure you, if you will help a baſhful man to be paſt all preliminaries, and forms, I am ready to treat with you for your friendſhip. I know (without more

more ado) you have a valuable ſoul; and wit, ſenſe, and worth enough, to make me reckon it (provided you will permit it) one of the happineſſes of my life to have been made acquainted with you.

I do not know, on the other hand, what you can think of me; but this, for a beginning, I will venture to engage, that whoever takes me for a poet, or a wit, (as they call it,) takes me for a creature of leſs value than I am: and that where-ever I profeſs it, you ſhall find me a much better man, that is, a much better friend, or at leaſt a much leſs faulty one, than I am a poet. That whatever zeal I may have, or whatever regard I may ſhew, for things I truly am ſo pleaſed with as your entertaining writings; yet I ſhall ſtill have more for your perſon, and for your health, and for your happineſs. I would, with as much readineſs, play the apothecary or the nurſe, to mend your head-aches, as I would play the critic to improve your verſes. I have ſeriouſly looked over and over thoſe you intruſted me with; and aſſure you, Madam, I would as ſoon cheat in any other truſt, as in this. I ſincerely tell you, I can mend them very little, and only in trifles, not worth writing about; but will tell you every tittle when I have the happineſs to ſee you.

I am more concerned than you can reaſonably believe, for the ill ſtate of health you are at preſent under: but I will appeal to time, to ſhew you how ſincerely

ſincerely I am, (if I live long enough to prove myſelf what I truly am,) Madam,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

I am very ſick all the while I write this letter, which I hope will be an excuſe for its being ſo ſcribbled.

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## LETTER VIII.

MADAM, Twitenham, Nov. 9.

IT happened that when I determined to anſwer yours, by the poſt that followed my receipt of it, I was prevented from the firſt proof I have had the happineſs to give you of my warmth and readineſs, in returning the epitaph, with my ſincere condolements with you on that melancholy ſubject. But nevertheleſs I reſolved to ſend you the one, though unattended by the other: I begged Mrs. H—— to incloſe it, that you might at leaſt ſee I had not the power to delay a moment the doing what you bid me; eſpecially when the occaſion of obeying your commands was ſuch, as muſt affect every admirer and well-wiſher of honour and virtue in the nation.

You

You had it in the very blots, the better to compare the places; and I can only ſay it was done to the beſt of my judgment, and to the extent of my ſincerity.

I do not wonder that you decline the poetical amuſement I propoſed to you, at this time. I know (from what little I know of your heart) enough at leaſt to convince me, it muſt be too deeply concerned at the loſs, not only of ſo great, and ſo near a relation; but of a good man (a loſs this age can hardly ever afford to bear, and not often can ſuſtain). Yet perhaps it is one of the beſt things that can be ſaid of poetry, that it helps us to paſs over the toils and troubles of this tireſome journey, our life; as horſes are encouraged and ſpirited up, by the jingling of bells about their heads. Indeed, as to myſelf, I have been uſed to this odd cordial, ſo long, that it has no effect upon me: but you, Madam, are in your honeymoon of poetry; you have ſeen only the ſmiles, and enjoyed the careſſes, of Apollo. Nothing is ſo pleaſant to a muſe as the firſt children of the imagination; but when once ſhe comes to find it meer conjugal duty, and the care of her numerous progeny daily grows upon her, it is all a ſour tax for paſt pleaſure. As the Pſalmiſt ſays on another occaſion, the age of a muſe is ſcarce above five and twenty: all the reſt is labour and ſorrow. I find by experience that his own fiddle is no great pleaſure to a common fiddler, after once the firſt good conceit of himſelf is loſt.

I long

I long at laſt to be acquainted with you; and Mrs. H—— tells me you ſhall ſoon be in town, and I bleſt with the viſion I have ſo long deſired. Pray believe I worſhip you as much, and ſend my addreſſes to you as often as to any female Saint in Heaven: it is certain I ſee you as little, unleſs it be in my ſleep; and that way too, holy hermits are viſited by the Saints themſelves.

I am, without figures and metaphors, yours: and hope you will think, I have ſpent all my fiction in my poetry; ſo that I have nothing but plain truth left for my proſe; with which I am ever, Madam,

Your faithful humble ſervant.

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## LETTER IX.

MADAM, Five o'clock

I THINK it a full proof of that unlucky ſtar, which upon too many occaſions I have experienced; that this firſt, this only day that I ſhould have owned happy beyond expectation (for I did not till yeſterday hope to have ſeen you ſo ſoon) I muſt be forced not to do it. I am too ſick (indeed very ill) to go out to ſee, and lie on a bed at my doctor's houſe, as a kind of force upon him to get me better with all haſte.

I am

I am ſcarce able to ſee theſe few lines I write; to wiſh you health and pleaſure enough not to miſs me to-day, and myſelf patience to bear being abſent from you as well as I can being ill. I am truly,

Your faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

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## LETTER X.

MADAM, Jan. 17, 172$\frac{3}{4}$.

AFTER a very long expectation and daily hopes of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing and converſing with you, I am ſtill deprived of it in a manner that is the moſt afflicting, becauſe it is occaſioned by your illneſs and your misfortune. I can bear my own, I aſſure you, much better: and thus to find you loſt to me, at the time that I hoped to have regained you, doubles the concern I ſhould naturally feel in being deprived of any pleaſure whatever.

Mrs. H—— can beſt expreſs to you the concern of a friend, who eſteems and pities: for ſhe has the liberty to expreſs it in her actions, and the ſatiſfaction of attending on you in your indiſpoſition.

I wiſh ſincerely your condition were not ſuch as to debar me from telling you in perſon how truly I

am

am yours. I wiſh I could do you any little offices of friendſhip, or give you any amuſements, or help you to what people in your preſent ſtate moſt want, better ſpirits. If reading to you, or writing to you, could contribute to entertain your hours, or to raiſe you to a livelier reliſh of life, how well ſhould I think my time employed! indeed I ſhould, and think it a much better end of my poor ſtudies, than all the vanities of fame, or views of a character that way, which engage moſt men of my fraternity.

If you thoroughly knew the zeal with which I am your ſervant, you would take ſome notice of the advice I would give you, and ſuffer it to have a weight with you proportionable to the ſincerity with which it is given.

I beg you to do your utmoſt to call to you all the ſuccours, which your own good ſenſe and natural reflection can ſuggeſt, to avoid a melancholy way of thinking, and to throw up your ſpirits by intervals of moderate company; not to let your diſtemper fix itſelf upon your mind at leaſt, though it will not entirely quit your body. Do not indulge too much ſolitarineſs. Though moſt company be not proper or ſupportable during your illneſs, force yourſelf to enter into ſuch as is good and reaſonable, where you may have your liberty, and be under no reſtraint.

Why will you not come to your friend Mrs. H——, ſince you are able to go out, and ſince motion is

certainly good for your health? why will you not make any little ſets of ſuch as you are eaſieſt with, to ſit with you ſometimes?

Do not think I have any intereſted aim in this advice: though I long to ſee you, and to try to amuſe you, I would not for the world be conſidered as one that would ever require, for my own gratification, any thing that might either be improper or hurtful to you.

Pray let me know, by our friend Mrs. H——, if there can be any thing in my power to ſerve, or to amuſe you. But uſe me ſo kindly, as not to think ever of writing to me till you are ſo well as that I may ſee you, and then it will be needleſs. Do not even read this, if it be the leaſt trouble to your eyes or head.

Believe me, with great reſpect, and the warmeſt good wiſhes for your ſpeedy recovery, Madam,

Your moſt faithful,
and moſt humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

## LETTER XI.

MADAM, Twitenham, June 2, 1723.

IT was an inexpreſſible pleaſure to me to ſee your Letter, as I aſſure you it had long been a great trouble to reflect on the melancholy reaſon of your ſilence and abſence. It was that only which hindered my writing, not only again, but often, to you; for fear your good-nature ſhould have been prompted to oblige me too much at your own expence, by anſwering. Indeed I never expreſſed (and never ſhall be able to expreſs) more concern and good wiſhes for you, than I ſhall ever feel for one of your merit.

I am ſorry, the moment you grow better, to have you ſnatched from thoſe, who I may ſay deſerve the pleaſure of ſeeing you in health, for having ſo long lamented and felt your illneſs.

Mrs. H——, I hope, will find it not impoſſible to draw you to Richmond; and if not, I dare ſay will not be long out of Hertfordſhire. I want nothing but the ſame happy pretence ſhe has, of a title through your friendſhip, and the privilege of her ſex, to be there immediately. I cannot but wonder you have not heard from her, though I ſhould wonder if any body elſe had; for I am told by her family ſhe has had much of the head-ach at Bath, beſides the excuſe

excuſe of a great giddineſs occaſioned naturally by the waters. I writ to her at the firſt going, and have not had a word from her; and now you tell me the ſame thing, I conclude ſhe has been worſe than I imagined. I hear ſhe returns on Wedneſday, when I ſhall have the ſatisfaction (I doubt not) to talk and hear a great deal of Mrs. ——.

I wiſh I could ſay any thing, either to comfort you when ill, or entertain you when well. Though nothing could, in the proper proportion of friendſhip, more affect me than your condition; I have not wanted other occaſions of great melancholy, of which the leaſt is the loſs of part of my fortune by a late act of Parliament.

I am at preſent in the afflicting circumſtance of taking my laſt leave of one of the * trueſt friends I ever had, and one of the greateſt men in all polite learning, as well as the moſt agreeable companion, this nation ever had.

I really do not love life ſo dearly, or ſo weakly, as to value it on any other ſcore, than for that portion of happineſs which a friend only can beſtow upon it; or, if I muſt want that myſelf, for the pleaſure which is next it, of ſeeing deſerving and virtuous people happy. So that indeed I want comfort; and the greateſt I can receive from you (at leaſt unleſs I were ſo

* Biſhop Atterbury.

ſo happy as to deſerve what I never can) will be to hear you grow better till you grow perfectly well, perfectly eaſy, and perfectly happy, which no one more ſincerely wiſhes than, Madam,

Your faithful and obliged friend and ſervant,

A. POPE.

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## LETTER XII.

MADAM, Twitenham, Sept. 26, 1723.

IT would be a vanity in me to tell you why I trouble you ſo ſoon again: I cannot imagine myſelf of the number of thoſe correſpondents whom you call favourite ones; yet I know it is thought, that induſtry may make a man what merit cannot; and if an old maxim of my Lord Oxford's be true, that in England if a man reſolve to be any thing, and conſtantly ſtick to it, he may (even a Lord Treaſurer): if ſo, I ſay, it ſhall not be want of reſolution that ſhall hinder me from being a favourite. In good earneſt, I am more ambitious of being ſo to you, Madam, than I ever was, or ever ſhall be, of being one to any Prince, or (which is more) any Prince's Miniſter, in Chriſtendom.

I wiſh

I wiſh I could tell you any agreeable news of what your heart is concerned in; but I have a ſort of quarrel to Mrs. H—— for not loving herſelf ſo well as ſhe does her friends: for thoſe ſhe makes happy, but not herſelf.

There is an air of ſadneſs about her which grieves me, and which, I have learnt by experience, will increaſe upon an indolent (I will not ſay an affected) reſignation to it. It will do ſo in men, and much more in women, who have a natural ſoftneſs that ſinks them even when reaſon does not. This I tell you in confidence; and pray give our friend ſuch hints as may put her out of humour with melancholy: your cenſure, or even your raillery, may have more weight with her than mine: a man cannot either ſo decently, or ſo delicately, take upon him to be a phyſician in theſe concealed diſtempers.

You ſee, Madam, I proceed in truſting you with things that nearly concern me. In my laſt Letter I ſpoke but of a trifle, myſelf: in this I advance farther, and ſpeak of what touches me more, a friend.

This beautiful ſeaſon will raiſe up ſo many rural images and deſcriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect you, and all ſuch as you (if there be any ſuch), at leaſt all who are not downright dull tranſlators, like your ſervant, muſt neceſſarily be productive of Verſes.

I lately ſaw a ſketch this way on the bower of Bedington *: I could wiſh you tried ſomething in the deſcriptive way on any ſubject you pleaſe, mixed with viſion and moral; like pieces of the old provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the moſt amuſing ſcenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable: "the Flower and the Leaf" every body has been delighted with.

I have long had an inclination to tell a Fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better; therefore a *viſion*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of deſcription you will; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think, one or two of the Perſian tales would give one hints for ſuch an invention: and perhaps if the ſcenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taſte (as I believe ſeveral of Chaucer's deſcriptions

* The Lines here alluded to are as follow:

In Tempe's ſhades the living lyre was ſtrung,
And the firſt Pope (immortal Phœbus) ſung,
Theſe happy ſhades, where equal beauty reigns,
Bold riſing hills, ſlant vales, and far-ſtretch'd plains,
The grateful verdure of the waving woods,
The ſoothing murmur of the falling floods,
A nobler boaſt, a higher glory yield,
Than that which Phœbus ſtampt on Tempe's field:
All that can charm the eye, or pleaſe the ear,
Says, Harmony itſelf inhabits here.

deſcriptions do, though it is what nobody has obſerved), it would add great beauty to the whole.

I wiſh you found ſuch an amuſement pleaſing to you: if you did but, at leiſure, form deſcriptions from objects in nature itſelf, which ſtruck you moſt livelily, I would undertake to find a tale that ſhould bring them all together: which you will think an odd undertaking; but in a piece of this fanciful and imaginary nature I am ſure is practicable. Excuſe this long Letter; and think no man is more

Your faithful and obliged ſervant,

A. POPE.

# LETTERS

TO

# WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

THE following Letters from Mr. POPE to Judge FORTESCUE, who has been ſo often mentioned, are taken from Mr. POLWHELE's valuable "Hiſtory of Devonſhire," and are inſerted here by his permiſſion.

# LETTERS

TO

# WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ.

## LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

FROM an information given me by Mr. Gay, correſpondent with what I formerly heard from you, that eſtates were yet to be had in Devonſhire, at twenty and twenty-five years' purchaſe, I beg it of you as a particular kindneſs to intereſt yourſelf ſo much in my affairs, as to get (if poſſible) about the yearly value of two hundred pounds, entirely, or in parcels, as it falls out, and as to your judgment ſhall ſeem meet. If Mr. Gay and I, by this means, become effectual by your countrymen, we hope (in conjunction with you) to come in time to repreſent Devonſhire itſelf. To which happy county, fertile in its productions, abounding in its wits, delicious in its cyders, be all honour, praiſe, glory, etc.—I am ever, ſincerely, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

## LETTER II.

DEAR SIR, March 8, 1732-3.

YOUR moſt kind Letter was a ſenſible pleaſure to me; and the friendſhip and concern ſhewn in it, to ſuggeſt what you thought might be agreeable to a perſon whom you know I would not diſoblige, I take particularly kind. But the affair in queſtion of any alteration is now at an end, by that Lady's having taken her own ſatisfaction in an avowed libel, ſo fulfilling the veracity of my prophecy. There has been another thing, wherein Pigot is abuſed as my learned counſel, written by ſome Iriſh attorney; and Curll has printed a parody on my own words, which he is proud of as his own production, ſaying he will pay no more of his authors, but can write better himſelf. The town, ſince you went, has entered much into the faſhion of applauding the "Eſſay on Man;" and in many places it is ſet up as a piece far excelling any thing of mine, and commended, I think, more in oppoſition to me, than in their real judgment it deſerves. I congratulate with you for being got out of the noiſe and debate about the Exciſes, getting money and health at once, and doing juſtice too. I think your's is much the better part. I muſt beg you to remind Mr. C——s of Mr. Bethel's affair, not to let ſlip this Lady-day, in making the demand on the premiſes

premiſes in Wales, it is certainly now high time he ſhould write to the attorney there. Having done with all law matters, the reſt of this paper ſhould be filled with all expreſſions of eſteem and friendſhip, if ſuch expreſſions could be of any uſe or grace after the experience and habit (the two ſtrongeſt of things) of many years. Believe me, you have the eſſentials; and the ceremonials, therefore, are laid aſide. Such a practice, continued where it is needleſs, is like keeping up the ſcaffolding after the building is finiſhed—what helped to raiſe it at firſt, will but diſgrace it at laſt. Adieu! and write at your leiſure.—*Sit tibi cura mei, ſit tibi cura tui.*

Yours ever,

A. POPE.

To *William Forteſcue*, Eſq. at his Houſe,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.

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## LETTER III.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 5th, 1734.

I SHOULD have told you, that if you have any occaſion to direct to Mr. Bethel, it muſt be at Beſtwick, near Beverley, Yorkſhire: this I had told you laſt Saturday, when I intended to have paſſed the evening with you; but one of my fits of illneſs ſent me to bed

at

at eight o'clock, after a tireſome day. I came to Twitnam, where I am in my garden, amuſed and eaſy: this is a ſcene where one finds no diſappointment; the leaves of this year, that are fallen, are ſure to come on again the next: 'tis far otherwiſe in the great world (I mean the little world) of a court, etc. Get to be a judge, the ſooner the better, and go to reſt. Adieu! Believe me truly your's. I think to ſee you at the end of the week. In the mean time, if you have any thing ſatisfactory from Eadnell or Roberts, tell me; for my friend's concerns are more than my own; or if you have not, at leaſt tell me you are well, and when I may be ſecureſt to find you at home. I am, moſt affectionately,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard,
by Lincoln's Inn, London.

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## LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 23d, 1735.

I AM ſummoned unexpectedly to Southampton, to take leave (I fear my laſt) of Lord Peterborough; from whence I return in a week, he going for France at the month's end: but I firſt took care of your houſe; the window is done, and the other bricked up;

up; as to the back window, I think it will do as it is; the painters have done, and next week the upholſterer ſets up the beds. I have not had one quiet day to poſſeſs my ſoul there in peace. I ſhall die of hoſpitality, which is a fate becoming none but a patriarch, or a parliament man in the country. Thoſe who think I live in a ſtudy, and make poetry my buſineſs, are more miſtaken than if they took me for a Prince of Topinambou. I love my particular friends as much as if I knew no others, and I receive almoſt every body that comes near me as a friend: this is too much; it diſſipates me when I ſhould be collected; for though I may be of ſome (not much) value to a few, yet, divided among ſo many, I muſt be good for nothing. Life becomes a mere paſtime. When ſhall you and I ſit by a fire-ſide without a brief or a poem in our hands, and yet not idle, not thoughtleſs, but as ſerious, and more ſo, than any buſineſs ought to make us, except the great buſineſs, that of enjoying a reaſonable being, and regarding its end?—the ſooner this is the caſe the better. God deliver you from law, me from rhyme, and give us leiſure to attend to what is more important. Believe me, dear Sir, with all affection, but in great hurry (for my foot is in the coach the moment my hand is off this paper). [May all happineſs wait on Buckland and Fallapit].

Entirely yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at Fallowpit,
near Totnes, Devon.

## LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, May 16th.

I SHOULD, without compliment, come to town any day you deſired, on any account, as well as on ſo agreeable an one as you propoſe; but (which I wonder my communicative waterman never told your people) my mother has been and is extremely ill, and dangerouſly ſo, of an intermittent fever, which requires my conſtant attendance. There is nobody with me but the Dean of St. Patrick's, who would hardly be here if he were not the beſt-natured and indulgent man I know; it is ſo melancholy a way of paſſing his time. I could be glad to ſee you, if you have a day of leiſure, and indeed there are few friends to whom I could make this requeſt. I wiſh you and yours well and happy in every circumſtance of life, and am truly, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

## LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been twice or thrice at your door, but found it locked, and was told ſince you were gone into the country, which (till I met your man this morning) I took to be Devonſhire. I rejoice at your being ſtill among us, as at a friend's being alive, whom one had thought departed. I very earneſtly deſire you to ſpend a day or two at Twitnam; I ſhall be there to-night, for ſome days. Pray don't deny that favour to

Your faithful, obliged, affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

*Saturday.* Gay is, and will be at Chiſwick.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

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## LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR, Friday Morning.

I WAS t'other day in town, but could not find you at any hour of it, except at night, when I could not be diſengaged. I have got Gay with me here, to paſs two or three days; we are quite alone and uninterrupted. If you can come to us on Saturday,

and ſtay Sunday, it will be highly delightful to us both, and Gay will return with you. I am ſo much better in health here than in town, yet I think to paſs my time almoſt entirely at home, for the remainder of the winter. I ſhall be much pleaſed if I find myſelf ſo much remembered by two or three (which is the moſt I either hope or wiſh) of my friends, as to be viſited by them now and then; and as I have experimentally known you to be one of thoſe, I beg you to continue thus mindful of him, who will always be ſo of you.

Your true friend and affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

I received your incloſed ſome days ſince. If his information be right, I think him honeſt in his profeſſion, induſtrious, and able; beſides which, he will work cheap.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at his Houſe,
at the upper end of Bell yard,
near Lincoln's Inn, London.

## LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR,

'TIS in the utmoſt hurry I ſend this, not to omit a poſt: my mother has had a moſt unfortunate accident of a fall, which has much bruiſed her, and almoſt had burned her, but for a great eſcape. Mr. Cheſelden had no ſooner writ me the incloſed (for I ſent a letter to his houſe but juſt before, as ſoon as I read yours), but he came hither to aſſiſt her. What he further tells me is, that he has the power of putting in four in a year: for the next two he ſtands indiſpenſably engaged, but will make Mr. Wiſe the third, which will be in about half a year: he will then certainly ſerve him: the terms, it ſeems, are 29*l.* for the courſe of the hoſpitals and the anatomy; he aſſures me he will forward and aſſiſt him all he can. Pardon my haſte, I am really in great trouble, and ſhe in great pain; God knows the event of ſuch a ſhock at her years. God proſper you all. Pray write how you continue recovering. Adieu!

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

## LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Gay and I am here, reading (but not writing) all day long. He is the reverſe of you, and hates exerciſe,—nay, I can't ſo much as get him into the garden. I employ myſelf yet a little there, and a little in caſting my eye upon the great heap of fragments and hints before me, for my large and almoſt boundleſs work, to remove as much of which as is in any method, out of the reſt, is ſo much clearing the way: therefore it is that I trouble you with ſo much tranſcribing. I ſend the third of the firſt part, relating to ſociety and government, which I believe Mr. Doves may pick out. And if he has tranſcribed what laſt I left with you, pray ſend it by the bearer. I have no thought of going to town theſe five days. All health attend you and yours.

Ever your affectionate friend and ſervant,

A. POPE.

Pray ſend ſome of your ſtyptic.

To Mr. *Forteſcue*.

## LETTER X.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, Tuesday, April 1736.

I NEED not tell you I am heartily glad of your return: my rheumatism having left me is not a greater joy. But I cannot leave this place at this important time, when every hour of my being here gives it a new improvement, as you will see when you come (I hope on Saturday). I inquired, but did not find the Ladies were so early at Richmond as you writ me word: indeed, the easterly wind was enough to discourage them. I send you the paper, which I see, by what you said, you like better than I do. I hope the subscription will fail, so far at least as to excuse me from the thing I never liked, and have been over-persuaded to do. I am truly, and always, Yours,

A. POPE.

If you take any subscribers in, you must give them a receipt in this form: Received of —— one guinea, being the whole payment for a volume of Mr. Pope's works, in prose, which, if the impression does not go on, I promise to return, on demand, after Midsummer next. W. F.

To the Honourable Mr. Baron *Fortescue*, in Bell-yard, by Lincoln's Inn, London.

## LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR, Friday Night.

You may think I have forgot you, and I may think you have forgot me; but I believe neither of us will think ſo wrong. The truth is, I have been neither at home nor at London a day together; for my Lord Peterborow came very ill from Hantſhire to Kenſington a fortnight ſince, and has ever ſince kept his chamber, where I have been to help him paſs his time almoſt daily. It was but yeſterday that I left him well enough to ſtay at Twitnam for a few days. If this reach you in time, and at leiſure, I hope it will bring you hither for a night. As ſoon as I return to town, you ſhall be troubled with me. Adieu! and may all health attend you, as I wiſh.

Yours always,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

## LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR,

THE only day I had I came hither, and was unlucky in miſſing you. I go away this moment; if you come on Saturday, Lady Suffolk dines with me, and you will find her even after dinner, if you can't come ſooner. On Sunday I ſhall be at home: why can't you lie at Twitnam Saturday night? I want to aſk and tell you many things,—ſome of buſineſs. I hope Mr. C——s has got the remainder of Mrs. Blount's debt from her brother, the whole 75*l.* which ſhe has occaſion enough for. Adieu! and know me for

Yours ever faithfully,

A. POPE.

To Mr. *Forteſcue.*

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## LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, Thurſday.

I AM heartily glad to hear of your ſafe arrival in town, and doubt not you will be pleaſed that I am as ſafe at Twitnam. I came from Bath two

days ſince hither, and find my mother tolerably well, as I hope you left all yours. I ſhould be glad to ſee you in town, but having been ſo long abſent, have ſome neceſſary matters here for a few days, which I would purſue, if you could find it ſuitable to your convenience to lie here on Saturday, and paſs the Sunday together, otherwiſe I will wait on you. In the mean time, pray convey this letter to Mr. Howard, it is a caſe that requires diſpatch, as you will ſee: and I beg, if you can, to favour it with any of the Board of Admiralty that you know, for I am convinced that he is ill uſed. Adieu! dear Sir, till we meet. Pray give me a line by Boury. I have a thouſand things to ſay to you.

Your ever affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. Member of Parliament, at his houſe in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

## LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE juſt received a note from Mrs. Blount, that ſhe and Lady Gerard will dine here to-day, which puts off my intention on Lord Hay. I wiſh you would dine with them, and we may go to Lord Hay's in the evening. But this, you ſee, hinders my being wholly at your ſervice till to-morrow, when I will certainly be ſo at any place or time.

Yours affectionately ever,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

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## LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

LADY Gerard was to ſee Chiſwick gardens (as I imagined), and therefore forced to go from hence by five: it was a mortification to Mrs. Blount to go, when there was a hope of ſeeing you and Mrs. Forteſcue. I can't get back to-night for want of a vehicle, but will be at home by eleven or twelve by water, ready to go with you to Jervas, unleſs you all care to come and ſee Chiſwick in the morning by ten, which if you do not, I will ſet out on my voyage. Adieu! dear Sir.

To Mr. *Forteſcue*.

## LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, Six o'Clock.

I HAVE often wiſhed, but twice only been, to ſee you. After an engagement of four or five days to a particular friend (for whom I was confined entirely), I now beg the firſt days I have had to myſelf, that you will paſs what time you can with us at Twitnam. I received a promiſe from Gay to be with us. I go home to-morrow evening, to ſtay all the week. Gay and I have been all about the Temple after you in vain. I wiſh you would ſacrifice a few days to me, who am as ſincerely (I faithfully aſſure you) as any man living, dear Sir,

Yours, moſt affectionately,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

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## LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, Sept. 6th.

I CANNOT expreſs the joy your Letter gives me. I was in great fears after I had written, learning no further of your ſtate, when I ſent three days to Mr. Thory. Your giving me theſe lines under your hand

is a kindneſs I ſhall long remember. I hope in God your recovery increaſes as faſt as I really wiſh it; one of my great apprehenſions was, you might not have a ſkilful phyſician in a diſtant country place, of which you have eaſed me; I hope you keep him near, or with you. I deſire earneſtly to hear of you ſoon again, though I hope the danger of a relapſe is over; but ſurely you muſt not hazard cold, by too quick a removal. Without pretences I am, and have been ſo long and ſo ſincerely your friend, that this alarm was a lively and deep-felt one to me; God forbid it ſhould ever be renewed: I may now have ſpirits enough to quote Homer to you, who ſays, "a friend is better than a kinſman." Your ſiſter, I hope, is well; and as ſhe ought to receive no harm from ſo virtuous an enterprize, ſo I truſt ſhe will have her reward complete in ſeeing you perfectly reſtored. I am ever, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate and faithful friend,

A. POPE.

Is there any thing at this diſtance that I can procure for you, or any corroborative advice that I can get for you from any of our phyſicians, or any buſineſs I could eaſe you the care of, or any thing you would have ſaid or done?

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at
Buckland Filleigh.

## LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, Sunday Night.

SINCE I left you, I am informed Curl has ſerved a proceſs upon Cooper (the publiſher of the Letters which I told you I connived at, who entered them in the Hall book), for what I know not, only I am told he put an advertiſement into a newſpaper againſt Curl. I bid him ſend you the proceſs, that you may judge what is to be done in it. If any thing be neceſſary, pray acquaint me. I ſend Mrs. Blount's receipt, as you ordered. God proſper you, protect you, bleſs you, as I love you, and ſhall ever do. Dear Sir, write me a line of your health.

A. POPE.

To Mr. *Forteſcue.*

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## LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR,

I QUITE forgot, in the place of buſineſs, where I laſt ſaw you, to mention a commiſſion of Lady Walpole's, that you will not forget her laver. I ſhall readily

readily ſpeak to Chiſeldon what you deſire, and to St. Andre, if you will; the others I have not the leaſt knowledge of: I will put Mrs. Howard alſo in mind of it: that Lady is now better; ſhe has been in ſome danger of a fever, and in extreme pain, ſince you ſaw her on Sunday; ſhe has hitherto kept her bed ſince that day. I will ſee her as ſoon as I can. If Dr. Arbuthnot knows Mr. Boucher, I will ſpeak to him on his return to town; or in any thing, any way in my power, do my utmoſt that you can ſuggeſt: being, with laſting truth, and all good wiſhes for you and yours,

Ever your affectionate friend,

A. POPE.

Pray leave me a memorandum where Mr. C——s is to be found, and give him all directions needful. I heartily wiſh you health, and a good journey. *Sit tibi cura mei. Sit tibi cura tui.*

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Eſq.

## LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

I AM renewing my old labour of employing you one way or other to your trouble, the moment you are got to town. I ſent yeſterday all about after you, in hopes to fix an hour for us to meet and chat, not upon buſineſs, but joy and ſociety. To-day, I believe, I muſt go to Twitnam, to get rid of a violent cold: in the mean time I beg you to draw up a draught of an article on the encloſed head, between Mr. L. and me, and to ſpeak to him to give you his former agreement for the Iliad, which will help the wording of ſome part, better than this ſcroll. The purport, however, of this is clear. I am ever, dear Sir,

Your moſt faithful, affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Tom's Coffee-houſe, in Devereux-court, Temple.

## LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR,

You ſee by the incloſed my ſiſter is in an alarum, I ſuppoſe occaſioned by a mere miſtake of Mr. C——'s clerk; or by her own too much haſte in running to adminiſter before him. I beg you will cauſe that miſtake forthwith to be removed, that ſhe may, without loſs of time, proceed with full powers. I muſt entreat your vigilance as to her great affair, that it may be done with all convenient ſpeed. It ſeems C——s ſays there is ſome difference in the account, as kept by Mr. Racket, and by the other party in the chancery ſuit. If you pleaſe to have a meeting with Mr. Effington, and examine this account of what has been paid into his hands, it will be the readieſt way, and is very neceſſary. I am glad you had not the mortification of ſeeing the country this ſad and gloomy day. I heartily wiſh myſelf with you. Adieu! dear Sir. I hope better luck next Sunday; till then, *vive memor noſtri*, dear Sir,

Your true friend,

and obliged faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

My mother ſends you her hearty ſervices.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at his Houſe,
in Bell-yard.

## LETTER XXII.

DEAR SIR,

IF this reaches you, I beg we may meet at the Doctor's about ſix to night. I muſt run again out of town, for my mother is very ill of a jaundice, and I come to ſpeak to the Doctor chiefly; I am afraid ſhe will be too ill to let me have the pleaſure of ſeeing you on Sunday, but the firſt day I can, I will ſend to beg it of you; being, with great truth and eſteem, dear Sir,

Ever yours,

A. POPE.

*Two o'clock.* I've been every where about to find you about your lodgings, Chambers, Dutton's, Merin's, Tom's, Lintot's. Pray try if you can find Gay.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.

## LETTER XXIII.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 1735.

THIS is only to tell you, I love you not the leſs for not ſeeing you more. Ever ſince we dined in the Park, I have been planting at home, have catched two colds on the neck of one another, but ſtill plant on, being reſolved to finiſh this fine ſeaſon. My alterations are what you would not conceive. Beſides, my ſhell temple is fallen down; and yet I live! Whether I ſhall ſee you before the end of the week in town, I know not. I dare not croſs the water to lie abroad, with this cold upon me. I hope you are well; I heartily love you, and wiſh you ſo. Adieu.

A. POPE.

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## LETTER XXIV.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, April 2.

I BEGAN a Letter to you about a fortnight paſt, which Gay was to finiſh, and accordingly put it in his pocket, I believe; for I never ſince could find it here. If you received it, it would look oddly enough; for intending to fill a page, I had left a large blank, and

probably he ſent it you juſt as it was. I have ever ſince been engaged in country-houſes and gardens, with one friend or other, and know nothing of the town, but that Bowry gave my mother ſometimes an account of the ſtate of the family, and of their drink. Dr. Swift is come into England, who is now with me, and with whom I am to ramble again to Lord Oxford's and Lord Bathurſt's, and other places. Dr. Arbuthnot has led him a courſe through the town, with Lord Cheſterfield, Mr. Pulteney, etc. Lord Peterborow and Lord Harcourt propoſe to carry him to Sir R. Walpole, and I to Mrs. Howard, etc. I wiſh you were here to know him. I have juſt now a very ill-timed misfortune, a lame thigh, which keeps me from theſe parties; but I hope, ſince ſo many of my friends' prayers are on this occaſion joined to my own, that I may be bleſſed with a ſpeedy recovery, and make one amongſt them. Many good wiſhes of mine attend you! May no ſimilar accident, ſuch as a fall from your horſe by day, or a ſprain in your back by night, retard your return to us! Pray acquaint me, more largely than you did in your laſt conciſe Letter, and in a ſtyle more ſuitable to the length and duration of a pleader and writer in law, of all your fortunes ſince we parted. In each and all of which, be aſſured, no man takes a truer part, and more wiſhes your welfare and proſperity, than, dear Sir,

Your faithful, ever affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortſcue*, Eſq.

## LETTER XXV.

DEAR SIR, June 24, 1720.

I HAVE a great many obligations to you, and I may ſay, the lampreys are of the freſh water, ſince they are very freſh and good. I am really piqued at the ſtocks, which put a ſtop, at preſent, to all trade and all friendſhip, and, I fear, all honour too. I am ſure, however, they do you as little prejudice, and your morals, as any man's; your memory of your friends is proved by the good offices you continue to do them; and I aſſure you I heartily wiſh ſome occaſion may offer itſelf of my proving to you my ſenſe of this which I ſay. Pray, if it is poſſible to remember a mere word of courſe in ſuch a place as Exchange-alley, remember me there to Gay; for any where elſe (I deem) you will not ſee him as yet. I depend upon ſeeing you here now the books are cloſed. Dear Sir, adieu!

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at Tom's Coffee-houſe, in Devereux-court, near the Temple.

## LETTER XXVI.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, Sept. 17, 1724.

YOUR friendly and kind Letter I received with real joy and gladneſs, to hear, after a long ſilence, of the welfare of a whole family, which I ſhall ever unfeignedly wiſh well to in all regards. I knew not in what part of the land to level a letter at you, or elſe you had heard firſt from me. My mother, indeed, is very ill; but as it ſeems only the effect of a cold, which always handles her ſeverely, I hope not in any danger. I am in the old way,—this day well, however, and the paſt and future are not in my power, ſo not much in my care. Gay is at the bath with Dr. Arbuthnot. Mrs. Howard returns your ſervices, and Marblehill waits only for its roof,—the reſt finiſhed. The little Prince William wants Miſs Forteſcue, or, to ſay truth, any body elſe that will play with him. You ſay nothing at what time we may expect you here; I wiſh it ſoon, and thought you talked of Michaelmas. I am grieved to tell you, that there is one Devonſhire man not honeſt; for my man Robert proves a vile fellow, and I have diſcarded him: *auri ſacra fames* is his crime, a crime common to the greateſt and meaneſt if any way in power, or too much in truſt! I am going upon a ſhort ramble to my Lord Oxford's, and Lord Cobham's, for a fort-

night, this Michaelmas; and the hurry I am at preſent in, with preparing to be idle, (a common caſe,) makes it difficult for me to continue this Letter, though I truly deſire to ſay many things to you. Homer is advanced to the eighth book, I mean printed ſo far. My gardens improve more than my writings; my head is ſtill more upon Mrs. Hd. and her works, than upon my own. Adieu! God bleſs you; an ancient and Chriſtian, therefore an unmodiſh and unuſual ſalutation. I am ever, ſincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Eſq. at Fallapit,
near Totnes, Devon.

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## LETTER XXVII.

DEAR SIR, Auguſt 24, 1730.

I HAD no ſooner received your kind Letter, with the ill news of your being ſeized with the gout, at Buckland, but your clerk acquainted me that you were extremely ill, which gives me unexpreſſible concern. My fears of your being diſtant from your family, and what help by phyſicians may be to be procured in a lone country, do ſincerely much trouble me. I beg to know by the firſt opportunity,

by a line either from yourſelf, or any other hand, how you are; and that you are not in ſo much danger as I apprehended. I will add no more words, ſince none can tell you how much I am in pain about you, and ſince they can only be troubleſome to yourſelf, if you are very ill. But God and my own heart know with what warm affection, and wiſhes for your recovery, and for your every happineſs and comfort, I am ever, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue,* Eſq. to be left at his Houſe, in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn, London.—Speed.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR SIR,

MRS. Howard will be glad to ſee you either Thurſday or Friday, which ſuits your conveniency; but it muſt be at the hour of eleven (as I fancied before), and not ſooner. I ſhould be glad to have you in your whole ſelf, (*i. e.* your family and poſterity,) dine here that day, and will not meet you, therefore, at Richmond, where you would be alone with

with her, but attend the Ladies here at any hour you will direct. I thank you for your laſt kind viſit, and am ſincerely, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and obliged ſervant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at his Houſe,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.

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## LETTER XXIX.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ſo ill to-day with the head-ach and wind, that I am utterly incapable of company or ſupping, or even converſing with any comfort. I muſt lie in an arm-chair till bed-time, and the motion of a chair makes me quite ſick. I am ſorry to be now twice diſappointed of you. I will come to-morrow afternoon or night, and take my chance. I am ever truly

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq.
in Bell-yard.

## LETTER XXX.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, Feb. 22.

I AM very much pleaſed that poor Barclay's ſcruples are removed, and will be gratefully and honeſtly your paymaſter for what you expend on his account. You know the Scripture ſays, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." I heartily thank you for remembering me as to the eſcalops, which are in perfection, and will be reſponſible to you for them when we meet next, which I beg may be as ſoon as poſſible. I have ſeen our friend Dr. Arbuthnot ſpend ſome hours in writing directions for us againſt the plague, which, when finiſhed, I will take care to communicate to you. I am, moſt faithfully and affectionately, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

Your purſe is left with the Doctor's man for you. My mother is better, and your ſervant.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Eſq. at his Chambers, in Harcourt-Buildings, in the Inner Temple.

## LETTER XXXI.

DEAR SIR, Thurſday.

I WAS one day in town, but could not find you in the evening. I have been ill, but nothing would make me better than the ſight of a friend. Several of mine are ill alſo: I hope you will hold up to comfort me. I muſt beg you to inform me carefully, and to bid your clerk alſo mind it, whenever Mr. Roberts comes to town (the perſon whoſe annuity Mrs. Blount purchaſed), that ſhe may have his life inſured, which, it ſeems, can't be done but when he is preſent. This is a very material point to her, and ſhe entreats you to give me the firſt notice. Mr. White told Mr. Bethel he would be in town ſoon. I muſt alſo deſire you to let me have a copy from Mr. C——s, of Abbot's account, what monies he paid to Mr. Eſſington, etc. Next Sunday I am engaged; any other day I am at your ſervice wholly, as I am entirely, dear Sir, and affectionately, your friend,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

## LETTER XXXII.

DEAR SIR, Thurſday Morn.

You may reaſonably wonder to have not heard of me ſo long; but for four or five days I intended to ſee you in town, and have been prevented by a terrible cold, which yet confines me to my chamber. The firſt day I can get to you I will; in the mean time I write to tell you I cannot forget you and yours. I hope you and they are well. I juſt now hear Mr. Gay is come to town. I hope to meet all together about Sunday at fartheſt, for I have three or four days' buſineſs, which is very inconveniently put off by my preſent indiſpoſition. Mrs. Blount ſends you her ſervices, and will be in town on Saturday. Believe no man more affectionately yours. I am your faithful friend and ſervant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn.

## LETTER XXXIII.

DEAR SIR, Monday, April.

I was two nights in town, and aimed at ſeeing you on both; but the curſed attendance on the exciſe bill deprived me of it, and I grumble with the reſt, upon that ſcore, at it. Your preſent life is labour; I hope your future will be in more repoſe, and that you may ſleep either on the bench or off, juſt as you pleaſe. Twickenham will be as much at the ſervice of my Lord Judge, as it was of my learned Counſel; and I flatter myſelf in the imagination that your hours and days in general will be more mine, when they are more yours. Adieu! and keep my ſecret as long as it will keep: I think myſelf ſo happy in being approved by you, and ſome few others, that I care not for the public a jot.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn, London.

## LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR SIR,

I AM forced to write to you upon this red-lined paper, for I've not a ſheet in the houſe beſide. I ſent Bowrey to aſk you when I might hope to ſee you. I really want it, for I am very near ſunk in melancholy, having been full ſix weeks here, attending a very melancholy care. I would otherwiſe have tried to fix a day to meet you at Sir R. W.'s (with his permiſſion, and your coadjutorſhip). I have a particular reaſon to deſire to know a thing, which I believe he will tell me if you aſk it,—Who was author of a book called "*An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of this Age* *," dedicated to him, as a libel upon me. I formerly ſent it to Sir R. by you (as I think). Pray aſk him, and aſſure him of my reſpectful ſervices. I am ever, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

Pray ſend me ſome paper; 'tis all I can get by you men in place.

* It does not appear that Pope learned the name of this Writer. See Vol. V. p. 352. C.

## LETTER XXXV.

DEAR SIR, Wednesday.

THE very melancholy situation I have been in, from the very day you begun the journey to Devonshire, made me not willing to break the enjoyment and peace of your domestic satisfactions in your family there; and poor Mr. Gay's great danger added to my concern. My mother still keeps her bed, and, I fear, is very unlikely to rise again: the distemper, which probably will finish all her decays, holds upon her, and does not yield to any remedies; the most is an interval from pain into weakness and slumbers. God knows when I shall see you or any body; in the mean time I thank you for many offices of your friendship, and beg you will continue to assist my sister's * affairs: I presume Essington is now in town, and would send you his account, if demanded. Mrs. Blount has charged me with many speeches to be made you upon your care in her annuity. But I am unable to say, or almost do any thing, my own spirits are so sunk. I wish you sincerely joy of what I am told is given you, and shall always make it my wish to Heaven for you. *Det vitam, det opes, æquam animam tibi ipse parabis.*

Your very faithful servant,

A. POPE.

* Mrs. Racket.

Pray

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Horace Walpole, whom I would have waited on with my thanks, but for this confinement on account of my mother.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. at his Houſe,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn.

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## LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR SIR,

I FIRST thank you for your kind viſit, and hope you are not the worſe for the cold day. I find by the incloſed that there muſt be more money ſomewhere to be found of my ſiſter's affair; for the principal ſum was 1700 *l.* beſide intereſt: and, as I underſtand no part of the principal ever was paid, I therefore beg you to cauſe inquiry to be ſpeedily made of Mr. Thurſton, the maſter in chancery. Pray, ought you not to require a ſight of Eſſington's books themſelves, where the account was kept, if his extract prove not ſatisfactory? The queſtion my ſiſter aſks about one Abbot I cannot anſwer, unleſs you find it in the writings and papers ſhe ſent you. I have troubled you with the parcel for New England. For all your kindneſſes

kindneſſes I thank you cordially, and am, with ſincere eſteem,

Your faithful friend and ſervant,

A. POPE.

My mother is rather worſe, than better.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn, London.

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## LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR SIR, Down-Hall, in Eſſex, Jan. 5.

I HAD writ the poſt after my receipt of yours, but it followed me thirty miles beyond London, where I have ſpent part of the Chriſtmas. I yet hope this will find you; and yet I wiſh the very next day you may begin your journey, becauſe ſincerely I cannot ſee you too ſoon. I am rejoiced that your gout left you the day after I did: may it never return! though it bring many compliments along with it: for, let my friends wiſh me as long a life as they pleaſe, I ſhould not wiſh it to myſelf with the allay of great or much pain. My old Lord Dorſet ſaid very well in that caſe, the tenure is not worth the fine. I hope the joys of a marriage, both to thoſe who poſſeſs, and to you who procure, (modeſtly ſpeaking,) will obliterate all thoſe melancholy thoughts. I wiſh the new couple all feli-

city.

city. And pray make haſte to town with the remainder of your family, and put them into the like happy condition with all ſpeed. I had lately an opportunity of telling my Lord Harcourt what we had miſſed of, when at Sir W.'s, and of making him the compliment of his cyder merchants. His reply was, that he deſired to treat with you further, both in that capacity and in your other of a lawyer. To which purpoſe I have promiſed to bring you to dine with him as ſoon as you return to town, which I earneſtly expect, and doubt not you will improve the acquaintance with each other. After thanking you for your kind Letter, and returning you my mother's ſervices, (who is pretty well,) I have only to add, that I will not fail, upon my return to town, to make all your compliments to Mrs. Howard, and to aſſure you I am, with truth, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate friend and ſervant,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Fortſcue*, Eſq. at Fallapit, near Totnes, Devon.—Frank, Oxford.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR SIR, Monday, Jan. 1734-5.

MRS. Blount's party with Mrs. Knight, to pay your family a viſit, is deſired to be to-morrow, if it ſuit with your conveniency; and if ſo, they chuſe to dine with you. The evenings they are engaged for all this week. I, who know your ſpirit of hoſpitality, conclude, you'll like the dinner beſt. Adieu, and let them have your anſwer to-night, or *per* bearer. Believe me ever, with true affection, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn.

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## LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, Nov. 13, 1735.

I HAD fully hoped to have ſeen you ere now; but though I was in town two days and half, I could find no evening; and am now unwilling to be there till all the buſtle of the wedding is over. In the mean time I hope you'll ſecure Mrs. Blount, by inſuring Roberts' life the moment he comes to town.

If it were but for two or three months, or leſs, (if the money be not actually paid ſooner,) I have ſent the laſt aſſurance, in caſe it can be any direction to the next. I employ theſe few days in putting the laſt hand to my Eſſay, and I will then immediately print it. I meditate a fine edition of the whole, which I will ſoon have the pleaſure to ſee in your library, with an inſcription of the love the author bears you. Sincerely, dear Sir, I am always

Yours,

A. POPE.

I am told that Miſs Forteſcue is perfectly well (I hope truly).

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## LETTER XL.

DEAR SIR, Friday, 1733.

I HAVE been hindered by an accident of ceremony, which could not be waved, from lying at your houſe laſt night or this. I muſt juſt look at my own home to-morrow, and, as it is Saturday, wiſh for your company. I am to be conveyed by a party of your friends. Miſs Patty Blount, never having ſeen you of late, deſires you will be of it. We go to paſs ſome hours at Chiſwick Gardens, and ſet out by water from Whitehall at eight to-morrow morn: thence I would

attend

attend you home. I'd be glad you had leiſure to do this, which would be a true pleaſure to

Your ever obliged friend and faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

A word in anſwer will find me at Lord Bathurſt's.

To *Wm. Fortescue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard, by Lincoln's Inn.

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## LETTER XLI.

DEAR SIR, Friday Morning, Nov. 1734.

YOUR Letter (by the negligence of our poſt, which often delivers 'em not here till ten o'clock) came too late for me to get any conveyance to town to-day. But certainly you have juſt as much authority as I, as a friend of Mrs. Blount, to determine in this affair, as to the quarter's rent; or if you ſcruple it, apply to her: you and I, I am ſure, ſhall be of the ſame opinion of it. As to the bill of charges, I think that is out of the queſtion of their rent and principal, and may be decided ſeparately, but doubtleſs to be inſiſted on. I want to ſee you very much; ſhall you come this way on Saturday? For though I intended to be in town, I find I muſt take phyſic, being in a very ill way this week: though if I had found a coach to-day,

I had come; as I often have for my friends, when really I have been little able. Adieu! I am truly, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

Have you lately ſeen Lady Suffolk? She was ill when I left the town.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard,
near Lincoln's Inn.—Speed.

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## LETTER XLII.

DEAR SIR, Friday, Dec. 1734.

I FULLY intended to have dined with you yeſterday, and the day before; but the firſt of them I was taken in at Court, and yeſterday and to-day am ſo ill of a moſt troubleſome cold, which has brought down the uvula of my mouth, that I cannot dine at all. Would you go to-morrow to Twitnam, and could you ſpare the coach, I would go gladly with you; if not, I muſt ſtay, *per* force, till Sunday morning. I hope all your fireſide are well, and growing merrier and merrier as Chriſtmas approaches. I ſhall have no reſt nor joy till I get to my Mum again. Adieu! dear Sir, Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard
near Lincoln's Inn Fields.

## LETTER XLIII.

DEAR SIR, Thurſday, One o'clock, Jan. 1734-5.

I HAVE been not only in and out of town ſo often, but ſo ridiculouſly employed (as I tell you at large), that I could not get one hour to ſee you. Pray tell me when I ſhall be ſure of you at home. This day, at any hour? Mrs. Blount has now diſpoſed very well of her money, which a friend of ours will pay at 4 *per cent.* for from this day. Therefore, if you'll order it me, I'll take it for her forthwith, and bring you any proper receipt you ſhall ſend me. I write this from her houſe. Adieu! All happineſs attend you, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard.

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## LETTER XLIV.

DEAR SIR, London, March 22, 1734-5.

I DEFERRED this two or three poſts to ſend you an anſwer from Dr. Mead, of the truth of what you heard. But he knows no example that can quite be depended on, of the pulvis A. curing, after any one

began to rave, or otherwiſe than if taken very ſoon after the wound. I gave Mr. Bl. the account, which will be paid as ſoon as you pleaſe, if your clerk have the receipts from the attornies; or if not, when you return. Mr. Bethel has been with Mr. C——s about it, who told him to defer it till you come. I've ſeen your family twice, once at Mr. Jervas's, and laſt night at home: they are all well, except a little cold which Miſs Forteſcue has, but was very merry. I hope you have this week ſeen Buckland with pleaſure, and in a ſtate of improvement; and that you will ſee Fallapit with the ſame. Twitnam is very cold theſe eaſterly winds; but I preſume they don't blow in the happy regions of Devonſhire. My garden, however, is in good condition, and promiſes fruits not too early. I am building a ſtone obeliſk, making two new ovens and ſtoves, and a hot-houſe for ananas, of which I hope you will taſte this year. The public news and votes tell you all the buſineſs of the ſeaſon: it is generally thought the Parliament will be up in the middle of April. Adieu! May ſucceſs, health, and money attend you in all your circulations. I am faithfully and affectionately, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn.

## LETTER XLV.

DEAR SIR, Friday Night, Nov. 1735.

I HOPE this finds you well arrived. I was put into more ſolicitude than I expected, for your health, by Dr. Hollings, who the other day told me you had been out of order, of which I knew nothing. I hope in God it is quite over. Give me a line when I may ſee you moſt at leiſure. I think to be in town on Monday or Tueſday. The man whom Curl ſerved with a proceſs, juſt before you went out of town, I ſuppoſe ſhould have the aſſiſtance of an attorney, to appear for him the firſt day of term, to know what it is for? I am always impatient to ſee you, dear Sir, and always faithfully

Yours,

A. POPE.

To *Wm. Forteſcue*, Eſq. in Bell-yard.

## LETTER XLVI.

DEAR SIR, Sunday, May 1736.

I AM gone (before this can reach you) to Southampton, where my ſtay will be a fortnight. I was ſorry to have no opportunity of paſſing a day with you and yours; but I propoſe it often after my return. In the mean time the purpoſe of this Letter is to deſire you and them to make what uſe you will of my houſe and gardens, which are large enough to lodge you all, and to try if they can bear a country life any where but in Devonſhire. Dear Sir, believe me ever, ſincerely,

Your moſt affectionate faithful friend
and ſervant,
A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Forteſcue*,
in Bell-yard, by Lincoln's Inn,
London.

## LETTER XLVII.

Twicknam,

DEAR SIR, Tuesday Night, May 1736.

IT is very long that I have not heard any thing of you. The illness you left me under at Chiswick continued violently five whole days, two of which I was in London, and returned as ill hither. Upon the whole, I've had head-aches most of the time I have passed since. I inquired, and find you've been but one night at Richmond. Where are you? and how are you? I fancy you've been in Essex, or on some excursion. I think to be in London for two days at the end of this week, and then at home all the next. Pray let me know at which place I may see you most to your conveniency; who, while I live, shall be always truly, dear Sir,

Yours,

A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Forteſcue*,
in Bell-yard, Lincoln's Inn,
London.

## LETTER XLVIII.

DEAR SIR, Wedneſday, May 1736.

MY days are become ſo uncertain, that I find I ſhall not have *to-morrow* in my power. This moral ſentence is too true in my regard; for I ſee my propoſal of Mr. Crank's dining here will not be. I therefore beg to lay hold of the preſent day, and that you'll all come and dine here directly; for after this day I muſt be held down to two ſucceſſive parties for morning, noon, and night. The Prince's marriage influencing others, has this effect on me, to reverſe what was before promiſed. Pray, if you can't dine here to-day, come in the afternoon and ſup, or come on Friday evening. Adieu! I am ever, ſincerely,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

I have put pickled pork and peaſe in readineſs for dinner.

## LETTER XLIX.

DEAR SIR, Two o'clock, June 1736.

I HAVE been detained by two or three accidents from dining with you; one of which is, the rebuilding of the temple, which I hope will in glory equal the firſt. I wiſh the Ladies and you would come this afternoon, and give their aſſiſtance. If you go to Marble-hill, you'll eaſily come on and ſup with me on Weſtphaly ham, etc. or drink tea at leaſt. I will, if you pleaſe, go with you to-morrow to Lord Hay's, and afterwards dine with you, if it ſuit your other engagements. Adieu! but I hope not for many hours.

Yours entirely,

A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Forteſcue*,
at the Vineyard in Richmond.

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## LETTER L.

DEAR SIR, Rouſham, July 26, 1739.

I WRITE this much out of humour, to find it impoſſible for me to get to London in time before your journey. I had written to my ſervant to ſend my chaiſe,

chaiſe, and horſes to it, about the middle of this week; and wrote to Mrs. Blount, that I hoped to ſee both you and her here, the moment after I received your moſt kind letter. I find by one from her, that you have met at laſt, and that you have complimented her with the ſhepherd's tabernacle, of which I doubt not ſhe is very glad, and for which I thank you too. The day before I was to ſet out, my Lord Cornbury came hither to General Dormers, and inſiſts ſo urgently, that he did ſo, purely to get me to Cornbury for ſome days, (where I formerly made, and am to make ſome alterations,) that I can't refuſe it; or muſt take another journey expreſsly, which, indeed, I am not able to do, my weak frame being almoſt ſhook to pieces with this. I am within a mile of your brother Page, who threatens to come hither; and 'tis very probable I may ſee him at dinner to-morrow. If we were well enough acquainted, I might be tempted to go the circuit with you as far as Southampton. I fancy no coaches are ſo eaſy as the Judges', and no journies more gradual: then I might be ſure of repoſing ſome days between whiles, and keeping ſober and ſad company. To be ſerious; I wiſh yours may contribute to your health, more than I fear it will to your entertainment. Let me hear now and then how you continue; and be aſſured, all the effects of an old and an experienced friendſhip dwell about me, and will ever wait upon you; whatever be the events of a world I am daily weaning myſelf from,

as

as I think it leſs and leſs lovely, and leſs worthy either remembrance or concern. Adieu! dear Sir, and think (as you truly may) he is a diſintereſted man who makes you this profeſſion, and who will ever be

Your moſt affectionate, faithful,

humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

I beg you to ſend the incloſed Letter to Mrs. Blount. I never received that which you mention to have written to me to Twitnam.

To the Hon. Mr. Juſtice *Forteſcue*,
at his Houſe, in Bell-yard, near
Lincoln's Inn, London.

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## LETTER LI.

DEAR SIR, September 3, 1737.

IT is long that I have not writ to you; but want of materials is a good reaſon for not writing at any time; and that which I never want, friendſhip and affection, have not much to ſay, though they feel much. The knowledge you will not fail, from long experience, to have of mine for you, though it has had few means to prove itſelf; and the opinion which, I flatter myſelf, you have of my being no ungrateful

man to thoſe who have proved theirs to me; will ſufficiently convince you I am always thinking of, and wiſhing well to you. I have this ſummer contrived to make a circuit, almoſt as long as yours, though leſs uſeful; from which I am not yet returned. I have been now a full month on the ramble, firſt to Southampton and Portſmouth, but the ſtormy weather prevented my deſign on the Iſle of Wight; thence to Oxford, and Cirenceſter, and Bath. It will be near Michaelmas before I ſhall ſee Richmond, or Mrs. Blount, who went thither (as I hear by the laſt poſt) but two days ago, to enjoy the palace you left her, being much rejoiced to be at repoſe after a ramble ſhe has alſo made. I hope Mrs. Spooner is now in perfect health, though ſhe had been ailing when I laſt ſaw her before her journey. I hope you are all together by this time, or will about the time this Letter reaches you; which comes to congratulate you on the ſabbath of your labours, and to exhort you to concert this Michaelmas ſome improvements of your wood, etc. at Buckland, *factura nepotibus umbras*. But cut out ſome walks for yourſelf, while you yet have legs, and make ſome plain and ſmooth under your trees, to admit a chaiſe or chariot when you have none. I find myſelf already almoſt in the condition, though not the circumſtances, of an aged judge, and am forced to be carried in that manner over Lord Bathurſt's plantations. Do not be diſcouraged from giving me, once more at leaſt,

leaſt, an account of yourſelf. If directed to Twitenham, it will find its way to me. Be aſſured, I am, with old ſincerity, and ever ſhall be, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and obliged
friend and ſervant,
A. POPE.

To the Hon. Mr. Baron *Forteſcue*,
in Bell-yard, near Lincoln's Inn,
London.

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## LETTER LII.

DEAR SIR, Monday, Seven o'clock, March 1743.

IT is indeed very long ſince we have met; but I do not forget you, nor do I think you forget me, ſince you were ſo kind as to call yeſterday. I did not expect you while Lord Bolingbroke was with me (though I ſaw any friend alone). Since he left me I have been in Kent for ſome time, and had Mr. Weſt's family here a fortnight; have never been two days in town, nor one Sunday at home, without being confined to company. This is the truth; and I had written as much to you, but for the hope every week of ſeeing you the next. If this find you, dear Sir, at Richmond, I will take boat inſtantly. I truly am, and ever ſhall be, as I ever have been,

Your moſt obliged and faithful humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

## LETTER LIII.

DEAR SIR, Twitnam, Wedneſday, April 1743

I THANK you for your kind invitation to dine with you, but I have not dined this long while, ſo as to be fit for any man's table, or food. I am not yet free from a fever, and yet muſt be carried in a coach to-morrow to London, to be the nearer the Doctor. If you could as well take the air this way, I would get you a chicken, and enjoy here what I wiſh I could there, an hour or two of your company. The waterman gives me but an imperfect account of the ſtate of your health, which I anſwer no man deſires with more ſincerity, than, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and
ever faithful ſervant,
A. POPE.

To the Right Hon. the *Maſter of the Rolls.*

## LETTER LIV.

DEAR SIR, Saturday Night, June 1743.

I HAVE twice had the ill fortune to miſs you, when I went to the Rolls; the laſt time Mr. Solicitor and I were together: and now that he and I are at Twitenham (for one day only), my Lord Bolingbroke happens to be ſo, which hinders us from ſeeing you. I ſhall be in town again in two or three days, and hope then to dine and ſup with you. I am really troubled to meet you ſo rarely, as I preſerve the memory of ſo many hours and days formerly paſſed together; and am, with that ſort of truth which was to be found in old-faſhioned friendſhips, dear Sir,

Your faithful and ever moſt affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

To the Right Hon. the *Maſter of the Rolls*,
Richmond.

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THESE Letters are valuable in one point of view, as they prove, clearer than a thouſand arguments, that the Letters which Pope publiſhed were poliſhed and laboured for the preſs. It may be amuſing to compare theſe unvarniſhed and unaffected effuſions of friendſhip, with his elegant and more elaborate epiſtolary compoſitions.

# THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE

## *A COMEDY.*

Rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur invidia. MART.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may be neceſſary to acquaint the Reader, that this Play is printed exactly as it is acted: for though the Players, in compliance with the taſte of the Town, broke it into five parts in the repreſentation; yet as the action pauſes, and the ſtage is left vacant but three times, ſo it properly conſiſts but of three Acts, like the Spaniſh Comedies.

I muſt farther own the aſſiſtance I have received in this Piece from two of my friends *; who, though they will not allow me the honour of having their names joined with mine, cannot deprive me of the pleaſure of making this acknowledgment.

JOHN GAY.

* Pope and Arbuthnot, who had an equal hand in the performance. It was unſucceſsful on the Stage; and Cibber, in the character of *Bays*, introduced an alluſion to it, which was one of the offences which procured him a place in the DUNCIAD. See Vol. IV. p. 16. Note; Vol. V. p. 50. Note. C.

Pope was certainly as much concerned in writing this Farce, as he was in writing the Memoirs of Scriblerus: it was a *joint production*: though it is unworthy the names of its authors; yet as much has been ſaid of it, and as it was the cauſe of the memorable quarrel of Pope with Cibber, I have thought it might gratify curioſity, if I gave it a place.

# PROLOGUE.

AUTHORS are judg'd by ſtrange capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the ſmall ones Fools.
Yet ſure the beſt are moſt ſeverely fated,
For Fools are only laugh'd at,—Wits are hated.
Blockheads with reaſon men of ſenſe abhor;
But Fool 'gainſt Fool is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all Authors then ſhould Critics fall?
Since ſome have writ, and ſhewn no wit at all.
Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French that made it."
By running goods, theſe graceleſs Owlers gain,
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But Wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Daſh'd by theſe rogues, turns Engliſh common draught:
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' ſprightly ſtrain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How ſhall our Author hope a gentle fate,
Who dares moſt impudently——not tranſlate!
It had been civil, in theſe tickliſh times,
To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign climes;
Spaniard and French abuſe, to the world's end,
But ſpare Old England, leſt you hurt a friend.
If any Fool is by our ſatire hit,
Let him hiſs loud, to ſhow you all—he's bit.
Poets make characters, as Saleſmen clothes;
We take no meaſure of your fops and beaus:
But here all ſizes and all ſhapes ye meet,
And fit yourſelves—like chaps in Monmouth-ſtreet.

Gallants,

Gallants, look here! this fool's-cap * has an air—
Goodly and ſmart—with ears of Iſſachar.
Let no one Fool engroſs it, or confine:
A common bleſſing! now 'tis yours, now mine,
But Poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for ſuch as will, to wear:
Our Author has it now; for ev'ry Wit
Of courſe reſign'd it to the next that writ:
And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly thrown †,
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* Shews a cap with ears.

† Flings down the cap, and *exit*.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### MEN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fossile, | Doctors, | Mr. *Johnson.* |
| Possum, | | Mr. *Norris.* |
| Nautilus, | | Mr. *Lee.* |
| Ptisan, Apothecary, | | Mr. *Miller.* |
| Plotwell, | | Mr. *Cibber.* |
| Underplot, | | Mr. *Pinkethman.* |
| Sir Tremendous, | | Mr. *Bowman.* |
| First Player, | | Mr. *Walker.* |
| Second Player, | | Mr. *Quin.* |
| Sailor, | | Mr. *Bickerstaff.* |

Footmen, Servants, &c.

### WOMEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Townley, | Mrs. *Oldfield.* |
| Mrs. Phoebe Clinket, | Mrs. *Bicknell.* |
| Sarsnet, | Mrs. *Hunt.* |
| Prue, | Mrs. *Willis.* |

# THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.

## *A COMEDY.*

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## ACT I.

*Enter* FOSSILE, *leading* TOWNLEY.

FOSSILE *.

WELCOME, my bride, into the habitation of thy huſband. The ſcruples of the parſon——

TOWNLEY.

And the fatigue of the ceremony——

FOSSILE.

Are at laſt well over.

TOWNLEY.

Theſe blank licences are wonderful commodious. —The Clergy have a noble command, in being rangers of the park of matrimony; produce but a warrant, and they deliver a lady into your poſſeſſion: but I have no quarrel with them, ſince they have put me into ſo good hands.

FOSSILE.

* The character of *Foſſile* was deſigned as a ridicule on Dr. Woodward; and that of *Sir Tremendous*, on Dennis.

FOSSILE.

I now proclaim a ſolemn ſuſpenſion of arms between medicine and diſeaſes. Let diſtempers ſuſpend their malignant influence, and powders, pills, and potions, their operations. Be this day ſacred to my love! I had rather hold this hand of thine, than a ducheſs by the pulſe.

TOWNLEY.

And I this, than a hand of matadores.

FOSSILE.

Who knows but your relations may diſpute my title to your perſon? Come, my dear, the ſeal of the matrimonial bond is conſummation.

TOWNLEY.

Alas! what will become of me!

FOSSILE.

Why are thy eyes fix'd on the ground? why ſo ſlow? and why this trembling?

TOWNLEY.

Ah! heedleſs creature that I was, to quit all my relations, and truſt myſelf alone in the hands of a ſtrange man!

FOSSILE.

Courage, thou beſt of my curioſities! Know that in huſband is comprehended all relations; in me thou ſeeſt a fond father.

TOWNLEY.

Old enough o' my conſcience. [*Aſide.*

FOSSILE.

You may, you muſt truſt yourſelf with me.

TOWNLEY.

Do with me as you pleaſe. yet ſure you cannot ſo ſoon forget the office of the church. Marriage is not to be undertaken wantonly, like brute beaſts. If you will trangreſs, the ſin be upon your own head.

FOSSILE.

Great indeed is thy virtue, and laudable is thy modeſty. Thou art a virgin, and I a philoſopher: but learn that no animal action, *quatenus animal*, is unbecoming of either of us. But hold! where am I going? Prithee, my dear, of what age art thou?

TOWNLEY.

Almoſt three and twenty.

FOSSILE.

And I almoſt at my grand climacterick. What occaſion have I for a double-night at theſe years? She may be an Alcmena; but, alas! I am no thunderer. [*Aſide.*

TOWNLEY.

You ſeem ſomewhat diſturb'd; I hope you are well, Mr. Foſſile.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

What buſineſs have I in the bed-chamber, when the ſymptoms of age are upon me? Yet hold, this is the famous corroborative of Crollius; in this vial are included ſons and daughters. Oh, for a draught of the *aqua magnanimitatis* for a vehicle! fifty drops of *liquid laudanum* for her doſe would but juſt put us upon a par. *Laudanum* would ſettle the preſent ataxy of her animal ſpirits, and prevent her being too watchful. [*Aſide.*

*Enter a* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, your piſtachoe-porridge is ready. [*Exit.*

FOSSILE.

Now I think of it, my dear; Venus, which is in the firſt degree of Capricorn, does not culminate till ten; an hour, if Aſtrology is not fallible, ſucceſsful in generation.

TOWNLEY.

I am all obedience, Sir.

FOSSILE.

How ſhall I reward thee for ſo much goodneſs? Let our wedding as yet be a ſecret in the family. In the mean time I'll introduce my niece Phœbe Clinket to your acquaintance: but, alas! the poor girl has a procidence of the pineal gland, which has occaſioned a rupture

a rupture in her underſtanding. I took her into my houſe to regulate my œconomy; but inſtead of puddings, ſhe makes paſtorals; or, when ſhe ſhould be raiſing paſte, is raiſing ſome ghoſt in a new tragedy. In ſhort, my houſe is haunted by all the underling players, broken bookſellers, half-voiced ſinging-maſters, and diſabled dancing-maſters in town. In a former will I had left her my eſtate; but I now reſolve that heirs of my own begetting ſhall inherit. Yonder ſhe comes in her uſual occupation. Let us mark her a-while.

*Enter* CLINKET, *and her* MAID *bearing a writing-deſk on her back.* CLINKET *writing, her head-dreſs ſtained with ink, and pens ſtuck in her hair.*

MAID.

I had as good carry a raree-ſhow about the ſtreet. Oh! how my back akes!

CLINKET.

What are the labours of the back to thoſe of the brain, thou ſcandal to the Muſes? I have now loſt a thought worth a folio, by thy impertinence.

MAID.

Have not I got a crick in my back already, that will make me good for nothing, with lifting your great books?

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Folios call them, and not great books, thou monſter of impropriety! but have patience, and I will remember the three gallery tickets I promis'd thee at my new tragedy.

MAID.

I ſhall never get my head-clothes clear-ſtarch'd at this rate.

CLINKET.

Thou deſtroyer of learning! thou worſe than a book-worm! thou haſt put me beyond all patience. Remember how my lyric ode was bound about a tallow candle; thy wrapping up ſnuff in an Epigram; nay, the unworthy uſage of my Hymn to Apollo, filthy creature! Read me the laſt lines I writ upon the Deluge, and take care to pronounce them as I taught you.

MAID.

Swell'd with a dropſy, ſickly Nature lies,
And melting in a diabetes, dies.

[*Reads with an affected tone.*

CLINKET.

Still without cadence!

MAID.

Swell'd with a dropſy——

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Hold.—I conceive—

The roaring ſeas o'er the tall woods have broke,
And whales now perch upon the ſturdy oak.

—Roaring? ſtay—rumbling, roaring, ruſtling; no—raging ſeas. [*Writing.*

The raging ſeas o'er the tall woods have broke;
Now perch, thou whale, upon the ſturdy oak.

Sturdy oak? no,—ſteady, ſtrong, ſtrapping, ſtiff.—Stiff? no, ſtiff is too ſhort.

FOSSILE *and* TOWNLEY *come forward.*

What feaſt for fiſh! oh, too luxurious treat!
When hungry dolphins feed on butchers' meat.

FOSSILE.

Niece! why niece, niece! oh, Melpomene! thou goddeſs of Tragedy! ſuſpend thy influence for a moment, and ſuffer my niece to give me a rational anſwer. This lady is a friend of mine: her preſent circumſtances oblige her to take ſanctuary in my houſe; treat her with the utmoſt civility. Let the tea-table be made ready.

CLINKET.

Madam, excuſe this abſence of mind: my animal ſpirits had deſerted the avenues of my ſenſes, and retired to the receſſes of the brain, to contemplate a beautiful

beautiful idea. I could not force the vagrant creatures back again into their poſts, to move thoſe parts of the body that expreſs civility.

TOWNLEY.

A rare affected creature this! If I miſtake not, flattery will make her an uſeful tool for my purpoſe.

[*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Townley, Clinket, *and* Maid.

FOSSILE.

Her jewels, her ſtrong box, and all her things left behind! If her uncle ſhould diſcover her marriage, he may lay an embargo upon her goods.—— I'll ſend for them.

*Enter a* Boy *with a letter.*

BOY.

This is the ho-ho-houſe.

FOSSILE.

Child, whom doſt thou want?

BOY.

Miſtreſs Townley's ma-ma-maid.

FOSSILE.

What is your buſineſs?

BOY.

A l-l-letter.

FOSSILE.

Who ſent this letter?

BOY.

BOY.

O-o-one.

FOSSILE.

Give it me, child. An honeſt boy! Give it me, and I'll deliver it myſelf. A very honeſt boy!

BOY.

So. [*Exit* Boy.

FOSSILE.

There are now no more ſecrets between us. Man and wife are one.

'Madam, either I miſtake the encouragement
'I have had, or I am to be happy to-
'night. I hope the ſame perſon will
'complete her good offices: I ſtand to
'articles. The ring is a fine one; and
'I ſhall have the pleaſure of putting it
'on the firſt time.
'This from your impatient R. P.'

In the name of Beelzebub, what is this? Encouragement! happy to-night! ſame perſon! good offices! Whom haſt thou married, poor Foſſile? Couldſt thou not divert thyſelf ſtill with the ſpoils of quarries and coal-pits, thy ſerpents and thy ſalamanders, but thou muſt have a living monſter too! 'Sdeath! what a jeſt ſhall I be to our club! Is there no rope among my curioſities? Shall I turn her out of doors, and proclaim my infamy; or lock her up, and bear my misfortune?

fortune? Lock her up! impoſſible. One may ſhut up volatile ſpirits, pen up the air, confine bears, lions, and tigers, nay, keep even your gold; but a wanton wife, who can keep?

*Enter* TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Mrs. Clinket's play is to be read this morning at the tea-table: will you come and divert yourſelf, Sir?

FOSSILE.

No: I want to be alone.

TOWNLEY.

I hope my company is not troubleſome already. I am as yet a bride, not a wife [*ſighs*]. What means this ſudden change? [*Aſide.*] Conſider, Mr. Foſſile, you want your natural reſt: the bed would refreſh you. Let me ſit by you.

FOSSILE.

My head akes, and the bed always makes it worſe.

TOWNLEY.

Is it hereabouts? [*Rubs his temples.*

FOSSILE.

Too ſure. [*Turns from her.*

TOWNLEY.

Why ſo fretful, Mr. Foſſile?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

No: I'll diſſemble my paſſion, and pump her. [*Aſide.*] Exceſs of joy, my dear, for my good fortune, overcomes me. I am ſomewhat vertiginous; I can hardly ſtand.

TOWNLEY.

I hope I was ordain'd for thy ſupport.

FOSSILE.

My diſorder now begins to diſſipate: it was only a little flatulency, occaſion'd by ſomething hard of digeſtion. But pray, my dear, did your uncle ſhut you up ſo cloſe from the converſation of mankind?

TOWNLEY.

Sarſnet and Shock were my only company.

FOSSILE.

A very prudent young woman, this Sarſnet; ſhe was undoubtedly a good and faithful friend in your ſolitude.

TOWNLEY.

When it was her intereſt; but I made no intimacies with my chamber-maid.

FOSSILE.

But was there no lover offer'd his ſervice to a lady in diſtreſs?

TOWNLEY.

Tongue, be upon thy guard: theſe queſtions muſt be deſign'd to trap me. [*Aſide.*] A woman of my condition can't well eſcape importunity.

FOSSILE.

What was the name of that diſagreeable fellow, who, you told me, teaz'd you ſo?

TOWNLEY.

His name! I think he had a thouſand names. In one letter he was Myrtillo, in another Corydon, Alexis, and I don't know what.

*Enter* SARSNET *in haſte to her miſtreſs: he runs and embraces her with great earneſtneſs.*

FOSSILE.

Dear Mrs. Sarſnet, how am I obliged to thee for thy ſervices; thou haſt made me happy beyond expreſſion.—I ſhall find another letter upon her. [*Aſide.*

[*He gets his hand into* Sarſnet's *pocket, as ſearching for a letter.*

[*Whenever* Sarſnet *goes to whiſper her miſtreſs, he gets between them.*

*Enter* PTISAN.

PTISAN.

Mrs. Colloquintida complains ſtill of a dejection of appetite; ſhe ſays that the genevre is too cold for her ſtomach.

FOSSILE.

Give her a quieting draught; but let us not interrupt one another. Good Mr. Ptiſan, we are upon buſineſs. [Foſſile *gets between* Sarſnet *and* Townley.

PTISAN.

PTISAN.

The colonel's ſpitting is quite ſuppreſs'd.

FOSSILE.

Give him a quieting draught. Come to-morrow, Mr. Ptiſan; I can ſee nobody till then.

PTISAN.

Lady Varniſh finds no benefit of the waters; for the pimple on the tip of her noſe ſtill continues.

FOSSILE.

Give her a quieting draught.

PTISAN.

Mrs. Prudentia's tympany grows bigger and bigger. What, no pearl cordial! muſt I quiet them all?

FOSSILE.

Give them all quieting draughts, I ſay; or bliſter them all, as you pleaſe. Your ſervant, Mr. Ptiſan.

PTISAN.

But then Lady Giddy's vapours. She calls her chamber-maids nymphs; for ſhe fancies herſelf Diana, and her huſband Actæon.

FOSSILE.

I can attend no patient till to-morrow. Give her a quieting draught, I ſay.

[*Whenever* Foſſile *goes to conduct* Ptiſan *to the door*, Sarſnet *and* Townley *attempt to*

*whiſper;* Foſſile *gets between them, and* Ptiſan *takes that opportunity of coming back.*

PTISAN.

Then, Sir, there is Miſs Chitty of the boarding-ſchool, has taken in no natural ſuſtenance for this week, but a halfpenny-worth of charcoal, and one of her mittens.

FOSSILE.

Sarſnet, do you wait on Mr. Ptiſan to the door. To-morrow let my patients know I'll viſit round.

[*A knocking at the door.*

PTISAN.

Oh, Sir; here is a ſervant of the counteſs of Hippokekoana. The emetic has over-wrought, and ſhe is in convulſions.

FOSSILE.

This is unfortunate. Then I muſt go. Mr. Ptiſan, my dear, has ſome buſineſs with me in private. Retire into my cloſet a moment, and divert yourſelf with the pictures. There lies your way, Madam. [*To* Sarſnet.

[*Exit* Townley *at one door, and* Sarſnet *at the other.*

Mr. Ptiſan, pray, do you run before, and tell them I am juſt coming. [*Exit* Ptiſan.

All my diſtreſſes come on the neck of one another. Should this fellow get to my bride before I have bedded

bedded her, in a collection of cuckolds, what a rarity ſhould I make! What ſhall I do? I'll lock her up. Lock up my bride! My peace and my honour demand it, and it ſhall be ſo. [*Locks the door.*] Thomas, Thomas!

*Enter* FOOTMAN.

I dream't laſt night I was robb'd. The town is over-run with rogues. Who knows but the raſcal that ſent the letter may be now in the houſe? [*Aſide.*] Look up the chimney, ſearch all the dark cloſets, the coal-hole, the flower-pots, and forget not the empty butt in the cellar. Keep a ſtrict watch at the door, and let nobody in till my return.

[*Exit* Footman. *A noiſe at the cloſet-door.*

TOWNLEY.

(*Within.*) Who's there?——I am lock'd in. Murder! fire!

FOSSILE.

Dear Madam, I beg your pardon.

[*Unlocks the door. Enter* TOWNLEY.]

'Tis well you call'd. I am ſo apt to lock this door; an action merely mechanical, not ſpontaneous.

TOWNLEY.

Your conduct, Mr. Foſſile, for this quarter of an hour, has been ſomewhat myſterious. It has ſuggeſted to me what I almoſt bluſh to name; your locking me

up, confirms this ſuſpicion. Pray ſpeak plainly, what has cauſed this alteration?

[Foſſile *ſhews her the letter.*

Is this all? [*Gives him the letter back.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) Either I miſtake the encouragement I have had—What encouragement?

TOWNLEY.

From my uncle——if I muſt be your interpreter.

FOSSILE.

Or I am to be happy to-night.—

TOWNLEY.

To be married——if there can be happineſs in that ſtate.

FOSSILE.

I hope the ſame perſon—

TOWNLEY.

Parſon. Only a word miſpell'd.——Here's jealouſy for you!

FOSSILE.

Will complete her good offices.—A ſhe-parſon, I find!

TOWNLEY.

He is a Welſhman. And the Welſh always ſay hur, inſtead of his.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I ſtand to articles—

TOWNLEY.

Of jointure.

FOSSILE.

The ring is a fine one, and I ſhall have the pleaſure of putting it on myſelf.—

TOWNLEY.

Who ſhould put on the wedding-ring but the bridegroom?

FOSSILE.

I beſeech thee, pardon thy dear huſband. Love and jealouſy are often companions, and exceſs of both had quite obnubilated the eyes of my underſtanding.

TOWNLEY.

Barbarous man! I could forgive thee, if thou hadſt poiſon'd my father, debauch'd my ſiſter, kill'd my lap-dog; but, to murder my reputation! [*Weeps.*

FOSSILE.

Nay, I beſeech thee, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

TOWNLEY.

I do; but upon condition your jealous fit never returns. To a jealous man a whiſper is evidence, and a dream demonſtration. A civil letter makes him thoughtful, an innocent viſit mad: I ſhall try you, Mr. Foſſile; for don't think I'll be deny'd company.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Nay, prithee, my dear; I own I have abuſed thee. But leſt my marriage, and this ſimple ſtory, ſhould take air in the neighbourhood, to-morrow we will retire into the country together, till the ſecret is blown over. I am call'd to a patient. In leſs than half an hour, I'll be with you again, my dear.

[*Exit* Foſſile.

TOWNLEY.

Plotwell's letter had like to have ruin'd me. 'Twas a neglect in me, not to entruſt him with the ſecret of my marriage. A jealous bridegroom! every poiſon has its antidote; as credulity is the cauſe, ſo it ſhall be the cure of his jealouſy. To-morrow I muſt be ſpirited away into the country; I'll immediately let Plotwell know of my diſtreſs; and this little time, with opportunity, even on his wedding-day, ſhall finiſh him a complete huſband. Intrigue, aſſiſt me! and I'll act a revenge that might have been worthy the moſt celebrated wife in Boccace.

*Enter* PLOTWELL *and* CLINKET.

Hah! Plotwell! which way got he hither? I muſt caution him to be upon his guard.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I am agreeably ſurpriz'd to find you here.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Me, Sir! You are certainly miſtaken; for I don't remember I ever ſaw you before.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I beg your pardon. How like a truth ſounds a lie from the tongue of a fine woman. [*Aſide.*

CLINKET.

This, Madam, is Mr. Plotwell; a gentleman who is ſo infinitely obliging, as to introduce my Play on the Theatre, by fathering the unworthy iſſue of my muſe, at the reading it this morning.

PLOTWELL.

I ſhould be proud, Madam, to be a real father to any of your productions.

CLINKET.

Mighty juſt. Ha! ha! ha! You know, Mr. Plotwell, that both a parrot and a player can utter human ſounds, but we allow neither of them to be a judge of wit. Yet ſome of thoſe people have had the aſſurance to deny almoſt all my performances the privilege of being acted. Ah! what a *Goût de travers* rules the underſtandings of the illiterate!

PLOTWELL.

There are ſome, Madam, that nauſeate the ſmell of a roſe.

[*Whenever* Plotwell *and* Townley *endeavour to talk, ſhe interrupts them.*

CLINKET.

If this piece be not rais'd to the ſublime, let me henceforth be ſtigmatiz'd as a reptile in the duſt of mediocrity. I am perſuaded, Sir, your adopted child will do you no diſhonour.

TOWNLEY.

Pray, Madam, what is the ſubject?

CLINKET.

Oh! beyond every thing. So adapted for tragical machines! ſo proper to excite the paſſions! not in the leaſt encumber'd with epiſodes! the *vrai-ſemblance* and the miraculous are link'd together with ſuch propriety!

TOWNLEY.

But the ſubject, Madam?

CLINKET.

The Univerſal Deluge. I choſe that of Deucalion and Pyrrha, becauſe neither our ſtage nor actors are hallow'd enough for ſacred ſtory.

PLOTWELL.

But, Madam—— [*To* Townley

CLINKET.

What juſt occaſion for noble deſcription! Theſe players are exceeding dilatory.—In the mean time, Sir, ſhall I be obliged to you and this lady for the rehearſal

rehearſal of a ſcene that I have been juſt touching up with ſome lively ſtrokes?

TOWNLEY.

I dare aſſure you, Madam, it will be a pleaſure to us both. I'll take this occaſion to inform you of my preſent circumſtances. [*To* Plotwell.

CLINKET.

Imagine Deucalion and Pyrrha in their boat. They paſs by a promontory, where ſtands prince Hæmon, a former lover of Pyrrha's, ready to be ſwallowed up by the devouring flood. She preſſes her huſband to take him into the boat. Your part, Sir, is Hæmon; the lady perſonates Pyrrha; and I repreſent Deucalion. To you, Sir. [*Gives* Plotwell *the manuſcript.*

PLOTWELL.

What, ho! there, ſculler! [*Reads.*

TOWNLEY.

——— Hæmon!

PLOTWELL.

——————— Yes, 'tis Hæmon!

TOWNLEY.

Thou ſeeſt me now fail'd from my former lodgings,
Beneath a huſband's ark; yet fain I would reward
Thy proffer'd love. But, Hæmon, ah! I fear
To-morrow's eve will hide me in the country.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

Not a ſyllable in the part! wrong, all wrong!

PLOTWELL.

Through all the town, with diligent inquiries,
I ſought my Pyrrha———

CLINKET.

Beyond all patience! the part, Sir, lies before you: you are never to perplex the drama with ſpeeches extempore.

PLOTWELL.

Madam, 'tis what the top-players often do.

TOWNLEY.

Though love denies, compaſſion bids me ſave thee.
[Plotwell *kiſſes her.*

CLINKET.

Fye, Mr. Plotwell: this is againſt all the decorum of the Stage; I will no more allow the libertiniſm of lip-embraces, than the barbarity of killing on the Stage: your beſt Tragedians, like the ladies of quality in a viſit, never turn beyond the back-part of the cheek to a ſalute, as thus, Mr. Plotwell.
[*Kiſſes* Plotwell.

PLOTWELL.

I don't find in Ariſtotle any precept againſt kiſſing.

CLINKET.

Yet I would not ſtand upon the brink of an indecorum.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

True, Madam, the finiſhing ſtroke of love and revenge ſhould never ſhock the eyes of an audience. But I look upon a kiſs in a Comedy, to be upon a par with a box on the ear in Tragedy, which is frequently given and taken by your beſt authors.

CLINKET.

Mighty juſt! for a lady can no more put up a kiſs, than a gentleman a box on the ear.——Take my muſe, Sir, into your protection [*Gives him her Play*]; the players, I ſee, are here. Your perſonating the author will infallibly introduce my Play on the Stage, and, ſpite of their prejudice, make the Theatre ring with applauſe, and teach even that injudicious Canaille to know their own intereſt.

*Enter Sir* TREMENDOUS *with two Players.*

PLOTWELL.

Gentlemen, this lady, who ſmiles on my performances, has permitted me to introduce you and my Tragedy to her tea-table.

CLINKET.

Gentlemen, you do me honour.

FIRST PLAYER.

Suffer us, Sir, to recommend to your acquaintance the famous Sir Tremendous, the greateſt critic of our age.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

Sir Tremendous, I rejoice at your preſence; though no lady that has an antipathy, ſo ſweats at a cat, as ſome authors at a critic. Sir Tremendous, Madam, is a gentleman who can inſtruct the Town to diſlike what has pleaſed them, and to be pleaſed with what they diſliked.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Alas! what ſignifies one good palate when the taſte of the whole Town is vitiated? There is not in all this Sodom of ignorance ten righteous critics, who do not judge things backward.

CLINKET.

I perfectly agree with Sir Tremendous: your modern Tragedies are ſuch egregious ſtuff, they neither move terror nor pity.

PLOTWELL.

Yes, Madam, the pity of the audience on the firſt night, and the terror of the author for the third. Sir Tremendous's plays indeed have raiſed a ſublimer paſſion, aſtoniſhment.

CLINKET.

I perceive here will be a wit-combat between theſe beaux-eſprits. Prue, be ſure you ſet down all the ſimiles.

[Prue *retires to the back part of the Stage with pen and ink.*

SIR

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The ſubjects of moſt modern Plays are as ill choſen as——

PLOTWELL.

The patrons of their dedications.

[Clinket *makes ſigns to* Prue.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their plots as ſhallow——

PLOTWELL.

As thoſe of bad Poets againſt new Plays.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their epiſodes as little of a piece to the main action, as——

CLINKET.

A black gown with a pink-colour'd petticoat. Mark that, Prue. [*Aſide.*

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their ſentiments are ſo very delicate——

PLOTWELL.

That, like whipt ſyllabub, they are loſt before they are taſted.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Their diction ſo low, that—that—

PLOTWELL.

Why, that their friends are forced to call it ſimplicity.

FIRST PLAYER.

Sir, to the Play if you pleaſe.

SECOND PLAYER.

We have a rehearſal this morning.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

And then their thefts are ſo open——

PLOTWELL.

That the very French tailors can diſcover them.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

O, what felony from the ancients! what petty larceny from the moderns! There is the famous Iphigenia of Racine; he ſtole his Agamemnon from Seneca, who ſtole it from Euripides, who ſtole it from Homer, who ſtole it from all the ancients before him. In ſhort, there is nothing ſo execrable as our moſt taking Tragedies.

FIRST PLAYER.

O! but the immortal Shakeſpeare, Sir.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

He had no judgment.

SECOND PLAYER.

The famous Ben Jonſon!

CLINKET.

Dry.

FIRST PLAYER.

The tender Otway!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Incorrect.

SECOND PLAYER.

Etheridge!

CLINKET.

Mere chit-chat.

FIRST PLAYER.

Dryden!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Nothing but a knack of verſifying.

CLINKET.

Ah! dear Sir Tremendous, there is that delicateſſe in your ſentiments!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Ah! Madam, there is that juſtneſs in your notions!

CLINKET.

I am ſo charm'd with your manly penetration!

SIR TREMENDOUS.

I with your profound capacity!

CLINKET.

That I am not able—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

That it is impoſſible—

CLINKET.

To conceive—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

To expreſs—

CLINKET.

With what delight I embrace—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

With what pleaſure I enter into—

CLINKET.

Your ideas, moſt learned Sir Tremendous!—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Your ſentiments, moſt divine Mrs. Clinket!—

SECOND PLAYER.

The Play, for heaven's ſake, the Play!

[*A tea-table brought in.*]

CLINKET.

This finiſh'd drama is too good for an age like this.

PLOTWELL.

The Univerſal Deluge, or the Tragedy of Deucalion and Pyrrha. [*Reads.*

CLINKET.

Mr. Plotwell, I will not be deny'd the pleaſure of reading it; you will pardon me.

FIRST

FIRST PLAYER.

The Deluge! the ſubject ſeems to be too *recherché*.

CLINKET.

A ſubject untouch'd either by ancients or moderns, in which are terror and pity in perfection.

FIRST PLAYER.

The Stage will never bear it. Can you ſuppoſe, Sir, that a box of ladies will ſit three hours to ſee a rainy day, and a ſculler in a ſtorm? Make your beſt of it, I know it can be nothing elſe.

SECOND PLAYER.

If you pleaſe, Madam, let us hear how it opens.

CLINKET.

[*Reads.*] The ſcene opens, and diſcovers the Heavens cloudy. A prodigious ſhower of rain. At a diſtance appears the top of the mountain Parnaſſus; all the fields beneath are overflowed; there are ſeen cattle and men ſwimming. The tops of ſteeples riſe above the flood, with men and women perching on their weather-cocks——

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Begging your pardon, Sir, I believe it can be proved, that weather-cocks are of a modern invention. Beſides, if ſtones were diſſolved, as a late philoſopher hath proved, how could ſteeples ſtand?

PLOTWELL.

I don't inſiſt upon trifles.—Strike it out.

CLINKET.

Strike it out! conſider what you do. In this they ſtrike at the very foundation of the drama. Don't almoſt all the perſons of your ſecond Act ſtart out of ſtones that Deucalion and Pyrrha threw behind them? This cavil is levell'd at the whole ſyſtem of the reparation of human race.

FIRST PLAYER.

Then the ſhower is abſurd.

CLINKET.

Why ſhould not this gentleman rain, as well as other authors ſnow and thunder?—[*Reads.*] Enter Deucalion in a ſort of waterman's habit, leading his wife Pyrrha to a boat—Her firſt diſtreſs is about her going back to fetch a caſket of jewels. Mind how he imitates your great authors. The firſt ſpeech has all the fire of Lee:

Tho' Heav'n wrings all the ſponges of the ſky,
And pours down clouds at once, each cloud a ſea,
Not the ſpring-tides——

SIR TREMENDOUS.

There were no ſpring-tides in the Mediterranean, and conſequently Deucalion could not make that ſimile.

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

A man of Deucalion's quality might have travelled beyond the Mediterranean, and ſo your objection is anſwered. Obſerve, Sir Tremendous, the tenderneſs of Otway, in this anſwer of Pyrrha:

——— Why do the ſtays
Taper my waiſt, but for thy circling arms?

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Ah! Anachroniſms! Stays are a modern habit, and the whole ſcene is monſtrous, and againſt the rules of Tragedy.

PLOTWELL.

I ſubmit, Sir—out with it.

CLINKET.

Were the Play mine, you ſhould gaſh my fleſh, mangle my face, any thing ſooner than ſcratch my Play.

PLOTWELL.

Blot and inſert wherever you pleaſe—I ſubmit myſelf to your judgment.

[Plotwell *riſes, and diſcourſes apart with* Townley.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Madam, nonſenſe and I have been at variance from my cradle; it ſets my underſtanding on edge.

SECOND PLAYER.

Indeed, Madam, with ſubmiſſion, and I think I have ſome experience of the Stage, this Play will hardly take.

CLINKET.

The worſt lines of it would be ſufficiently clapt, if it had been writ by a known author, or recommended by one.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Between you and I, Madam, who underſtand better things, this gentleman knows nothing of poetry.

FIRST PLAYER.

The gentleman may be an honeſt man, but he is a damn'd writer; and it neither can take, nor ought to take.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

If you are the gentleman's friend, and value his reputation, adviſe him to burn it.

CLINKET.

What ſtruggles has an unknown author to vanquiſh prejudice! Suppoſe this Play acts but ſix nights, his next may play twenty. Encourage a young author; I know it will be your intereſt.

SECOND PLAYER.

I would ſooner give five hundred pounds than bring ſome Plays on the Stage; an Audience little conſiders whether 'tis the author or the actor that is hiſs'd, our character ſuffers.

FIRST

FIRST PLAYER.

Damn our character.—We ſhall loſe money by it.

CLINKET.

I'll depoſit a ſum myſelf upon the ſucceſs of it. Well, ſince it is to be play'd—I will prevail upon him to ſtrike out ſome few things—Take the Play, Sir Tremendous.

[*Sir* Tremendous *reads in a muttering tone.*

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Abſurd to the laſt degree! [*ſtrikes out.*] Palpable nonſenſe! [*ſtrikes out.*]

CLINKET.

What, all thoſe lines! Spare thoſe for a lady's ſake, for thoſe indeed I gave him.

SIR TREMENDOUS.

Such ſtuff! [*ſtrikes out.*] abominable! [*ſtrikes out.*] moſt execrable!

FIRST PLAYER.

This thought muſt out.

SECOND PLAYER.

Madam, with ſubmiſſion, this metaphor—

FIRST PLAYER.

This whole ſpeech—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The fable!

CLINKET.

CLINKET.

To you I anſwer—

FIRST PLAYER.

The characters!

CLINKET.

To you I anſwer—

SIR TREMENDOUS.

The diction!

CLINKET.

And to you—Ah, hold! hold!—I'm butcher'd, I'm maſſacred. For mercy's ſake! murder! murder! ah! [*Faints.*

*Enter* FOSSILE, *peeping at the door.*

FOSSILE.

My houſe turn'd to a Stage! and my bride playing her part too! What will become of me? But I'll know the bottom of all this. [*Aſide.*] I am ſurpris'd to ſee ſo many patients here ſo early.—What is your diſtemper, Sir?

FIRST PLAYER.

The colic, Sir, by a ſurfeit of green tea and damn'd verſes.

FOSSILE.

Your pulſe is very high, Madam. [*To* Townley.] You ſympathize, I perceive; for yours is ſomewhat feveriſh.

feveriſh. [*To* Plotwell.] But I believe I ſhall be able to put off the fit for this time. And as for you, niece, you have got the poetical itch, and are poſſeſs'd with nine devils, your nine muſes; and thus I commit them and their works to the flames. [*Takes up a heap of papers, and flings them into the fire.*]

CLINKET.

Ah! I am an undone woman.

PLOTWELL.

Has he burnt any bank-bills, or a new Mechlin head-dreſs?

CLINKET.

My works! my works!

FIRST PLAYER.

Has he deſtroyed the writings of an eſtate, or your billet-doux?

CLINKET.

A Pindaric Ode! five ſimiles! and half an Epilogue!

SECOND PLAYER.

Has he thrown a new fan, or your pearl necklace, into the flames?

CLINKET.

Worſe, worſe! The tag of the Acts of a new Comedy? A Prologue ſent by a perſon of quality! Three copies of recommendatory Verſes! and two Greek Mottos!

FOSSILE.

Gentlemen, if you pleaſe to walk out.

SECOND PLAYER.

You ſhall have our poſitive anſwer concerning your Tragedy, Madam, in an hour or two.

[*Exeunt Sir* Tremendous, Plotwell, and *Players*.

FOSSILE.

Though this affair looks but ill, yet I will not be over-raſh: What ſays Libanius? 'A falſe accuſation 'often recoils upon the accuſer;' and I have ſuffered already by too great precipitation. [*Exit* Foſſile.

*Enter* SARSNET.

TOWNLEY.

A narrow eſcape, Sarſnet! Plotwell's letter was intercepted and read by my huſband.

SARSNET.

I tremble every joint of me. How came you off?

TOWNLEY.

Invention flow'd, I ly'd, he believ'd. True wife, true huſband!

SARSNET.

I have often warn'd you, Madam, againſt this ſuperfluity of gallants: you ought at leaſt to have clear'd all mortgages upon your perſon before you leas'd

leas'd it out for life. Then, beſides Plotwell, you are every moment in danger of Underplot, who attends on Plotwell like his ſhadow; he is unlucky enough to ſtumble upon your huſband, and then I'm ſure his ſhatterbrains would undo us at once.

TOWNLEY.

Thy wit and induſtry, Sarſnet, muſt help me out. To-day is mine, to-morrow is my huſband's.

SARSNET.

But ſome ſpeedy method muſt be thought of, to prevent your letters from falling into his hands.

TOWNLEY.

I can put no confidence in my landlady Mrs. Chambers, ſince our quarrel at parting. So I have given orders to her maid to direct all letters and meſſages hither; and I have placed my own truſty ſervant Hugh at the door to receive them:—But ſee, yonder comes my huſband, I'll retire to my cloſet.

[*Exeunt* Townley *and* Sarſnet.

*Enter* FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

O marriage! thou bittereſt of potions, and thou ſtrongeſt of aſtringents! This Plotwell, that I found talking with her, muſt certainly be the perſon that ſent the letter. But if I have a Briſtol ſtone put upon me inſtead of a diamond, why ſhould I by experi-

ments ſpoil its luſtre? She is handſome, that is certain. Could I but keep her to myſelf for the future! Cuckoldom is an acute caſe, it is quickly over; when it takes place, it admits of no remedy but palliatives. ———Be it how it will, while my marriage is a ſecret——

(*Within.*) Bleſs the noble doctor Foſſile, and his honourable lady. The city muſic are come to wiſh him much joy of his marriage. [*A flouriſh of fiddles.*]

FOSSILE.

Joy and marriage! never were two words ſo coupled!

(*Within.*) Much happineſs attend the learned doctor Foſſile, and his worthy and virtuous lady. The drums and trumpets of his Majeſty's guards are come to ſalute him——

[*A flouriſh of drums and trumpets.*

FOSSILE.

Ah, Foſſile! wretched Foſſile! into what a ſtate haſt thou brought thyſelf! thy diſgrace proclaim'd by beat of drum! New-married men are treated like thoſe bit by a tarantula, both muſt have muſic: but where are the notes that can expel a wife! [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* FOSSILE *in a Footman's Cloaths.*

FOSSILE.

A SPECIAL dog this footman of my wife's! as mercenary as the porter of a firſt miniſter? Why ſhould ſhe place him as a ſentinel at my door? Unqueſtionably, to carry on her intrigues. Why did I bribe him to lend me his livery? To diſcover thoſe intrigues. And now, O wretched Foſſile! thou haſt debas'd thyſelf into the low character of a footman. What then? Gods and demi-gods have aſſum'd viler ſhapes: they, to make a cuckold; I, to prove myſelf one. Why then ſhould my metamorphoſis be more ſhameful, when my purpoſe is more honeſt?

[*Knocking at the door.*] *Enter* FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Ay, this is her livery. Friend, give this to your miſtreſs. [*Gives a Letter to* Foſſile, *and exit.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) 'Madam, you have jilted me. What I 'gave you coſt me dear; what you 'might have given me, would have 'coſt you nothing. You ſhall uſe 'my

'my next preſent with more reſpect.
'I preſented you a fine ſnuff-box;
'you gave it to that coxcomb
'Underplot, and Underplot gave it
'to my wife. Judge of my ſur-
'priſe.

'FREEMAN.'

A fine circulation of a ſnuff-box! in time I ſhall have the rareſt of my ſhells ſet off with gold hinges, to make preſents to all the fops about town. My *Conchæ Veneris;* and perhaps, even my *Nautilus.*

[*A knocking at the door.*] *Enter an* OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN.

Can I ſpeak with your good miſtreſs, honeſt friend?

FOSSILE.

No, ſhe's buſy.

OLD WOMAN.

Madam Wyburn preſents her ſervice, and has ſent this Letter. [*Exit.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) 'Being taken up with waiting upon
'merchants' ladies this morning, I
'have ſent to acquaint you, my
'dear, ſweet Mrs. Townley, that
'the alderman agrees to every thing
'but putting away his wife, which
'he

'he ſays is not decent at that end
'of the town. He deſires a meet-
'ing this evening.'

'P. S. He does not like the grocer's wife at all.'

Bleſs me! what a libidinous age we live in! neither his own wife! nor the grocer's wife! Will people like nobody's wife but mine?

[*Knocking at the door.*] *Enter* FOOTMAN, *gives a Letter, and exit.*

*Enter another* FOOTMAN, *gives a Letter, and exit.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) 'Sincerely, Madam, I cannot ſpare that
'ſum; eſpecially in monthly pay-
'ments. My good friend and neigh-
'bour Pinch, a quiet, ſober man, is
'content to go a third part, only
'for leave to viſit upon ſabbath-
'days.

'HABAKKUK PLUMB.'

Well, frugality is laudable even in iniquity! Now for this other. [*Opens the ſecond Letter.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) 'Madam, I can't make you rich, but I
'can make you immortal.

'*Verſes on Mrs.* SUSANNA TOWNLEY, *in the front box, dreſſed in green.*

'In you the beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
'Your cheeks are roſes, and your dreſs is green.'

A poor dog of a poet! I fear him not.

*Enter a ragged Fellow, with a Letter.*

FOOTMAN.

My maſter is at preſent under a cloud—He begs you will deliver this letter to your lady. [*Exit.*

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) 'I am reduced by your favours to aſk
'the thing I formerly denied; that
'you would entertain me as a huſ-
'band, who can no longer keep
'you as a miſtreſs.

'CHARLES BAT.'

Why did I part with this fellow? This was a propoſal indeed, to make both me and himſelf happy at once! He ſhall have her, and a twelvemonth's fees into the bargain. Where ſhall I find him?—Why was the miſtreſs of all mankind unknown to thee alone? Why is Nature ſo dark in our greateſt concerns? Why are there no external ſymptoms of defloration, nor any pathognomick of the loſs of virginity, but a big belly? Why has not lewdneſs its tokens, like the plague? Why muſt a man know

rain

rain by the aching of his corns, and have no prognoſtic of what is of infinitely greater moment, cuckoldom? Or if there are any marks of chaſtity, why is the inquiry allowed only to Jews, and denied to Chriſtians? O Townley, Townley! once to me the fragrant roſe; now aloes, wormwood, and ſnake-root! but I muſt not be ſeen.

[*As* Townley *and* Sarſnet *enter*, Foſſile *ſneaks off.*

TOWNLEY.

Sarſnet, we are betray'd. I have diſcover'd my huſband poſted at the door in Hugh's livery: he has intercepted all my letters. I immediately writ this, which is the only thing that can bring us off. Run this moment to Plotwell, get him to copy it, and ſend it, directed to me, by his own ſervant, with the utmoſt expedition. He is now at the Chocolate-houſe in the next ſtreet.

SARSNET.

I fly, Madam: but how will you diſengage yourſelf from the affair with Underplot?

TOWNLEY.

Leave it to me. Though he wants ſenſe, he's handſome, and I like the fellow; and if he is lucky enough to come in my huſband's abſence—But, prithee, Sarſnet, make haſte.

[*Exeunt* Townley *and* Sarſnet, *upon which* Foſſile *re-enters, to him* Underplot.

UNDERPLOT.

Harkee, friend. I never talk with one of your coat, but I firſt tip him.

FOSSILE.

Behold the lucre of a pimp! between the pox abroad, and my plague at home, I find a man may never want fees. [*Aſide.*] Your honour's commands, I pray. I long to ſerve you.

UNDERPLOT.

Ah, boy! thou haſt a rare miſtreſs for vails. Come, I know thou art a ſly dog; canſt thou introduce me to her for a moment's converſation?

FOSSILE.

Impoſſible.

UNDERPLOT.

What, ſtill impoſſible? [*Gives more money.*

FOSSILE.

Still impoſſible.

UNDERPLOT.

Poh, pox. But prithee, friend, by the bye, is there any thing in this report, that ſhe is married to the doctor here?

FOSSILE.

I am afraid there is ſomething in it.

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

What a ſpirit does a jealous huſband give to an intrigue! Pray, is he not a moſt egregious ſilly animal?

FOSSILE.

Not exceeding wife, indeed.

UNDERPLOT.

Rich?

FOSSILE.

He has money.

UNDERPLOT.

That will ſave the expence of her gallants. Old?

FOSSILE.

Ay, too old, Heavens know.

UNDERPLOT.

How came it into the puppy's head to marry?

FOSSILE.

By the inſtigation of Satan.

UNDERPLOT.

I'll help the old fool to an heir.

FOSSILE.

No doubt on't. If the whole town can do it, he will not want one.

UNDERPLOT.

Come, prithee, deal freely with me. Has Plotwell been here ſince the wedding?

FOSSILE.

He has! too ſure: [*aſide.*] He's a dangerous rival to you; if you have a mind to ſucceed, keep a ſtrict watch upon him, that he may not get admittance before you.

UNDERPLOT.

Well, ſince thou haſt ſhewn thyſelf ſo much my friend, I'll let thee into a ſecret. Plotwell and I no ſooner heard of the wedding, but we made a bett of a hundred guineas, who ſhould dub the doctor firſt. Remember, you go twenty pieces with me.

FOSSILE.

But here is ſomebody coming. Away, you are ſure of my intereſt. [*Exit* Underplot. This was well judg'd. I have a ſmall territory coveted by two rival potentates. It is profound policy to make them watch one the other, and ſo keep the balance of power in my own hands. Certainly nothing ſo improves one's politics, as to have a coquet to one's wife.

*Enter a* FOOTMAN, *with a Letter.*

FOOTMAN.

This is for your Lady. Deliver it ſafe into her own hands. [*Exit* Footman.

FOSSILE.

(*Reads.*) 'Know, cruel woman, I have diſcovered 'the ſecret of your marriage; you 'ſhall

'ſhall have all the plague of a 'jealous huſband, without the plea- 'ſure of giving him cauſe. I have 'this morning counterfeited billet- 'doux and letters from bawds; 'nay, I have ſent pimps; ſome of 'which, I hope, are fallen into your 'old coxcomb's hands. If you 'deny me the pleaſure of tipping 'him a real cuckold, at leaſt I'll 'have the reſentment to make him 'an imaginary one. Know, that 'this is not the hundredth part of 'the revenge that ſhall be executed 'upon thee, by

'R. P.'

TOWNLEY.

[*Peeping.*] So. The letter works as I would have it. [*Aſide.*

FOSSILE.

How true is that ſaying of the philoſopher! 'We 'only know, that we know nothing.' The eruption of thoſe horns, which ſeem'd to make ſo ſtrong a puſh, is now ſuppreſs'd. Is the myſtery of all theſe letters nothing but the revenge of a diſappointed lover? The hand and ſeal are juſt the ſame with the Welchman's that I intercepted a while ago. Truly theſe Welch are a hot, revengeful people. My wife

may be virtuous; ſhe may not. Prevention is the ſafeſt method with diſeaſes and intrigues. Women are wanton, huſbands weak, bawds buſy, opportunities dangerous, gallants eager; therefore it behoves honeſt men to be watchful. But here comes my wife, I muſt hide myſelf; for ſhould I be detected, ſhe might have a juſt cauſe of complaint for my impertinent curioſity. [*Exit* Foſſile.

*Enter* TOWNLEY, *and to her* SARSNET *at the other door.*

SARSNET.

Your orders, Madam, have been executed to a tittle, and, I hope, with ſucceſs.

TOWNLEY.

Extremely well. Juſt as we could have wiſh'd. But I can't forgive that raſcal Hugh. To turn him away would be dangerous. We will rather take the advantage of the confidence my huſband has in him. Leave the huſband to me, and do you diſcipline the footman. Such early curioſity muſt be cruſh'd in the bud. Hugh! Hugh! Hugh! [*Calls aloud, and rings.*] What is become of the rogue?

[Townley *runs in, and drags out* Foſſile, *changing his clothes with* Hugh.

Why, ſirrah! muſt one call all day for you?

[*Cuffs him.*

SARSNET.

SARSNET.

A rogue in diſguiſe, got in to rob the houſe! Thieves! thieves!

*Enter* CLINKET, PRUE *with the writing deſk, and ſervants.*

FOSSILE.

St! St!—no noiſe. Prithee, dearee, look upon me. See, ſee, thy own dear huſband. It is I.

TOWNLEY.

What an unfortunate woman am I! Could not you paſs one day without an intrigue? and with a cook-wench too! for you could put on a livery for no other end, you wicked man.

SARSNET.

His coldneſs, Madam, is now no longer a myſtery. Filthy monſter! wer't not thou provided with my miſtreſs as a remedy for thy rampant unchaſtity?

TOWNLEY.

Was all your indifference to me for this! you brute, you! [*Weeps.*

FOSSILE.

Nay, prithee, dearee, judge not raſhly. My character is eſtabliſh'd in the world. There lives not a more ſober, chaſte, and virtuous perſon, than doctor Foſſile.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Then why this diſguiſe?

FOSSILE.

Since it muſt come out; ha, ha, ha!—only a frolic on my wedding-day, between Hugh and I. We had a mind to exhibit a little mummery.

CLINKET.

What joy ariſes in my ſoul to ſee my uncle in a dramatic character! Since your humour led you to the drama, uncle, why would you not conſult a relative muſe in your own family? I have always uſed you as my phyſician; and why ſhould not you uſe me as your poet?

FOSSILE.

Prithee, dear, leave me a moment. This is a ſcandal to my gravity. I'll be with you, as myſelf, immediately.

[*Exeunt* omnes, *except* Foſſile *and* Hugh. *As they are changing habits*, Foſſile *ſays*,

As a mark of my confidence in thee, I leave thee guardian of my houſe, while I go my rounds. Let none in but patients; wan, ſickly fellows, no perſon in the leaſt degree of bodily ſtrength.

HUGH.

Worthy doctor, you may rely upon my honour. [*Exit* Foſſile.] I have betray'd my miſtreſs. My conſcience

conſcience flies in my face, and I can eaſe it no way but by betraying my maſter. [*Knocking at the door.*] This is not the doctor; but he is dreſs'd like him, and that ſhall be my excuſe.

[*He lets* Plotwell *in*, Townley *meets him; they embrace.*

TOWNLEY.

Hugh, go, wait at the door. [*Exit* Hugh.

PLOTWELL.

This diſguiſe gives ſpirit to my intrigue. Certainly I am the firſt perſon that ever enjoy'd a bride without the ſcandal of matrimony.

TOWNLEY.

I have a different reliſh, Mr. Plotwell; for now I can't abide you, you are ſo like my huſband.

PLOTWELL.

Underplot, I defy thee. I have laid the wager, and now I hold the ſtakes.

TOWNLEY.

Opportunity, Mr. Plotwell, has been the downfal of much virtue.

[*As he is leading her off, enter* Hugh.

HUGH.

Ah, Madam! the doctor! the doctor!

[*Exit* Hugh.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

Fear nothing. I'll ſtand it. I have my part ready. [*Exit* Townley.

*Enter* FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I promis'd Lady Longfort my eagle-ſtone. The poor lady is like to miſcarry, and 'tis well I thought on't. Ha! who is here! I do not like the aſpect of the fellow. But I will not be over cenſorious.

[*They make many bows and cringes in advancing to each other.*

PLOTWELL.

*Illuſtriſſime domine, huc adveni*—

FOSSILE.

*Illuſtriſſime domine*—*non uſus ſum loquere Latinum*—If you cannot ſpeak Engliſh, we can have no lingual converſation.

PLOTWELL.

I can ſpeak but a little Engliſe. I have great deal heard of de fame of de great luminary of all arts and ſciences, de illuſtrious doctor Foſſile. I would make commutation (what do you call it?), I would exchange ſome of my tings for ſome of his tings.

FOSSILE.

Pray, Sir, what Univerſity are you of?

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

De famous Univerſity of Cracow in Polonia Minor. I have cur'd de king of Sweden of de wound. My name be doctor Cornelius Lubomirſki.

FOSSILE.

Your Lubomirſkis are a great family. But what Arcana are you maſter of, Sir?

PLOTWELL.

[*Shews a large ſnuff-box.*] See dere, Sir, dat box de ſnuff.

FOSSILE.

Snuff-box.

PLOTWELL.

Right. Snuff-box. Dat be de very true gold.

FOSSILE.

What of that?

PLOTWELL.

Vat of dat? Me make dat gold my own ſelf, of de lead of de great church of Cracow.

FOSSILE.

By what operations?

PLOTWELL.

By calcination; reverberation; purification; ſublimation; amalgamation; precipitation; volatilization.

FOSSILE.

Have a care what you aſſert. The volatilization of gold is not an obvious proceſs. It is by great elegance of ſpeech called *fortitudo fortitudinis fortiſſima.*

PLOTWELL.

I need not acquaint de illuſtrious doctor Foſſile, dat all de metals be but unripe gold.

FOSSILE.

Spoken like a philoſopher. And therefore there ſhould be an Act of Parliament againſt digging of lead mines, as againſt felling young timber. But inform me, Sir, what might be your menſtruum, ſnow-water, or May-dew?

PLOTWELL.

Snow-vater.

FOSSILE.

Right. Snow is the univerſal pickle of Nature, for the preſervation of her productions in the hyemal ſeaſon.

PLOTWELL.

If you will go yourſelf, and not truſt de ſervant, to fetch ſome of de right Thames ſand dat be below de bridge, I will ſhow you de naked Diana in your ſtudy before I go hence.

FOSSILE.

Perhaps you might. I am not at preſent diſpos'd for experiments.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

This bite won't take to ſend him out of the way; I'll change my ſubject. [*Aſide.*] Do you deal in longitudes, Sir?

FOSSILE.

I deal not in impoſſibilities. I ſearch only for the grand elixir.

PLOTWELL.

Vat do you tink of de new metode of fluxion?

FOSSILE.

I know no other but by mercury.

PLOTWELL.

Ha, ha! Me mean de fluxion of de quantity.

FOSSILE.

The greateſt quantity I ever knew, was three quarts a day.

PLOTWELL.

Be dere any ſecret in the hydrology, zoology, mineralogy, hydraulics, acauſtics, pneumatics, logarithmatechny, dat you do want de explanation of?

FOSSILE.

This is all out of my way. Do you know of any hermaphrodites, monſtrous twins, antediluvian ſhells, bones, and vegetables?

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

Vat tink you of an antediluvian knife, ſpoon, and fork, with the mark of Tubal Cain in Hebrew, dug out of de mine of Babylon?

FOSSILE.

Of what dimenſions, I pray, Sir?

PLOTWELL.

De ſpoon be bigger dan de modern ladle; de fork, like de great fire-fork; and de knife, like de cleaver.

FOSSILE.

Bleſs me! this ſhows the ſtature and magnitude of thoſe antediluvians!

PLOTWELL.

To make you convinced that I tell not de lie, dey are in de Turkey ſhip at Vapping, juſt going to be diſpos'd of. Me would go there vid you, but de buſineſs vill not let me.

FOSSILE.

An extraordinary man this! I'll examine him further. [*Aſide.*] How could your country loſe ſo great a man as you?

PLOTWELL.

Dat be de ſecret. But becauſe me vil have de fair correſpondence with de illuſtrious doctor Foſſile, me vil not deny dat Orpheus and me had near run de fame

ſame fate for different reaſon. I was hunted out of my country by de general inſurrection of de women.

FOSSILE.

How ſo, pray?

PLOTWELL.

Becauſe me have prepare a certain liquor, which diſcover whether a woman be a virgin or no.

FOSSILE.

A curious diſcovery! have you any of it ſtill?

PLOTWELL.

Dere it is, Sir. It be commonly called de *Lapis Lydius Virginitatis;* or, Touchſtone of Virginity.

[*Gives him a vial.*

FOSSILE.

It has the ſmell of your common hartſhorn. But all your volatile ſpirits have a near reſemblance.

PLOTWELL.

Right, Sir. De diſtillation be made from the *Hippomanes* of a young mare. When a deflower'd virgin take ten drops, ſhe will faint and ſneeze, and de large red ſpot appear on de cheek; which we call de ſpot of infamy. All de young bridegroom make de experiment. De archbiſhop did make obligation to de Nun to take it every ninth month. And I fly for the hurlyburly it make.

*Enter* HUGH.

HUGH.

Sir, here is a patient in a chair.

FOSSILE.

Doctor Lubomirſki, let me conduct you into my ſtudy, where we will farther diſcuſs the wonderful virtues of this liquor. Tell the patient I will attend him this inſtant. [*Exeunt* Plotwell *and* Foſſile.

*Enter* UNDERPLOT, *in a chair like a ſick man.*

HUGH.

The doctor will wait upon you immediately.

[*Exit* Hugh.

UNDERPLOT.

I dogg'd Plotwell to this door in a doctor's habit. If he has admittance as a doctor, why not I as a patient? Now for a lucky deciſion of our wager! If I can't ſucceed myſelf, I will at leaſt ſpoil his intrigue.

*Enter* FOSSILE.

UNDERPLOT.

Ah! ah! have you no place? Ah! where can I repoſe a little? I was taken ſuddenly. Ah! ah! 'tis happy I was near the houſe of an eminent phyſician.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Reſt yourſelf upon that couch.

UNDERPLOT.

If I lay a few minutes cover'd up warm in a bed, I believe I might recover.

[Foſſile *feels his pulſe.* Plotwell *peeps.*

PLOTWELL.

Underplot in diſguiſe! I'll be his doctor, and cure him of theſe frolics. [*Aſide.*

FOSSILE.

What are your ſymptoms, Sir? A very tempeſtuous pulſe, I profeſs!

UNDERPLOT.

Violent head-ach, ah! ah!

FOSSILE.

All this proceeds from the fumes of the kitchen; the ſtomachic digeſter wants reparation for the better concoction of your aliment: but, Sir, is your pain pungitive, tenſive, gravitive, or pulſatory?

UNDERPLOT.

All together, ah!

FOSSILE.

Impoſſible, Sir; but I have an eminent phyſician now in the houſe; he ſhall conſult. Doctor Lubo-

mirſki, here is a perſon in a moſt violent cephalalgy; a terrible caſe!

*Enter* PLOTWELL.

FOSSILE.

Feel his pulſe. [Plotwell *feels it.*] You feel it, Sir, ſtrong, hard, and labouring.

PLOTWELL.

Great plenitude, Sir.

FOSSILE.

Feel his belly, Sir; a great tenſion and heat of the abdomen—A hearty man, his muſcles are toroſe; how ſoon are the ſtrongeſt humbled by diſeaſes! Let us retire, and conſult.

*Enter* SARSNET *in haſte.*

SARSNET.

My miſtreſs approves your deſign; bear it out bravely; perhaps I ſhall have a ſudden opportunity of conveying you into her bed-chamber; counterfeit a fainting fit, and rely upon me. [*Exit.*

UNDERPLOT.

As yet I find I am undiſcover'd by Plotwell; neither is his intrigue in ſuch forwardneſs as mine, though he made a fair puſh for it before me. [*Aſide.*

[Foſſile *and* Plotwell *come forward.*

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

I am entirely for a clyſter.

PLOTWELL.

My opinion is for de ſtrong vomit.

FOSSILE.

Bleed him.

PLOTWELL.

Make de ſcarification, give me de lancet, me will do it myſelf, and after dat will put de bliſter to de ſole of de feet.

FOSSILE.

Your dolor proceeds from a frigid *intemperies* of the brain, a ſtrong diſeaſe! the enemy has invaded the very citadel of your microcoſm, the magazine of your vital functions; he has ſet down before it: yet there ſeems to be a good garriſon of vital ſpirits, and we don't queſtion to be able to defend it.

PLOTWELL.

Ve will cannonade de enemy wid pills, bombard him wid de bolus, blow him up wid volatiles, fill up de trenches wid de large inundation of apozems, and diſlodge him wid de ſtink-pot; let de apotecary bring up de artillery of medicine immediately.

FOSSILE.

True, we might unload the ſtomach by gentle emetics, and the inteſtines by clyſters ſtimulative,

carminative, and emollient, with ſtrong hydrotics; quiet the ſpaſms of the viſcera by paregorics; draw off the ſtagnant blood by deep ſcarifications, and depurate its fæculencies by volatiles: after this, let there be numerous bliſters and potential cauteries.—I conſult my patient's eaſe; I am againſt much phyſic.—He faints, he is apoplectic; bleed him this moment.

PLOTWELL.

Hoy de ſervant dere, make haſt, bring de pan of hot coals; or de red hot iron, to make application to de temples.

*Enter* HUGH.

HUGH.

Here's the poker red hot from the fire.

PLOTWELL.

Very well; make de burn dere, exactly dere.

[*Putting the poker near his head.*

UNDERPLOT.

Hold, hold! am I to be murder'd? [*ſtarts up.*] I know you, Plotwell; and was I not obliged by honour and friendſhip, I'd expoſe you to the doctor.

[*Aſide to* Plotwell.

PLOTWELL.

Very lunatic, mad; fetch me de cord to make de tie upon de leg and de arm; take off thirty ounces of blood, and den plunge him into de cold bath.

FOSSILE.

Your judgment, doctor Lubomirſki, is excellent; I will call my ſervants to aſſiſt us.

UNDERPLOT.

Harkee, old put; I came to take your advice, and not that French ſon of a whore's ſcarifications; and ſo plague take you both.

[*Exeunt* Underplot *and* Hugh.

FOSSILE.

Doctor Lubomirſki, this vial, that you have intruſted into my cuſtody, ſhall be with acknowledgement return'd after a few experiments; I muſt crave your indulgence; diſeaſes, you know, Sir, are impertinent, and will tie themſelves to no hours. Poor Lady Hippokekoana!

PLOTWELL.

Ah, Sir! I beg your pardon; if you make viſit to de patient, me will divert myſelf in your ſtudy till you make return.

FOSSILE.

That cannot be. I have a Lady juſt coming to conſult me in a caſe of ſecrecy.

PLOTWELL.

Have you not de wife? Me will make converſation wid de ladies till you come.

FOSSILE.

They ſee no company in the morning; they are all in *deſhabille*. Moſt learned doctor Lubomirſki, your humble ſervant.

PLOTWELL.

Moſt illuſtrious doctor Foſſile, me be, with de profoundeſt adoration—

FOSSILE.

With the greateſt admiration—

PLOTWELL.

Your moſt humble—

FOSSILE.

Moſt obedient ſervant.

PLOTWELL.

Ah, Monſieur, point de ceremonie.

[*Exit* Plotwell.

FOSSILE.

Hugh! [*Enter* Hugh.] bring me a pint of ſack; let your miſtreſs know I want to ſee her. Take care that her orders be obey'd, and that her trunks and boxes be immediately brought hither. Sarſnet will give you directions.

[*Exit* Hugh. Foſſile *ſits down on a couch.*

Ah, Foſſile! if the cares of two hours of a married life have ſo reduc'd thee, how long canſt thou hold out!

out! to watch a wife all day, and have her wake thee all night! 'twill never do. The fatigue of three fevers, ſix ſmall poxes, and five great ones, is nothing to that of one wife. Now for my touch-ſtone; I will try it upon her preſently. If ſhe bear it to day—I am afraid ſhe will bear it to-morrow too.

*Enter* HUGH *with a bottle of ſack, and after him* TOWNLEY. HUGH *gives the bottle and glaſs to* FOSSILE, *and exit.*

Sit down by me, my dear. I was going to refreſh myſelf with a glaſs of canary. You look pale. It will do you good.

TOWNLEY.

Faugh. Wine in the morning!

[FOSSILE *drinks and fills again, and drops ſome of the liquor into the glaſs.*

What is the meaning of this? Am I to be poiſon'd? [*Aſide.*

FOSSILE.

You muſt drink it. Sack is ſacred to Hymen; of it is made the nuptial poſſet.

TOWNLEY.

Don't preſs me, Mr. Foſſile; I nauſeate it. It ſmells ſtrangely. There is ſomething in it.

FOSSILE.

An ill ſymptom! She can't bear the ſmell. [*Aſide.*] Pray, my dear, oblige me.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

I'm for none of your ſlops. I'll fill myſelf.

FOSSILE.

I muſt own, I have put ſome reſtorative drops in it, which are excellent. I may drink it ſafely. [*Aſide.*] [*Drinks.*] The next glaſs I prepare for you.

[*Fills, and pours ſome drops in.*

[Townley *drinks.* Foſſile *runs behind to ſupport her; then pours upon her cheek, and touches it with his finger.*

TOWNLEY.

Your inſolence is inſupportable. 'Twas but this moment you ſuſpected my virtue; and now my complexion. Put on your ſpectacles. No red was ever laid upon theſe cheeks. I'll fly thee, and die a maid, rather than live under the ſame roof with jealouſy and caprice.

FOSSILE.

O thou ſpotleſs innocence! I cannot refrain tears of joy. Forgive me, and I'll tell thee all. Theſe drops have been a ſecret in our family for many years. They are call'd the touchſtone of virginity. The males adminiſter it to the brides on their wedding-day; and by its virtue have aſcertain'd the honour of the Foſſiles from generation to generation. There are family cuſtoms, which it is almoſt impious to neglect.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Had you married a perſon of doubtful reputation ———But me, Mr. Foſſile!

FOSSILE.

I did not indeed ſuſpect thee. But my mother obliged me to this experiment with her dying words. —My wife is chaſte; and, to preſerve her ſo, 'tis neceſſary that I have none but chaſte ſervants about her. I'll make the experiment on all my female domeſtics. [*Aſide.*] I will now, my dear, in thy preſence, put all my family to the trial. Here! bid my niece, and all the maid-ſervants, come before me.

[*Calling out.*

[*Enter* CLINKET, PRUE, *and Servants.*]

Give ear, all ye virgins: we make proclamation in the name of the chaſte Diana, being reſolv'd to make a ſolemn eſſay of the virtue, virginity, and chaſtity of all within our walls. We therefore adviſe, warn, and precaution all ſpinſters, who know themſelves blemiſh'd, not on any pretence whatſoever to taſte theſe our drops, which will manifeſt their ſhame to the world by viſible tokens.

CLINKET.

I abominate all kind of drops. They interrupt the ſeries of ideas. But have they any power over the virgin's dreams, thoughts, and private meditations?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

No. They do not affect the *motus primoprimi*, or intentions; only actualities, niece.

CLINKET.

Then give it me. I can drink as freely of it as of the waters of Helicon. My love was always Platonic. [*Drinks.*

FOSSILE.

Yet I have known a Platonic lady lodge at a midwife's. [Foſſile *offers it round.*

FIRST WOMAN.

I never take phyſic.

FOSSILE.

That's one. Stand there. My niece profeſſes herſelf a Platonic. You are rather a Carteſian.

CLINKET.

Ah, dear uncle! how do the Platonics and Carteſians differ?

FOSSILE.

The Platonics are for ideas, the Carteſians for matter and motion.

TOWNLEY.

Mr. Foſſile, you are too ſevere.

SECOND WOMAN.

I am not a-dry. [*Curtſies.*

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

There's two. Stand there.

PRUE.

My miſtreſs can anſwer for me. She has taken it.

FOSSILE.

She has. But, however, ſtand there, among the Carteſians.

THIRD WOMAN.

My innocence would protect me, though I trod over red-hot iron. Give me a brimmer.

[*She takes a mouthful, and ſpits it out again.*

FOSSILE.

'Twas a preſumptuous thing to gargle with it: but however, Madam, if you pleaſe————walk among the Carteſians. [*Two young wenches run away.*

CLINKET.

Prue, follow me. I have juſt found a rhyme for my Pindaric. [*They all ſneak off.*

FOSSILE.

All gone! what no more ladies here? No more ladies! [*Looking to the Audience.*] O that I had but a boarding-ſchool, or a middle-gallery!

*Enter*

*Enter* SARSNET, *followed by two Porters bearing a cheſt.*

Set down the things here: there is no occaſion for carrying them up ſtairs, ſince they are to be ſent into the country to-morrow. [*Exeunt Porters.*

What have I done? My marriage, theſe confounded whimſies, and doctor Lubomirſki, have made me quite forget poor Lady Hippokekoana. She was in convulſions, and I am afraid dead by this time.

[*Exit* Foſſile.

SARSNET.

I have brought you a preſent, Madam; make good uſe of it. So I leave you together. [*Exit* Sarſnet.

[Townley *opens the cheſt:* Plotwell, *who was covered with a gown and petticoat, gets out.*

TOWNLEY.

Never was any thing ſo lucky. The doctor is juſt this minute gone to a patient.

PLOTWELL.

I tempt dangers enough in your ſervice. I am almoſt crippled in this cheſt-adventure. Oh, my knees! Prithee, my dear, lead me to a bed where I may ſtretch myſelf out. [*Leading her off.*

*Enter*

*Enter* SARSNET.

SARSNET.

Oh, Madam! yonder is the doctor in deep diſcourſe with Underplot: I fear he has dogg'd me, and betray'd us. They are both coming back together.

[*Exit* Sarſnet.

PLOTWELL.

I'll ſhrink ſnug into my ſhell again.

TOWNLEY.

That he may directly pop upon you. The trunk will be the firſt place he will examine—Have you no preſence of mind? You fit for an intrigue!

PLOTWELL.

What ſhall I do?

TOWNLEY.

Fear not, you ſhall be inviſible on this very ſpot.

PLOTWELL.

What do you mean? He's juſt at the door. You intend to diſcover me.

TOWNLEY.

Miſtruſt me not: you ſhall walk out before his face at that very door, though he bring in a hundred ſpies, and not one of them ſhall perceive you.

PLOTWELL.

Don't trifle. Are you mad? [*Knocking at the door.*] Nay, now 'tis too late.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Arm thyſelf with flounces, and fortify thyſelf with whalebone; enter beneath the cupola of this petticoat.

PLOTWELL.

The beſt ſecurity in the world! an old fellow has ſeldom any thing to do beneath that circumference.

TOWNLEY.

No more. But under it immediately.

[Plotwell *goes under it.*

Thus Venus, when approaching foes aſſail,
Shields her Æneas with a ſilken veil.

*Enter* FOSSILE.

TOWNLEY.

O my dear, you come opportunely. How do you like my fancy in this new petticoat? There is ſomething in it ſo odd!

FOSSILE.

You have another in your cheſt much odder. I want to ſee that.

TOWNLEY.

How jaunty the flounces!

FOSSILE.

Ay, 'tis plain ſhe would lure me from the cheſt; there I ſhall find him. [*Aſide.*

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

The lace! the fringe!

FOSSILE.

All this is nothing to the embroider'd ſattin. Prithee, my dear, give me the key.

TOWNLEY.

Sure, never was any thing ſo prettily diſpoſed. Obſerve but the air of it: ſo *degagée!* But the lining is ſo charming.

[*She walks to the door, and* Foſſile *to the trunk.* Plotwell *kiſſes her out of the top of the petticoat, and then goes off.*

[*As* Foſſile *is cautiouſly opening the trunk with his ſword drawn,* Townley *comes up to him.*

What, more of your frolics, Mr. Foſſile? What time of the moon is this?

FOSSILE.

This Underplot is a confounded villain; he would make me jealous of an honeſt, civil gentleman, only for an opportunity to cuckold me himſelf. [*Aſide.*] Come, my dear, forget all that is paſt. I know—— I have proved thee virtuous. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

*Enter* FOSSILE, *with a vial in his hand.*

FOSSILE.

THIS is all we have for the flying dragon ſo celebrated by antiquity. A cheap purchaſe! It coſt me but fifteen guineas. But the Jew made it up in the butterfly and the ſpider.

*Enter two Porters, bearing a Mummy.*

Oh! here's my Mummy. Set him down. I am in haſte. Tell captain Bantam, I'll talk with him at the coffee-houſe. [*Exeunt Porters.*

*Enter two Porters, bearing an Alligator.*

A moſt ſtupendous animal! ſet him down.

[*Exeunt Porters.*

Poor Lady Hippokekoania's convulſions! I believe there is a fatality in it, that I can never get to her. Whom can I truſt my houſe to in my abſence? Were my wife as chaſte as Lucretia, who knows what an unlucky minute may bring forth! In cuckoldom, the art of attack is prodigiouſly improved beyond the art of defence. So far it is manifeſt, Underplot has a deſign upon my honour. For the caſe of my mind,

I will

I will lock up my wife in this my muſeum, till my return.

*Enter* TOWNLEY.

You will find ſomething here, my dear, to divert yourſelf.

TOWNLEY.

I hate the ſight of theſe ſtrange creatures; but ſince I am Mr. Foſſile's wife, I ſhall endeavour to conquer my averſion.

FOSSILE.

Thou may'ſt ſafely be here to-day, my dear; to-morrow thou ſhould'ſt no more enter this room than a peſt houſe. 'Tis dangerous for women that are impregnated. But poor Lady Hippokekoana ſuffers all this while. [*Exit* Foſſile, *with a key in his hand.*

TOWNLEY.

Since he has lock'd me in, to be even with him, I'll bolt him out.

[Plotwell, *dreſſed like a Mummy, comes forward.*

PLOTWELL.

Thus travelling far from his Egyptian tomb,
Thy Antony ſalutes his Cleopatra.

TOWNLEY.

Thus Cleopatra, in deſiring arms,
Receives her Antony——

But prithee, dear pickled Hieroglyphic, who ſo ſuddenly could aſſiſt thee with this ſhape?

PLOTWELL.

The Play-houſe can dreſs mummies, bears, lions, crocodiles, and all the monſters of Libya. My arms, Madam, are ready to break their paſteboard priſon to embrace you.

TOWNLEY.

Not ſo haſty. Stay till the jealous fool is out of ſight.

PLOTWELL.

Our ill ſtars, and the devil, have brought him back ſo often——

TOWNLEY.

He can never parry this blow, nor grow jealous of his Mummy. A Mummy is his intimate friend.

PLOTWELL.

And a man cannot eaſily be cuckolded by any body elſe.

TOWNLEY.

Here may'ſt thou remain, the ornament of his ſtudy, and the ſupport of his old age. Thou ſhalt divert his company, and be a father to his children. I will bring thee legs of pullets, remnants of tarts, and fragments of deſerts. Thou ſhalt be fed like Bel and the Dragon.

PLOTWELL.

PLOTWELL.

But, Madam, before you entertain me as your Mummy in ordinary, you ought to be acquainted with my abilities to diſcharge that office. Let me ſlip off this habit of death, you ſhall find I have ſome ſymptoms of life.———Thus Joye within the milk-white ſwan compreſs'd his Leda.

[Underplot, *in the* Alligator, *crawls forward; then riſes up, and embraces her.*

UNDERPLOT.

Thus Jove, within the ſerpent's ſcaly folds,
Twin'd round the Macedonian queen.

TOWNLEY.

Ah! [*Shrieks.*

PLOTWELL.

Fear not, Madam. This is my evil genius Underplot, that ſtill haunts me. How the devil got you here?

UNDERPLOT.

Why ſhould not the Play-houſe lend me a Crocodile, as well as you a Mummy?

TOWNLEY.

How unlucky is this! [*Aſide.*] Nay, I don't know but I may have twenty lovers in this collection. You ſnakes, ſharks, monkeys, and man-tigers, ſpeak, and put in your claim before it is too late.

UNDERPLOT.

Mr. Mummy, your humble ſervant; the lady is pre-engaged.

PLOTWELL.

Pray, Mr. Crocodile, let the lady make her own choice.

UNDERPLOT.

Crocodile as I am, I muſt be treated with common humanity. You can't, Madam, diſown the meſſage you ſent me.

TOWNLEY.

Well! ye pair of Egyptian lovers, agree this matter between you, and I will acquit myſelf like a perſon of honour to you both.

PLOTWELL.

Madam! if I don't love you above all your ſex, may I be baniſh'd the ſtudies of virtuoſos; and ſmoak'd like Dutch beef in a chimney——

UNDERPLOT.

If I don't love you more than that ſtale Mummy, may I never more be proclaim'd at a ſhow of monſters, by the ſound of a glaſs-trumpet——

PLOTWELL.

May I be ſent to 'Pothecary's-hall, and beat up into Venice treacle for the fleet and the army, if this heart——

UNDERPLOT.

UNDERPLOT.

May I be ſtuff'd with ſtraw, and given to a mountebank, if this foul——

PLOTWELL.

Madam, I am a human creature. Taſte my balſamic kiſs.

UNDERPLOT.

A lover in ſwaddling-clouts! What is his kiſs, to my embrace?

PLOTWELL.

Look upon me, Madam. See how I am embroider'd with hieroglyphics.

UNDERPLOT.

Conſider my beautiful row of teeth.

PLOTWELL.

My balmy breath.

UNDERPLOT.

The ſtrong joints of my back.

PLOTWELL.

My erect ſtature.

UNDERPLOT.

My long tail.

TOWNLEY.

Such a conteſt of beauty! How ſhall I decide it?

PLOTWELL.

Take me out of my ſhell, Madam, and I'll make you a preſent of the kernel.

UNDERPLOT.

Then I muſt be upon a level with him, and be uncrocodil'd.

TOWNLEY.

Keep both of you your ſhapes, and we are in no fear of a ſurprize from the doctor: if you uncaſe, his preſence would undo us. Sure, never was any thing ſo unlucky—I hear his footſteps; quick to your poſts. [*Mummy and Crocodile run to their places.*

*Enter* FOSSILE, *Dr.* NAUTILUS, *and Dr.* POSSUM.

NAUTILUS.

Much joy to the learned Dr. Foſſile. To have a Mummy, an Alligator, and a wife, all in one day, is too great happineſs for mortal man!

POSSUM.

This an Alligator! Alack-a-day, brother Nautilus, this is a mere lizard, an eft, a ſhrimp to mine.

NAUTILUS.

How improving would it be to the female underſtanding, if the cloſets of the ladies were furniſh'd, or, as I may ſay, ornamented and embelliſh'd with preſerv'd

ſerv'd butterflies, and beautiful ſhells, inſtead of China jars, and abſurd Indian pictures.

TOWNLEY.

Now for a ſtratagem to bring off my unſucceſsful pair of gallants. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Townley.

FOSSILE.

Ah, Dr. Nautilus, how have I languiſh'd for your feather of the bird Porphyrion!

NAUTILUS.

But your dart of the Mantichora!

FOSSILE.

Your haft of the antediluvian trowel, unqueſtionably the tool of one of the Babel maſons!

NAUTILUS.

What's that to your fragment of Seth's pillar?

POSSUM.

Gentlemen, I affirm I have a greater curioſity than all of them. I have an entire leaf of Noah's journal aboard the ark, that was hewn out of a porphyry pillar in Palmyra.

[Foſſile *opens the caſe of the Mummy.*

NAUTILUS.

By the formation of the muſcular parts of the viſage, I conjecture that this Mummy is male.

POSSUM.

Male, brother! I am ſorry to obſerve your ignorance of the ſymmetry of a human body. Do but obſerve the projection of the hip; beſides, the bloom upon the face; 'tis a female beyond all contradiction.

FOSSILE.

Let us have no raſh diſpute, brothers; but proceed methodically.——Behold the vanity of mankind! [*Pointing to the Mummy.*] Some Ptolemy, perhaps!

NAUTILUS.

Who by his pyramid and pickle thought to ſecure to himſelf death immortal.

FOSSILE.

His pyramid, alas! is now but a wainſcot caſe.

POSSUM.

And his pickle can ſcarce raiſe him to the dignity of a collar of brawn.

FOSSILE.

Pardon me, Dr. Poſſum: the muſeum of the curious is a laſting monument. And I think it no degradation to a dead perſon of quality, to bear the rank of an Anatomy in the learned world.

NAUTILUS.

By your favour, Dr. Poſſum, a collar of brawn! I affirm, he is better to be taken inwardly than a collar of brawn.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

An excellent medicine! he is hot in the firſt degree, and exceeding powerful in ſome diſeaſes of women.

NAUTILUS.

Right, Dr. Foſſile; for your Aſphaltion.

POSSUM.

Pice-Aſphaltus, by your leave.

NAUTILUS.

By your leave, Doctor Poſſum, I ſay Aſphaltion.

POSSUM.

And I poſitively ſay, Pice-Aſphaltus.

NAUTILUS.

If you had read Dioſcorides or Pliny——

POSSUM.

I have read Dioſcorides. And I do affirm Pice-Aſphaltus.

FOSSILE.

Be calm, Gentlemen. Both of you handle this argument with great learning, judgment, and perſpicuity. For the preſent, I beſeech you to concord, and turn your ſpeculations on my Alligator.

POSSUM.

The ſkin is impenetrable, even to a ſword.

NAUTILUS.

NAUTILUS.

Dr. Poſſum, I will ſhow you the contrary.

[*Draws his ſword.*

POSSUM.

In the mean time I will try the Mummy with this knife, on the point of which you ſhall ſmell the pitch, and be convinc'd that it is the Pice-Aſphaltus.

[*Takes up a ruſty knife.*

FOSSILE.

Hold, Sir: you will not only deface my Mummy, but ſpoil my Roman ſacrificing knife.

*Enter* TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

I muſt lure them from this experiment, or we are diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*

[*She looks through a telescope.*

What do I ſee! moſt prodigious! a ſtar as broad as the moon in the day-time! [*The Doctors go to her.*

POSSUM.

Only a halo about the ſun, I ſuppoſe.

NAUTILUS.

Your ſuppoſitions, Doctor, ſeem to be groundleſs. Let me make my obſervation.

[Nautilus *and* Poſſum *ſtruggle to look firſt.*

TOWNLEY,

TOWNLEY.

Now for your eſcape.

[*To* Plotwell *and* Underplot.

[*They run to the door, but find it lock'd.*

UNDERPLOT.

What an unlucky dog I am!

TOWNLEY.

Quick—Back to your poſts. Don't move, and rely upon me. I have ſtill another artifice.

[*They run back to their places: Exit* Townley.

NAUTILUS.

I can eſpy no celeſtial body but the ſun.

POSSUM.

Brother Nautilus, your eyes are ſomewhat dim; your ſight is not fit for aſtronomical obſervations.

FOSSILE.

Is the focus of the glaſs right? Hold, Gentlemen, I ſee it; about the bigneſs of Jupiter.

NAUTILUS.

No phænomenon offers itſelf to my ſpeculation.

POSSUM.

Point over yonder chimney. Directly ſouth.

NAUTILUS.

NAUTILUS.

Thitherward, begging your pardon, Dr. Poſſum, I aſſirm to be the north.

FOSSILE.

Eaſt.

POSSUM.

South.

NAUTILUS.

North. Alas! what an ignorant thing is vanity! I was juſt making a reflection on the ignorance of my brother Poſſum, in the nature of the Crocodile.

POSSUM.

Firſt, brother Nautilus, convince yourſelf of the compoſition of the Mummy.

NAUTILUS.

I will inſure your Alligator from any damage. His ſkin I affirm once more to be impenetrable.

[*Draws his ſword.*

POSSUM.

I will not deface any hieroglyphic.

[*Goes to the Mummy with his knife.*

FOSSILE.

I never oppoſe a luciferous experiment. It is the beaten highway to truth.

[Plotwell *and* Underplot *leap from their places; the Doctors are frighted.*

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Speak, I conjure thee. Art thou the ghoſt of ſome murder'd Egyptian monarch?

NAUTILUS.

A rational queſtion to a Mummy! but this monſter can be no leſs than the devil himſelf, for Crocodiles don't walk.

*Enter* TOWNLEY *and* CLINKET.

FOSSILE.

[Townley *whiſpers* Clinket.

Gentlemen, wonder at nothing within theſe walls; for ever ſince I was married, nothing has happen'd to me in the common courſe of human life.

CLINKET.

Madam, without a compliment, you have a fine imagination. The maſquerade of the Mummy and Crocodile is extremely juſt; I would not rob you of the merit of the invention: yet ſince you make me the compliment, I ſhall be proud to take the whole contrivance of this maſquerade upon myſelf. [*To* Townley.] Sir, be acquainted with my maſqueraders. [*To* Foſſile.

FOSSILE.

Thou female imp of Apollo, more miſchievous than Circe, who fed gentlemen of the army in a hog's-

hog's-ſtye! What mean you by theſe gambols? this Mummy, this Crocodile?

CLINKET.

Only a little mummery, uncle.

FOSSILE.

What an outrageous conceit is this! Had you contented yourſelf with the metamorphoſis of Jupiter, our ſkill in the claſſics might have prevented our terror.

CLINKET.

I glory in the fertility of my invention the more, that it is beyond the imagination of a pagan deity. Beſides, it is form'd upon the *vrai-ſemblance;* for I knew you had a Mummy and a Crocodile to be brought home.

FOSSILE.

Dr. Nautilus is an infirm, tender gentleman; I wiſh the ſudden concuſſion of his animal ſpirits may not kindle him into a fever. I myſelf, I muſt confeſs, have an extreme palpitation.

CLINKET.

Dear uncle, be pacified. We are both of us the votaries of our great maſter Apollo. To you he has aſſign'd the art of healing: me he has taught to ſing; why then ſhould we jangle in our kindred faculties?

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Apollo, for aught I know, may be a very fine perſon; but this I am ſure of, that the ſkill he has given all his phyſicians is not ſufficient to cure the madneſs of his poets.

POSSUM.

Hark ye, brother Foſſile! your Crocodile has proved a human creature, I wiſh your wife may not prove a Crocodile.

NAUTILUS.

Hark ye, brother Foſſile! your Mummy, as you were ſaying, ſeemeth to be hot in the firſt degree, and is powerful in ſome diſeaſes of women.

[*Exeunt* Nautilus *and* Poſſum.

FOSSILE.

You diabolical performers of my niece's maſquerade, will it pleaſe you to follow thoſe gentlemen?

CLINKET.

Nay, Sir, you ſhall ſee them dance firſt.

FOSSILE.

Dance! the devil! bring me hither a ſpit, a fire-fork; I'll try whether the monſters are impenetrable or no.

PLOTWELL.

I hope, Sir, you will not expoſe us to the fury of the mob, ſince we came here upon ſo courteous a deſign.

FOSSILE.

Good courteous Mr. Mummy, without more ceremony, will it pleaſe you to retire to your ſubterraneous habitation? And you, Mr. Crocodile, about your buſineſs this moment, or you ſhall change your Nile for the next horſe-pond.

CLINKET.

Spare my maſqueraders.

UNDERPLOT.

Let it never be ſaid that the famous Dr. Foſſile, ſo renowned for his charity to monſters, ſhould violate the laws of hoſpitality, and turn a poor Alligator naked into the ſtreet.

FOSSILE.

Depoſite your *exuviæ* then, and aſſume your human ſhape.

UNDERPLOT.

For that, I muſt beg your excuſe. A gentleman would not chooſe to be known in theſe frolics.

FOSSILE.

Then out of my doors. Here, footmen! out with him; out, thou hypocrite of an Alligator.

[Underplot *is turned out.*

Sir, the reſpect I have for catacombs and pyramids, will not protect you. [*A noiſe of mob within.*

*Enter*

*Enter* PRUE.

PRUE.

Sir, Sir, lock your doors, or elſe all your monſters will run home again to the Indies. Your Crocodile yonder has made his eſcape; if he get but to Somerſet water-gate, he is gone for ever. [*Exit* Prue.

*Enter a* FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

The herb-woman ſwore ſhe knew him to be the Devil, for ſhe had met him one dark night in St. Pulchre's church-yard: then the monſter call'd a coach, methought with the voice of a Chriſtian; but a ſailor that came by ſaid he might be a Crocodile for all that, for Crocodiles could cry like children; and was for killing him outright, for they were good to eat in Egypt; but the conſtable cried, take him alive, for what if he be an Egyptian, he is ſtill the king's ſubject. [*Exit* Footman.

[*A noiſe of mob within.*

*Enter* PRUE.

PRUE.

Then he was hurried away by the mob. A bull-dog ran away with ſix joints of his tail, and the claw of his near foot before: at laſt, by good for-

tune, to ſave his life, he fell in with the Hockley-in-the-Hole bull and bear; the maſter claim'd him for his monſter, and ſo he is now attended by a vaſt mob, very ſolemnly marching to Hockley-in-the-Hole, with the bear in his front, the bull in his rear, and a monkey upon each ſhoulder.

TOWNLEY.

Mr. Mummy, you had beſt draw the curtains of your chair, or the mob's reſpect for the dead will ſcarce protect you. [*Exit* Plotwell, *in a chair.*

CLINKET.

My concern for him obliges me to go ſee that he gets off ſafe, leſt any further miſchief befal the perſons of our maſque. [*Exit* Clinket.

FOSSILE.

Sweetly, Horace. *Nunquam fatis*, and ſo forth. A man can never be too cautious. Madam, ſit down by me. Pray, how long is it ſince you and I have been married?

TOWNLEY.

Near three hours, Sir.

FOSSILE.

And what anxieties has this time produced! the dangers of divorce! calumniatory letters! lewd fellows introduced by my niece! groundleſs jealouſies

OR

on both ſides; even thy virginity put to the touch-ſtone! but this laſt danger I plunged thee in myſelf; to leave thee in the room with two ſuch robuſt young fellows.

TOWNLEY.

Ay, with two young fellows! but, my dear, I know you did it ignorantly.

FOSSILE.

This is the firſt bleſt minute of repoſe that I have enjoyed in matrimony. Doſt thou know the reaſon, my dear, why I have choſen thee of all womankind?

TOWNLEY.

My face, perhaps?

FOSSILE.

No.

TOWNLEY.

My wit?

FOSSILE.

No.

TOWNLEY.

My virtue and good humour?

FOSSILE.

No.—But for the natural conformity of our conſtitutions. Becauſe thou art hot and moiſt in the third degree, and I myſelf cold and dry in the firſt.

TOWNLEY.

And ſo Nature has coupled us like the elements.

FOSSILE.

Thou haſt nothing to do but to ſubmit thy conſtitution to my regimen.

TOWNLEY.

You ſhall find me obedient in all things.

FOSSILE.

It is ſtrange, yet certain, that the intellects of the infant depend upon the ſuppers of the parents. Diet muſt be preſcrib'd.

TOWNLEY.

So the wit of one's poſterity is determin'd by the choice of one's cook.

FOSSILE.

Right. You may obſerve how French cooks, with their high ragouts, have contaminated our plain Engliſh underſtandings. Our ſupper to-night is extracted from the beſt authors. How delightful is this minute of tranquillity! my ſoul is at eaſe. How happy ſhalt thou make me! thou ſhalt bring me the fineſt boy! [*A knocking at the door.*

No mortal ſhall enter theſe doors this day. [*Knocking again.*] Oh, it muſt be the news of poor Lady Hippokekoana's death. Poor woman! ſuch is the condition

condition of life, ſome die, and ſome are born, and I ſhall now make ſome reparation for the mortality of my patients by the fecundity of my wife. My dear, thou ſhalt bring me the fineſt boy!

*Enter* FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN.

Sir, here's a ſeaman from Deptford muſt needs ſpeak with you.

FOSSILE.

Let him come in. One of my retail Indian merchants, I ſuppoſe, that always brings me ſome odd thing.

*Enter* SAILOR, *with a Child.*

What haſt thou brought me, friend?—a young drill!

SAILOR.

Look ye, d'ye ſee, Maſter, you know beſt whether a monkey begot him.

FOSSILE.

A mere human child!

TOWNLEY.

Thy careleſſneſs, Sarſnet, has expoſed me. I am loſt and ruin'd. O heav'n! heav'n! Now, impudence, aſſiſt me! [*Aſide.*

FOSSILE.

Is the child monſtrous? or doſt thou bring him here to take phyſic?

SAILOR.

I care not what he takes, ſo you take him.

FOSSILE.

What does the fellow mean?

SAILOR.

Fellow me no fellows. My name is Jack Capſtone of Deptford; and are not you the man that has the raree-ſhow of oyſter-ſhells and pebble-ſtones?

FOSSILE.

What if I am?

SAILOR.

Why, then my invoice is right; I muſt leave my cargo here.

TOWNLEY.

Miſerable woman that I am! how ſhall I ſupport this ſight! thy baſtard brought into thy family as ſoon as thy bride!

FOSSILE.

Patience, patience, I beſeech you. Indeed, I have no poſterity.

TOWNLEY.

You laſcivious brute, you!

FOSSILE,

FOSSILE.

Paſſion is but the tempeſtuous cloud that obſcures reaſon; be calm, and I'll convince you. Friend, how come you to bring the infant hither?

SAILOR.

My wife, poor woman, could give him ſuck no longer; for ſhe died yeſterday morning. There's a long account, Maſter. It was hard to trace him to the fountain-head. I ſteer'd my courſe from lane to lane; I ſpoke to twenty old women, and at laſt was directed to a ribbon-ſhop in Covent-garden, and they ſent me hither; and ſo take the bantling, and pay me his clearings. [*Offers him the Child.*

FOSSILE.

I ſhall find law for you, ſirrah. Call my neighbour Poſſum; he is a juſtice of peace, as well as a phyſician.

TOWNLEY.

Call the man back. If you have committed one folly, don't expoſe yourſelf by a ſecond.

SAILOR.

The gentlewoman ſays well. Come, Maſter, we all know that there is no boarding a pretty wench, without charges one way or other; you are a doctor, Maſter, and have no ſurgeons' bills to pay; and ſo can the better afford it.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

Rather than you ſhould bring a ſcandal on your character, I will ſubmit to be a kind mother-in-law.

*Enter Juſtice* POSSUM, *and Clerk.*

FOSSILE.

Mr. Juſtice Poſſum, for now I muſt ſo call you, not brother Poſſum: here is a troubleſome fellow with a Child, which he would leave in my houſe.

POSSUM.

Another man's Child? He cannot in law.

FOSSILE.

It ſeemeth to me to be a Child unlawfully begotten.

POSSUM.

A baſtard! whom does he lay it to?

FOSSILE.

To our family.

POSSUM.

Your family, *quatenus* a family, being a body collective, cannot get a baſtard. Is this Child a baſtard, honeſt friend?

SAILOR.

I was neither by when his mother was ſtow'd, nor when ſhe was unladen; whether he belong to a fair trader,

trader, or be run goods, I cannot tell: in ſhort, here I was ſent, and here I will leave him.

POSSUM.

Doſt thou know his mother, friend?

SAILOR.

I am no midwife, Maſter; I did not ſee him born.

POSSUM.

You had beſt put up this matter, Doctor. A man of your years, when he has been wanton, cannot be too cautious.

FOSSILE.

This is all from the purpoſe. I was married this morning at ſeven; let any man in the leaſt acquainted with the powers of nature, judge whether that human creature could be conceived and brought to maturity in one forenoon.

POSSUM.

This is but talk, doctor Foſſile. It is well for you, though I ſay it, that you have fallen into the hands of a perſon, who has ſtudied the civil and canon law in the point of baſtardy. The Child is either yours or not yours.

FOSSILE.

My Child, Mr. Juſtice!

POSSUM.

POSSUM.

Look ye, Dr. Foſſile, you confound filiation with legitimation. Lawyers are of opinion, that filiation is neceſſary to legitimation, but not *è contra.*

[*The Child cries.*

FOSSILE.

I would not ſtarve any of my own ſpecies; get the infant ſome water-pap. But, Mr. Juſtice——

POSSUM.

The proofs, I ſay, Doctor, of filiation are five, Nomination enunciatively pronounc'd, ſtrong preſumptions, and circumſtantial proofs——

FOSSILE.

What is all this to me? I tell you, I know nothing of the Child.

POSSUM.

Signs of paternal pity, ſimilitude of features, and commerce with the mother. And firſt, of the firſt, nomination. Has the Doctor ever been heard to call the infant, Son?

TOWNLEY.

He has call'd him Child, ſince he came into this room. You have indeed, Mr. Foſſile.

POSSUM,

POSSUM.

Bring hither the Doctor's great bible.——Let us examine in the blank leaf whether he be enroll'd among the reſt of his children.

FOSSILE.

I tell you, I never had any children. I ſhall grow diſtracted, I ſhall———

POSSUM.

But did you give any orders againſt regiſtering the Child by the name of Foſſile?

FOSSILE.

How was it poſſible?

POSSUM.

Set down that, Clerk. He did not prohibit the regiſtering the Child in his own name. We ourſelves have obſerved one ſign of fatherly tenderneſs; Clerk, ſet down the water-pap he order'd juſt now. Come we now——

FOSSILE.

What a jargon is this?

POSSUM.

Come we now, I ſay, to that which the lawyers call *magnum naturæ argumentum*, ſimilitude of features. Bring hither the Child, friend. Dr. Foſſile, look upon me.

me. The unequal circle of the infant's face ſomewhat reſembles the inequality of the circumference of your countenance: he has alſo the vituline or calf-like concavity of the profile of your viſage.

FOSSILE.

Piſh!

POSSUM.

And he is ſomewhat beetle-brow'd; and his noſe will riſe with time to an equal prominence with the Doctor's.

TOWNLEY.

Indeed he has ſomewhat of your noſe, Mr. Foſſile.

FOSSILE.

Ridiculous!

TOWNLEY.

The Child is comely.

POSSUM.

Conſider the large aperture of his mouth.

SAILOR.

Nay, the tokens are plain enough. I have the fellow of him at home; but my wife told me two days ago, that this with the wall eye and ſplay-foot belong'd to you, Sir.

[Prue *runs acroſs the Stage with a Letter, which* Foſſile *ſnatches from her.*

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Whither are you going ſo faſt, huſſy? I will examine every thing within theſe walls. [*Exit* Prue.] [*Reads.*] 'For Richard Plotwell, Eſq.' This Letter unravels the whole affair: as ſhe is an unfortunate relation of mine, I muſt beg you would act with diſcretion. [*Gives* Poſſum *the Letter.*

POSSUM.

(*Reads.*) 'Sir, the Child which you father'd is
'return'd back upon my hands.
'Your Drury-lane friends have
'treated me with ſuch rudeneſs,
'that they told me in plain terms
'I ſhould be damn'd. How unfor-
'tunate ſoever my offspring is, I
'hope you at leaſt will defend the
'reputation of the unhappy
'PHOEBE CLINKET.'

—— As you ſay, Doctor, the caſe is but too plain; every circumſtance hits.

*Enter* CLINKET.

CLINKET.

'Tis very uncivil, Sir, to break open one's Letters,

FOSSILE.

Would I had not; and that the contents of it had been a ſecret to me and all mankind for ever. Wretched creature, to what a miſerable condition has thy poetry reduced thee!

CLINKET.

I am not in the leaſt mortified with the accident. I know it has happen'd to many of the moſt famous daughters of Apollo; and to myſelf ſeveral times.

FOSSILE.

I am thunderſtruck at her impudence! ſeveral times!

CLINKET.

I have had one return'd upon my hands every winter for theſe five years paſt. I may perhaps be excell'd by others in judgment and correctneſs of manners; but for fertility and readineſs of conception, I will yield to nobody.

FOSSILE.

Bleſs me, whence had ſhe this luxuriant conſtitution!

POSSUM.

Patience, Sir. Perhaps the lady may be married.

TOWNLEY.

TOWNLEY.

'Tis infamous, Mr. Foſſile, to keep her in your houſe; yet, though you turn her out of doors, uſe her with ſome humanity: I will take care of the Child.

CLINKET.

I can find no *Denouëment* of all this converſation. Where is the crime, I pray, of writing a Tragedy? I ſent it to Drury-lane Houſe to be acted; and here it is return'd by the wrong *goût* of the Actors.

POSSUM.

This incident has ſomewhat embarraſſed us. But what mean you here, Madam, by this expreſſion—Your offspring?

CLINKET.

My Tragedy, the offspring of my brain. One of his Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace, and not underſtand the uſe of the metaphor!

POSSUM.

Doctor, you have uſed much artifice, and many demurrers; but the Child muſt lie at your door at laſt. Friend, ſpeak plain what thou knoweſt of this matter.

FOSSILE.

Let me relate my ſtory. This morning I married this Lady, and brought her from her lodgings, at Mrs. Chambers's, in King-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

SAILOR.

Mrs. Chambers! To that place I was directed, where liv'd the maid that put the bantling out to be nurs'd by my wife for her Lady; and who ſhe was. 'tis none of our buſineſs to inquire.

POSSUM.

Doſt thou know the name of this maid?

SAILOR.

Let me conſider——Luteſtring.

FOSSILE.

Sarſnet, thou mean'ſt.

SAILOR.

Sarſnet; that's right.

TOWNLEY.

I'll turn her out of my houſe this moment. Filthy creature!

POSSUM.

The evidence is plain. You have cohabitation with the mother, Doctor, *curat lex*. And you muſt keep the Child.

FOSSILE.

FOSSILE.

Your decree is unjuſt, Sir, and I'll ſeek my remedy at law. As I never was eſpouſed, I never had carnal knowledge of any woman; and my wife, Mrs. Suſanna Townley, is a pure virgin at this hour for me.

POSSUM.

Suſanna Townley! Suſanna Townley! Look how runs the warrant you drew up this morning.

[*Clerk gives him a Paper.*

Madam, a word in private with you. [*Whiſpers her.*] Doctor, my Lord Chief Juſtice has ſome buſineſs with this Lady.

FOSSILE.

My Lord Chief Juſtice buſineſs with my wife!

POSSUM.

To be plain with you, Doctor Foſſile, you have for theſe three hours entertain'd another man's wife. Her huſband, Lieutenant Bengal, is juſt returned from the Indies, and this morning took out a warrant from me for an elopement; it will be more for your credit to part with her privately, than to ſuffer her publicly to be carried off by a tipſtaff.

FOSSILE.

Surprizing have been the events of this day; but this, the ſtrangeſt of all, ſettles my future repoſe.

Let her go.—I have not diſhonour'd the bed of Lieutenant Bengal.—Hark ye, friend! Do you follow her with that badge of her infamy.

POSSUM.

By your favour, Doctor, I never reverſe my judgment. The Child is yours: for it cannot belong to a man who has been three years abſent in the Eaſt Indies. Leave the Child.

SAILOR.

I find you are out of humour, Maſter. So I'll call to-morrow for his clearings.

[Sailor *lays down the Child, and exit with* Poſſum, Clerk, *and* Townley.

CLINKET.

Uncle, by this day's adventure, every one has got ſomething. Lieutenant Bengal has got his Wife again; you, a fine Child; and I, a plot for a Comedy; and I'll this moment ſet about it. [*Exit* Clinket.

FOSSILE.

What muſt be, muſt be. [*Takes up the Child.*] Foſſile, thou didſt want poſterity: here, behold! thou haſt it. A wife thou didſt not want; thou haſt none. But thou art careſſing a Child that is not thy own. What then? A thouſand and a thouſand huſbands are doing the ſame thing this very inſtant; and the knowledge of truth is deſirable, and makes thy caſe

the

the better. What ſignifies whether a man beget his child or not? How ridiculous is the act itſelf, ſaid the great emperor Antoninus! I now look upon myſelf as a Roman citizen; it is better that the father ſhould adopt the child, than that the wife ſhould adopt the father. [*Exit* Foſſile.

# EPILOGUE,

## SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

THE ancient Epilogue, as Critics write,
Was, " Clap your hands, excuſe us, and good night."
The modern always was a kind eſſay
To reconcile the Audience to the Play:
More poliſh'd, we of late have learnt to fly
At Parties, Treaties, Nations, Miniſtry.
Our Author more genteelly leaves theſe brawls
To coffee-houſes, and to coblers' ſtalls.
His very Monſters are of ſweet condition,
None but the Crocodile's a politician:
He reaps the bleſſings of his double nature,
And, Trimmer like, can live on land or water:
Yet this ſame Monſter ſhould be kindly treated,
He lik'd a lady's fleſh——but not to eat it.

As for my other Spark, my favourite Mummy,
His feats were ſuch, ſmart youths! as might become ye;
Dead as he ſeem'd, he had ſure ſigns of life;
His hieroglyphics pleas'd the Doctor's wife.

Whom can our well-bred Poeteſs diſpleaſe?
She writ like Quality——with wond'rous eaſe:
All her offence was harmleſs want of wit;
Is that a crime?——Ye Powers, preſerve the Pit!

My Doctor too, to give the Devil his due,
When ev'ry creature did his ſpouſe purſue,
(Men found and living, bury'd fleſh, dry'd fiſh,)
Was e'en as civil as a wife could wiſh.

Yet

Yet he was ſomewhat ſaucy with his vial;
What, put young maids to that unnat'ral trial!
So hard a teſt! why, if you needs will make it,
Faith, let us marry firſt,—and then we'll take it.

Who could be angry, though like FOSSILE teas'd?
Conſider, in three hours the man was eas'd.
How many of you are for life beguil'd,
And keep as well the mother, as the child!
None but a Tar could be ſo tender-hearted,
To claim a wife that had been three years parted;
Would you do this, my friends?—believe me, never:
When modiſhly you part——you part for ever.

Join then your voices, be the Play excus'd
For once, though no one living is abus'd;
To that bright Circle that commands our duties,
To you, ſuperior Eighteen-penny beauties,
To the lac'd hat and cockard of the Pit,
To all, in one word, we our cauſe ſubmit,
Who think good breeding is a-kin to wit.

# CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

# POETIC CHARACTER OF POPE.

THE Eſſay on the life and genius of Pope, by the late Editor, Dr. Warton, raiſed a ſort of literary outcry againſt him, as if he meant to deny to Pope his fair and juſt pretenſions to the name of a Poet. He ſeems particularly to have been miſunderſtood by Johnſon. I have endeavoured to ſtate the grounds of this difference, upon principles which I think will be eaſily recogniſed; and as I have no other object than to do juſtice, I am guided by nothing but a regard to truth, and fair criticiſm, when I venture to ſtate my own ideas of the general poetic character of Pope.

# CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

# POETIC CHARACTER OF POPE.

I PRESUME it will readily be granted, that "all "images drawn from what is beautiful or ſublime "in the works of NATURE, are more beautiful and "ſublime than any images drawn from ART;" and that they are therefore, *per ſe*, more poetical.

In like manner, thoſe *Paſſions* of the human heart, which belong to Nature in general, are, *per ſe*, more adapted to the *higher ſpecies* of Poetry, than thoſe which are derived from *incidental* and *tranſient* MANNERS. A deſcription of a Foreſt is more *poetical*, than a deſcription of a cultivated Garden: and the *Paſſions* which are pourtrayed in the Epiſtle of an Eloiſa, render ſuch a Poem more *poetical* (whatever might be the difference of merit in point of execution), *intrinſically* more *poetical*, than a Poem founded on the

the characters, incidents, and modes of *artificial life;* for inſtance, the Rape of the Lock.

If this be admitted, the rule by which we would eſtimate Pope's general poetical character would be obvious.

Let me not, however, be conſidered as thinking that the *ſubject alone* conſtitutes poetical excellency.—The *execution* * is to be taken into conſideration at the ſame time; for, with Lord Harvey, we might fall aſleep over the "*Creation*" of Blackmore, but be alive to the touches of animation and ſatire in Boileau.

The *ſubject*, and the *execution*, therefore, are equally to be conſidered;—the one reſpecting the *Poetry*,—the other, the *art* and *powers* of the *Poet*. The *poetical ſubject*, and the *art* and *talents* of the Poet, ſhould always be kept in mind; and I imagine it is for want of obſerving this rule, that ſo much has been ſaid, and ſo little underſtood, of the real ground of Pope's character as a Poet.

If you ſay he is not one of the firſt Poets that England, and the poliſhed literature of a poliſhed æra can boaſt,

Recte

* By *execution*, I mean not only the colours of expreſſion, but the deſign, the contraſt of light and ſhade, the maſterly management, the judicious diſpoſition, and, in ſhort, every thing that gives to a great ſubject relief, intereſt, and animation.

Recte necne crocos floreſque perambulat Atti
Fabula ſi dubitem, clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres.

If you ſay, that he ſtands *poetically* pre-eminent, in the higheſt ſenſe, you muſt deny the principles of Criticiſm, which I imagine will be acknowledged by all.

In ſpeaking of the *poetical ſubject*, and the *powers of execution*; with regard to the *firſt*, Pope cannot be claſſed among the higheſt orders of Poets; with regard to the *ſecond*, none ever was his *ſuperior*. It is futile to affect to judge of *one* compoſition by the rules of *another*. To ſay that Pope, in this ſenſe, is not a Poet, is to ſay that a *didactic Poem* is not a *Tragedy*, and that a *Satire* is not an *Ode*. Pope muſt be judged according to the rank in which he ſtands, among thoſe of the French ſchool, not the Italian; among thoſe whoſe delineations are taken more from manners, than from Nature. When I ſay that this is his *predominant* character, I muſt be inſenſible to every thing exquiſite in Poetry, if I did not except, *inſtanter*, the Epiſtle of Eloiſa: but this can only be conſidered according to its claſs; and if I ſay that it ſeems to me ſuperior to any other of the kind, to which it might fairly be compared; ſuch as the Epiſtles of Ovid, Propertius, Tibullus (I will not mention Drayton, and Pope's numerous ſubſequent Imitations); but when

when this tranſcendent Poem is compared with thoſe which will bear the *compariſon*, I ſhall not be deemed as giving reluctant praiſe, when I declare my conviction of its being infinitely ſuperior to every thing of the kind, ancient or modern.

In this Poem, therefore, Pope appears on the high ground of the Poet of Nature; but this certainly is not his *general* character. In the particular inſtance of this poem, how diſtinguiſhed and ſuperior does he ſtand! It is ſufficient, that nothing of the kind has ever been produced equal to it for pathos, painting, and melody.

From this exquiſite performance, which ſeems to ſtand as the boundary between the Poetry derived from the great and primary feelings of Nature, and that derived from Art, to Satire, whoſe ſubject wholly concerns exiſting manners, the tranſition is eaſy, but the idea painful. Nevertheleſs, as Pope has choſen to write Satires and Epiſtles, they muſt be compared, not as Warton has, I think, injudiciouſly done, with pieces of genuine Poetry, but only with things *of the ſame kind*. To ſay that the beginning of one of Pope's Satires is *not poetical;* to ſay that you cannot find in it, if the words are tranſpoſed, the "*diſjecti membra poetæ*,"—is not criticiſm. The province of Satire is totally wide; its career is in *artificial life;* and therefore, to ſay that Satire is not Poetry, is to ſay an Epigram is

is not an Elegy. Pope has written Satires; that is, confined himſelf chiefly, as a Poet, to thoſe ſubjects with which, as it has been ſeen, he was moſt converſant; ſubjects taken from living man, from *habits* and *manners*, more than from *principles* and *paſſions*.

The career, therefore, which he opened to himſelf was in the ſecond order in Poetry; but it was a line purſued by Horace, Juvenal, Dryden, Boileau; and if in that line he ſtands the *higheſt;* upon theſe grounds we might fairly ſay, with Johnſon, "it is ſuperfluous to aſk whether Pope were a Poet."

From the Poetry, which, while it deals in local manners, exhibits alſo, as far as the ſubject would admit, the moſt exquiſite embelliſhments of fancy, ſuch as the machinery * of the Rape of the Lock, we may proceed to thoſe ſubjects which concern "living "man."

The abſtract philoſophical view is firſt preſented, as in the Eſſay on Man. The ground of ſuch a Poem is Philoſophy, not Poetry: the Poetry is only the *colouring*, if I may ſay ſo; and to the colouring the eye is chiefly attentive. We hardly think of the Philoſophy, whether it is good or bad; whether it is profound or ſpecious; whether it evinces deep thinking, or exhibits only in new and pompous array the "babble of "the Nurſe." Scarcely any one, till a controverſy was raiſed, thought of the doctrines; but a thouſand

muſt

* In a Note to this Poem, the reaſon is given why Pope's airy ſpirits are *inferior* to Shakeſpeare's.

muſt have been warmed by the pictures, the addreſſes, the ſublime interſperſions of deſcription, and the nice and harmonious preciſion of every word, and of almoſt every line. Whether, as a ſyſtem of Philoſophy, it inculcated Fate or not, no one pauſed to inquire; but every eye read a thouſand times, and every lip, perhaps, repeated,

"Lo, the poor Indian!" &c.
"The Lamb thy riot," &c.
"O Happineſs!" &c.

and many other paſſages.

All theſe *illuſtrative* and *ſecondary* images are painted from the ſource of genuine Poetry; from NATURE, not from ART. They therefore, independent of powers diſplayed in the verſification, raiſe the Eſſay on Man, conſidered in the abſtract, into *genuine Poetry;* although the *poetical* part is ſubſervient to the *philoſophical.*

The Moral Eſſays depart much farther from Poetry ſo defined, as they exhibit particular caſts and characters of Man, according to different *habits* of exiſting ſociety; that is, of *artificial* life.

Pope, however, apparently leaves habits and manners, and reverts to general Nature, when he talks of a Paſſion,

"That, like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows all the reſt:
"The RULING PASSION *."——

* This may be poetical, or not. Eloiſa is a poetical character; but not ſo, the Duke of Wharton.

There

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Pope, of the general internal feelings of Nature, could be more ignorant, or leſs capable of pourtraying them by vividneſs of expreſſion and colours, than others; but we muſt eſtimate what he *has done*, not what he *might have* done. Many, perhaps, may regret with me, that if he diſdained,

" ——in *Fancy*'s fields to wander long,
" But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong;"

that he had not at leaſt wandered *ſomewhat longer* among ſcenes that were congenial to the feelings of every heart; and that he ſhould leave them for the thorns and briars of ineffectual ſatire and bitterneſs; quitting for theſe ſuch ſcenes as

" The Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings;"

like his great predeceſſor in Poetry, Milton, who left the " Paſtures of Peneus, and the Pines of Ætna," to write " Tetrachordon," and to mingle in the malignant and puritanical turbulence of the times *.

When we ſpeak of the poetical character, derived from paſſions of *general Nature*, two obvious diſtinctions muſt occur, without regard to Ariſtotle;—thoſe which, derived from the paſſions, may be called *pathetic*, and thoſe which, derived from the ſame ſource, may be called *ſublime*.

Of the Pathetic, no one (conſidering the Epiſtle of Eloiſa alone) has touched the chords ſo tenderly, ſo

 pathetically,

* Warton.

pathetically, and ſo melodiouſly. As far as this goes, Pope, therefore, in poetical and muſical expreſſion, has *no competitor*.

We will now proceed to conſider thoſe paſſions which are equally the ſubject of genuine Poetry, and on which are founded (I do not ſay, Epic or Tragic excellence, for theſe Pope declined), but that ſpecies of poetic ſublimity, which gives life and animation to the Ode.

In this reſpect, I believe, no one who ever thought of Alexander's Feaſt, or the Bard of Gray, could for a moment imagine Pope *pre-eminent*. Before theſe he ſinks, as much as any other writer, whoſe ſubject was pathetic, ſinks before him. His Odes for the Duke of Buckingham, though elegant, are wholly unworthy to be claſſed as the compoſitions of a ſuperior Lyric Poet.

In what has been ſaid, I have avoided the introduction of picturesque deſcription; that is, accurate repreſentations from *external objects* of Nature: but if the premiſes laid down in the commencement of theſe Reflections are true, no one can ſtand pre-eminent as a great Poet, unleſs he has not only a heart ſuſceptible of the moſt pathetic or moſt exalted feelings of Nature, but *an eye attentive to*, and *familiar with*, every external appearance that ſhe may exhibit, in every change of ſeaſon, every variation of light and ſhade, every rock, every tree, every leaf, in her ſolitary places. He who has not an eye to obſerve

theſe,

theſe, and who cannot with a glance diſtinguiſh every diverſity of every hue in her variety of beauties, muſt ſo far be deficient in one of the eſſential qualities of a Poet.

Here Pope, from infirmities, and from phyſical cauſes, was particularly deficient. When he left his own laurel circus at Twickenham, he was lifted into his chariot or his barge; and with weak eyes, and tottering ſtrength, it is phyſically impoſſible he could be a *deſcriptive* Bard. Where deſcription has been introduced among his Poems, as far as his obſervation could go, he excelled; more could not be expected. In the deſcriptions of the Cloiſter, the ſcenes ſurrounding the melancholy Convent, as far as could be gained by books, or ſuggeſted by imagination, he was eminently ſucceſsful; but even here, perhaps, he only proved that he could not go far: and

> " The ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
> " The *grotts* that echo to the tinkling rills,"

were poſſibly *tranſcripts* of what he could moſt eaſily *tranſcribe*,—his own views and ſcenery.

But how different, how minute is his deſcription, when he deſcribes what he is maſter of: for inſtance, the game of Ombre, in the Rape of the Lock? This is from *artificial life;* and with artificial life, from his infirmities, he muſt have been chiefly converſant: But if he had been gifted with the ſame powers of obſerving

outward Nature, I have no doubt he would have evinced as much accuracy in deſcribing the appropriate and peculiar beauties, ſuch as Nature exhibits in the Foreſt * where he lived, as he was able to deſcribe, in a manner ſo novel, and with colours ſo vivid, a Game of Cards †.

It is for this reaſon that his Windſor Foreſt, and his Paſtorals, muſt ever appear ſo defective to a lover of Nature.

Pope, therefore, wiſely left this part of his art, which Thomſon, and many other Poets ſince his time, have cultivated with ſo much more ſucceſs, and turned to what he calls the "Moral" of the Song ‡.

I need not go regularly over his Works; but I think they may be generally divided under the heads I have mentioned;—Pathetic, Sublime, Deſcriptive, Moral, and Satirical.

In the Pathetic, *poetically* conſidered, he ſtands higheſt; in the Sublime, he is deficient; in deſcriptions from Nature, for reaſons given, ſtill more ſo. He therefore purſued that path in Poetry, which was more congenial to his powers, and in which he has ſhone without a rival.

We regret that we have little more, truly pathetic, from his pen, than the Epiſtle of Eloiſa, the Elegy to the

* Windſor Foreſt.

† See Rape of the Lock, deſcription of Ombre.

‡ "But turn'd to Truth, and moraliz'd the ſong."

the unfortunate Lady; and let me not forget one of the fweeteſt and moſt melodious of his pathetic effuſions, the Addreſs to Lord Oxford:

" Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung."

With the exception of theſe, and the Prologue to Cato, there are few things in Pope, of the order I have mentioned, to which the recollection recurs with particular tenderneſs and delight.

When he left theſe regions, to unite the moſt exquiſite machinery of fancy with the deſcriptions of *artificial life*, the Rape of the Lock will, firſt and laſt, preſent itſelf; — a compoſition, as Johnſon juſtly obſerves, the " moſt elegant, the moſt airy," of all his Works; a compoſition, to which it will be in vain to compare any thing of the kind. He ſtands alone, unrivalled, and poſſibly never to be rivalled. All Pope's ſucceſsful labour of correct and muſical verſification, all his talents of accurate deſcription, though in an inferior province of Poetry, are here conſummately diſplayed; and as far as artificial life, that is, Manners, not Paſſions, are capable of being rendered poetical, they are here rendered ſo, by the fancy, the propriety, the elegance, and the poetic beauty of the Sylphic machinery.

This " delightful" Poem, as I have ſaid, appears to ſtand conſpicuous and beautiful, in that medium where Poetry begins to leave Nature, and *approximates* to

*local manners.* The Muſe has, indeed, no longer her great characteriſtic attributes, pathos or ſublimity; but ſhe appears ſo intereſting, that we almoſt doubt whether the garb of elegant refinement is not as captivating, as the moſt beautiful appearances of Nature.

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After what I have taken the liberty of ſuggeſting, I hope I ſhall be excuſed if I ſay a few words reſpecting Pope's verſification. I know in this point he is conſidered as invulnerable; and Johnſon aſſerts, "that, to attempt any further improvement of verſification will be *dangerous*. *Art* and *diligence* have *done their beſt*; and what *ſhall* be *added* will be the *effort* of *tedious toil*, and *needleſs* curioſity."

This is a deciſion, *ex cathedrâ*, ſtronger, I think, than Johnſon has ventured to lay down in any other inſtance. In this reſpect, may I preſume to doubt, whether Johnſon was a competent judge? He had profeſſedly no ear for muſic; and though I am aware, that ſome, who have alſo no ear for muſical ſounds, have yet a capacity of writing blank verſe with intonation and variety, yet I cannot help being of opinion that there is a great analogy between *muſical* and *poetical* rythm.

That Pope has made the verſification of Engliſh couplets infinitely more ſmooth, I will readily allow; but

but I cannot ſo readily aſſent to the "*dictum*" of a Writer, however eminent, who had no "*muſic in his ſoul*," when he aſſerts that, becauſe Pope's numbers were highly poliſhed, therefore "art and dili-"gence had done their beſt; and what ſhould be "added would be *tedious toil*, and *needleſs curioſity*."

Johnſon ſeems to have depreciated, or to have been ignorant of, the metrical powers of ſome Writers prior to Pope. His ear ſeems to have been caught chiefly by *Dryden;* and as Pope's verſification was more equably (couplet with couplet being conſidered, not paſſage with paſſage) connected than Dryden's, he thought therefore that nothing could be added to Pope's verſification. May I be permitted to expreſs my opinion, that Johnſon either did not feel, or was unwilling to grant, the powers of verſification exhibited by one Poet in particular before Dryden, I mean Sandys, who has been often mentioned? When I ſay this, I do not think of ſetting up my own opinion. On a ſubject like this, we can only ſpeak as we feel. There are thoſe who cannot reliſh the noble Diapaſons of Milton, and who prefer Pope's Couplets, as more harmonious.

For myſelf, I mean merely to ſay, that I ſhould think it the extreme of arrogance and folly, to make my own ear the criterion of muſic; but I cannot help thinking, that Dryden, and of later days Cowper, are much more *harmonious* in their general

verſification, than Pope. I ought alſo to mention a neglected Poem, not neglected on account of its verſification, but on account of its title and ſubject, "Prior's Solomon."

Whoever candidly compares theſe Writers together, unleſs his ear be habituated to a *certain recurrence of pauſes* preciſely at the end of a line, will not (though he will give the higheſt praiſe for compactneſs, ſkill, preciſion, and force, to the *undivided Couplets* of Pope, *ſeparately conſidered*), will not, I think, aſſent to the poſition, that in verſification, "what he found brick-work, he left "marble."

In variety, and in variety *only*, let it be remembered, I think Pope deficient. I do not lay down my opinion as the criterion: I am ſure I ſhould not have the *conſummate hardihood* to ſay of Pope, what Mr. Knight has ſaid of Milton *.

Such language every perſon, though he preſumes to judge for himſelf, ſurely ought to diſdain: he ſhould recollect that, whatever he may think himſelf, many have thought otherwiſe; and the higheſt deference is due to the general deciſion. I do not complain of Mr. Knight's not *feeling* Milton's muſic: but I think neither Mr. Knight or myſelf have

* See Eſſay on the Principles of Taſte, in which Mr. Knight expreſſes the utmoſt contempt of Milton as a muſical writer, and, unfortunately for his own argument, produces ſome couplets of Pope.

have a right to make our own *feelings* the teſt and ſtandard of taſte and feeling in numbers.

We may, however, fairly and candidly give our opinion; and though I would not ſpeak of Pope's verſification, as Knight has ſpoken of Milton's, I am not afraid to own that, with the exception of the Epiſtle to Abelard (as muſical as it is pathetic), the Verſes of Pope want *variety;* and on this account, in ſome inſtances, they want both force and harmony.

It has been doubted whether Couplet Verſes ought ever to be broken. I will appeal to Pope himſelf: whenever he has done ſo, is there a judge of poetical cadence, who will not ſay it is harmonious? The inſtances are few; but where they occur, are they not beautiful? If they had been too often repeated, the *effect* would be deſtroyed,—*commendat rarior uſus.* But in long compoſitions, might not a greater variety of pauſes have effect? Does not the ear feel a *laſſitude* at times? The Epiſtle of Eloiſa is more *varied* in pauſes, than all his Works. Does any one diſpute the beauty of this? If Pope had *oftener* tried the *effect*, I am ſatisfied what would have been the reſult.

Upon this point, an idea has been ſtarted by ſome Critics, that "you might as well have *un-*" *equal columns* to your houſe, as unequal couplets " in verſe." This compariſon, however, if it proves

proves any thing, proves *too much;* for no one will ſay that every two verſes in a long Poem ſhould in quantity be *exactly* the ſame, the ſyllables the ſame, the pauſe the ſame: the "rule and line" are very neceſſary, that one pillar in a building ſhould exactly anſwer to another; but this will not hold a moment in *verſification:* if it did, then Johnſon's aſſertion falls to the ground; for then Dr. Darwin is a better verſifier than Pope; and a very little pains would make a much more *conſummate verſificator* than Dr. Darwin, if Mr. Higgins has not already done it, in his "Loves of the Triangles *."

Shakeſpeare uſes an expreſſive word, "tuneable." If I were called on to ſay what I thought the moſt *tuneable* of all Verſes in rhyme, I ſhould anſwer, Milton's Lycidas; but the general ſtructure of its verſe would be totally incompatible with ſuch ſubjects as Pope has choſen. We muſt keep in mind *only the Couplet;* and though in this kind of verſe Pope has done a great deal, I cannot, for the reaſons given, agree with Johnſon; but I beg the reader to conſider, that in what I have ventured to ſay, I have thrown out *ſuggeſtions*, not preſumed to hazard *deciſions.*

* See Poetry of the Anti-jacobin:
"So have I ſeen three *grave* Phyſicians ſtand,
"*Eye* the gilt fee, and *ſtretch* the aſking hand."

In

In ſpeaking of the chief criterion of poetical talents, *invention*, we muſt remember Pope's line was chiefly in Morals and Satire; and what has been ſaid will, I ſhould think, determine the poetical rank of all thoſe Poems which apply more immediately to *exiſting manners*.

Let us grant that Pope's are the beſt moral and ſatirical Poems, the very *beſt of the kind*: more than this cannot be aſked; but this places them only according to their proper rank in Poetry.

I can hardly think that Johnſon intended purpoſely to obſcure the queſtion: but his definition on this ſubject ſeems to bear ſo little on the point, that I am ſure it proves nothing.

"Pope," he ſays, "had *invention*, by which "new trains of events are formed, new ſcenes of "imagery diſplayed, as in the Rape of the Lock," &c.

Granted. There is alſo in Don Quixote "*inven-*"*tion*, by which new trains of events are formed, "and *new ſcenes of imagery diſplayed;*" but no one will ſay Don Quixote is *poetical;* and yet Johnſon's definition will ſuit the one as well as the other.

Again, Johnſon ſays, Pope had "imagination;" which enabled him to "convey to the reader the "*various forms of Nature*, the incidents of life, and the "energies

" energies of *paſſion*." For reaſons already given, Pope was *incapable* of giving, in their various *ſhapes* and *ſhades* and *colourings*, the " forms *of Nature*:" the " *incidents* of *life*" may be *poetical* or unpoetical; the " energies of paſſion" are not diſputed; and the greateſt powers have been granted to him in this reſpect, when we ſpoke of Eloiſa. I ſhall ſay nothing about " judgment," becauſe that is neceſſary to all Writers, whether of *Verſe* or *Proſe*, of *Comedy* or *Tragedy*. I am only ſpeaking of Pope's *Poetry*; his *judgment* was undoubted. To the latter part of Johnſon's opinion there is no Critic but muſt heartily ſubſcribe, — that " Pope had colours of " language always before him, ready to deco- " rate his matter with every grace of elegant ex- " preſſion."

I truſt, in this brief ſummary, I have ſaid nothing contrary to fair, and liberal, and equitable Criticiſm. I have merely wiſhed to place upon its true foundations a queſtion which ſeems to have been miſunderſtood. " No definition of Poetry, which ſhould exclude Pope," was ever intended: his *place* among Poets was merely endeavoured to be aſcertained by Warton. I have ſtated my own opinion without prejudice; the Reader of courſe will judge.

# THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF *ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.*

THE

# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

# *ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.*

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham in the county of Middlesex, make this my Last Will and Testament. I resign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi*: *Qui obiit anno* 17— *ætatis* —; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance, let the same be done in any other parish, and the Inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majesty's solicitor-general, and George Arbuthnot of the court of Ex-

chequer, Eſq. the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, Executors of this my Laſt Will and Teſtament.

But all the manuſcript and unprinted papers which I ſhall leave at my deceaſe, I deſire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whoſe ſole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preſerved or deſtroyed; or, in caſe he ſhall not ſurvive me, to the abovefaid Earl of Marchmont. Thoſe who in the courſe of my Life have done me all other good offices, will not refuſe me this laſt after my Death: I leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my truſt and friendſhip; only deſiring them each to accept of ſome ſmall memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Tranſlations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of thoſe of Eraſmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardſon, which he ſhall prefer: That my Lord Bathurſt will find a place for the three ſtatues of the Hercules of Furneſe, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oſcuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Iſaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me. I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq. and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen Threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated; and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item, In case Ralph Allen, Esq. abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way, I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the sum of three hundred pounds; and to her sons, Henry and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her, all my right and interest in and upon a bond

of Five hundred pounds due to me from her ſon Michael. I alſo give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Eraſmus Lewis, Gilbert Weſt, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rolinſon, Nathaniel Hook, Eſqrs. and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the ſum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my ſervant John Searl, who has faithfully and ably ſerved me many years, I give and deviſe the ſum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himſelf and his wife; and to the poor of the pariſh of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the ſaid John Searl; and it is my will, if the ſaid John Searl die before me, that the ſaid ſum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and deviſe to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, the ſum of One thouſand pounds immediately on my deceaſe: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, houſehold goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwiſe diſpoſed of in this my Will, I give and deviſe to the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a ſincere regard, and long friendſhip for her. And it is my will, that my aboveſaid Executors, the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, ſhall take an account of all my eſtate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, ſhall place out all the reſidue upon

upon government, or other ſecurities, according to their beſt judgment: and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount during her natural life: and, after her deceaſe, I give the ſum of One thouſand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her ſons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them; and after the deceaſe of the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the ſum of Two hundred pounds to the aboveſaid Gilbert Weſt; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his ſiſter, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my ſervant, John Searl, to whichſoever of theſe ſhall be then living: And all the reſidue and remainder to be conſidered as undiſpoſed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my Laſt Will and Teſtament, written with my own Hand, and ſealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord One thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared by the Teſtator, as his Laſt Will and Teſtament, in Preſence of us,

RADNOR.
STEPHEN HALES, Miniſter of Teddington.
JOSEPH SPENCE, Profeſſor of Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Oxford.

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## ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 292, lines 3, 4. 5, ſhould have been encloſed in brackets, as a part of the quotation from Addiſon.
Vol. III. page 290, *for* Tom Jones *read* Joſeph Andrews.
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